

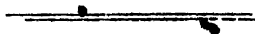
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FOR

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

VOL. LIII.

JANUARY, 1856.



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FOR

TOWN AND COUNTRY



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JOHN W. PARKER AND SON, WEST STRAND.

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FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

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FRIENDS IN COUNCIL ABROAD.

III.

SCENE—*The same wood near Spa. The same persons present.*

MILVERTON.

Yes, Ellesmere, my love for woods is unabated. There is so much largeness, life, and variety in them. Even the way in which the trees interfere with one another, the growth which is hindered, as well as that which is furthered, appears to me most suggestive of human life; and I see around me things that remind me of governments, churches, sects, and colonies. Then one is not molested by tiresome, noisy winds, which, though they may be good things for health, are a hinderance to thought. A little bit of a breeze now and then strays into the wood, but it is innocuous. Regardless of it, the fungi expand, the dead boughs maintain their hold, and the flimsiest insects are not discomposed. Every wood is full of history and antiquity. But if you were to ask me what I prefer most in natural scenery, it would not be a wood.

ELLESMERE.

What then?

MILVERTON.

There are two kinds of scenery which fascinate a man: one connected with his early associations, the other corresponding with his character. You know that little rill behind our inn, which bubbles down amidst great stones. I was thinking this morning, as I watched it, how unutterably fond of such a rill, throughout his life, any man would be who had been born near it. My first recollections are of a pond, and you may laugh as you please, but life seems somewhat insupportable to me without a pond—a squarish pond, not over clean. You will ask me why I do not make one at Worth-Ashton. Perhaps, as the years go on, I shall, and totter feebly about it in second childhood, having returned, as we all do, to our first love. You are smiling at me. I see you are unworthy to have a pond, and that you do not know the beauties of it. Thither come the more contemplative insects, and sit upon the waters, or perch upon the top of the reeds. Quiet old fish, who have seen much of life, make their lazy waving way through the dull waters. You can trace their movements by the light ripples on the top, even when you cannot see the fish themselves. Then, perhaps, there is a majestic water-lily (there was one in my early suburban pond); and what can be more glorious to behold? And then, too, however small the pond, the sky is to be seen in it. And, as the little ill-shaped bit of glass, in which some exquisite rustic beauty is wont at morning and at evening time to see her fair self reflected, gains (oh, how surely in the eyes of her lover!) a dignity and a felicity from reflecting daily the most beautiful thing in the Creation that we know anything of, a beautiful woman,—so my little pond will never be despised by the ardent lover of Nature, while in its stillness it mirrors completely (giving even more repose to the great scene) the choicest wonder of the physical world.

ELLESMERE.

Oh! how these fine gentlemen, who know how to put big and soft words in the right places (as they think), can make anything out of any other thing. If a pond, why not a puddle? Please, Milverton, set up puddles as something grand.

MILVERTON.

You are unfortunate in your ridicule. S—, whom you particularly

admire as a rising statesman, and who is half a poet, said to me one night as we were pacing the wet streets of London, 'This is a constant delight to me, to see the long lines of reflected light in the wheel-tracks with their graceful curves.' Have I not spoken up for puddles now?

'But you must let me tell you a story about the late Lord Melbourne; it is so much to the point. He went one night to a minor theatre, in company with two ladies and a fashionable young fellow about town—a sort of man not easy to be pleased.

The performance was dull and trashy enough, I dare say. The next day Lord Melbourne called upon the ladies. The fashionable young gentleman had been there before his lordship, and had been complaining of the dreadfully dull evening they had all passed. The ladies mentioned this to Lord Melbourne. 'Not pleased! not pleased! Confound the man! Didn't he see the fishmongers' shops, and the gas-lights flashing from the lobsters' backs, as we drove along? wasn't that happiness enough for him?'

Lord Melbourne had then ceased to be Prime Minister, but you see he had not ceased to take pleasure in any little thing that could give it. Great men are ever young. Indeed, I do not know whether that would not form the best definition of them. You look incredulous, Ellesmere. You doubt the greatness of Lord Melbourne. Well, if not a great man, he had, at any rate, the makings of a great man in him. But, however, that is not so much the point: I was to speak up for puddles; and I think I have spoken.

ELLESMERE.

Oh! I give up, I give up. There is no contending with this man of many words and skilful anecdotes. Have your pond, if you like, and enjoy it, and make it out to be one of the finest things in the world. A philosopher's tub is a palace, we all know; but somehow or other I do not find that philosophers are particularly fond of living in tubs. I will own that where there is a large young family, a pond may be useful, if it be deep enough.

But wait a moment. Did you ever fish in your pond, my friend?

MILVERTON.

Yes, a great deal; until, unfortunately, one day I caught a fish. It seemed so unhappy at being introduced into upper air, and made such a fuss about it, that I sympathized with the poor creature, and resolved to fish no more. It was not my business to supply the London market, and therefore I did not seek to conquer the repugnance I felt at seeing any creature suffer pain.

It was a little incident of a different kind, which I may as well tell you, my dear Ellesmere, that made me give up as far as I could, the practice of sarcasm. I was endeavouring once to serve and make happy some poor fellow, and something always happened to prevent my service being of any good. The creature was always tumbling down, however much I tried to keep him on his legs. Suddenly it beamed upon me, 'What a difficult thing it is to serve, aid, or encourage any human being: upon my word, I'll think twice before I say anything needlessly to hurt anyone. It is so hard to redress the matter—not merely to the individual; but to mankind in general.'

ELLESMERE.

'Well! if there is anything I dislike, it is being talked at. Everybody must see that all this depreciation of sarcasm is meant at me. Whereas I merely say the things which you wish to have said—even against yourself. That is the reason you like to have me so much with you. Some day I will set up to be perfectly amiable, and then everybody will drop my acquaintance. You would be the first to do so, Milverton.'

MILVERTON.

Ah! Ellesmere, if no one were more satirical than you—at least more unkind in their satire—the world would go on well enough.

BLANCHE.

But the second kind of scenery, what of that?

MILVERTON.

That, my love, as I said before, depends upon character. I found this out accidentally. I perceived that, though I had much respect for mountains, a quiet liking for lakes, and a great regard for rivers, there was a kind of scenery which might, or might not include these beauties—might, or might not, be famous in guide-books, but which enchained and enchanted me. I have seen the same thing in the arid plains of Castille, and in the verdure-clad scenery of the Tyrol. Its characteristics are great extent and boundlessness. It is not the scenery which you look down upon from some height, and appreciate at once; but flowing scenery—suggestive scenery,—scenery in which your mind travels easily beyond that which you actually see. There is a picture of Poussin's in the National Gallery which would explain what I mean. There is also a scene in real life, that opens upon you just beyond the little town of Holzkirchen, on the borders of the Tyrol, and which exactly coincides with what I admire,—where everything is broad, large, fluent, expansive.

MIDHURST.

I like the vast plains about Leipsic, in the evening.

MILVERTON.

Ah! you see, you like what is gloomy, as well as what is large; but I hardly care whether the landscape smiles or frowns, so that it is large in itself, and suggests far more. It was at that very spot, near the Tyrol, where it occurred to me that what I liked in natural scenery was exactly what I liked in human character, and that largeness and suggestiveness formed my only measure of a man's companionship. You behold a fierce river forcing its way through rocky impediments. It is a very interesting scene; but I am soon tired of it in man, as in nature, and prefer the wide undulating prairie which leads you know not whither, where you guide yourselves by the points of the compass, as in talking with a man of like character you refer only to first principles, and seldom condescend to enter upon the minute rules and mere conventional proprieties which form the staple of other men's thoughts and conversation.

ELLESMERE.

Charmingly vague! And on these wide expanses, may I ask, is there ever an hotel where one might get a dinner? Not that my friend Mr. Midhurst cares about such sublunary things. Who, on the wide plains of Leipsic, condescends to poor formalities of that kind?

MILVERTON.

There may, or may not be, human habitations in the scenery I speak of. It is large enough to admit them. It is too large to be subdued by them.

ELLESMERE.

How about tithes? My worthy friend to the left (Mr. Dunsford) has imparted to me in confidence his opinion; that an untithed country has always a ragged and miserable appearance. [*There was no standing this sally, and we all laughed.*] I see you are not disposed to answer me. Each of you thinks to himself, or herself, 'That scoffer must have his way, he cannot enter into my poetic feelings.' In fact, I believe that Fixer thinks he is a far better judge of natural scenery, pictures, and works of art, than John Ellesmere. And the dog is right. I shall always for the future get him to go to the Exhibition for me.

[*Here Fixer and ELLESMERE made faces at one another. The dog has a way of interchanging looks with ELLESMERE which is irresistibly comic.*]

MR. MIDHURST.

I do not think it is so interesting to remark how the different kinds of scenery affect you, as how the same scenery or the same object affects you at different times of your life.

I remember, when I was a young man, seeing one of the most celebrated ruins in Europe. I was young in health, in hope, in heart, in everything.

I felt a great pity for the poor old ruin. It would tumble down, no doubt, while my fortunes were rising, and when my happiness was culminating. With an Englishman's notion of doing everything by sheer cash, I would have subscribed some money to prevent the great ruin from becoming more ruinous.

I passed through that critical period* of one's life, in which one generally contrives to do so much that cannot be undone, and that certainly had better not have been done. My hopes fled. My fortune was deeply injured. My schemes of ambition failed. I had in every way cause for regret and sorrow. Bankrupt, though the world did not observe it, in fame, in fortune, and in health, with something very like remorse constantly biting at me—as of course my follies and my sins had taken their full share in my ill-success,—I revisited that ruin.

It scarcely seemed to me ruinous at all. I paced along its vast halls, its corridors, and galleries, and found no change in anything. The same yellow lichens were upon the same broken archway, and I said to myself, 'I am the ruin now.'

Time went on. It is not so easy for a man of any force and perseverance to be ostensibly ruined. I silently recovered myself. Through long tedious years (oh! how tedious) I rebuilt my fortune, lowered and reconstructed my ambition, and even reinvigorated my health.

Again, in a tour of Europe, I was near the great ruin, and resolved to revisit it. My original perception of its ruinousness came back upon me; but withal it seemed so young. I was now the more aged of the two, had suffered more—suffered irreparably,—had seen more of life, could have given the old building some advice, I thought.

The next time that I visit that ruin—and I fancy that it will be just before I die,—I shall see it in its true light. I shall perceive that it is aged and ruinous, and I shall know that I am so myself.

ELLESMERE.

Pray, don't be so lugubrious, Mr. Midhurst! If you do, that dog and I shall set up howling together. I came out to enjoy myself, and I will not be moralized upon, philosophized upon, sentimentalized upon, or other-ways-maltreated. If one of the young ladies will come with me ('two's company,' as the old proverb says, 'and three's none'), I shall run away up the Rhine, and shall leave all you intelligent and pleasant ruins to yourselves. No! upon second thoughts, I shall not quit a ruin that orders dinner so judiciously. No young lady's society, not even that of the learned Miss Mildred, can compensate for bad cookery and ill-composed dinners. Young wives should sometimes think of that.

MILVERTON.

You are the most impertinent man, Ellesmere, that ever was invented, and almost everything you say ought to be an 'aside,'—not a stage 'aside,' heard in the remotest gallery, but a real 'aside.' For my own part, I should not care if it was a soliloquy.

ELLESMERE.

This is the man who abjures satire; but I am always trampled upon.

MILVERTON.

I have been very much struck, Mr. Midhurst, with the truth of what you have been saying. I have appreciated the immense changes that go on in one's self, by the different ways in which one contemplates the same picture at different epochs of one's life: especially if it be a picture of any depth and meaning. I was looking the other day at a great work of art, which in my green youth I used to dote upon, and I was lost for a time in mere criticism upon it—indulging the habit I have unconsciously picked up, while living with authors, artists, and critics. It was only by a vigorous effort that I put aside all that was needless in the criticism, and again recalled and revelled in the joy which I had first felt in contemplating the great work. I am one of those fortunate men to whom criticism came late. I never knew anything about style, for instance,

until I had been punished by innumerable criticisms on my own style. I used to read books with a kind of fury, tearing the hearts out of them as it were —;

ELLESMERE.

A strongish metaphor that!

MILVERTON.

— and I could not have uttered a single rational word about the style of men most remarkable for their style. I scarcely knew (you will hardly believe it) that Johnson was pompous, Gibbon measured, and Addison polite. I asked each book, 'What have you that is new to tell me?' And I read even poems without much thought about their metre or their melody.

ELLESMERE.

Swinish, my dear fellow, swinish! I should have prophesied that such a man would ultimately go to live in Pigshire. I know I always criticised from the very first; sometimes, even, before I had read the book, as is the way with the best and surest critics of all ages.

MILVERTON.

I can well believe you. For my part, I should not be sorry at times to go back to my former 'swinishness,' as you call it. In a highly thoughtful and enlightened age, we are all of us too much disposed to criticise. Criticism has, perhaps, destroyed more good action than it ever guided.

ELLESMERE.

That is so like you, Milverton,—winding up with an imposing aphorism, which Dunsford and the rest of your followers take for gospel. I wish I had time or energy to cross-examine it; I would work it down to nothing.

MILDRED.

It might not be the less true for all that.

[After this, we walked about the wood in separate parties. I observed that ELLESMERE attached himself to, MR. MIDHURST, which was a great comfort to me, as I had been afraid of ELLESMERE's bluntness shocking our new friend. In about half an hour we were all sitting again at our old spot, which had been chosen originally by MR. MIDHURST, who seems to have a keen eye for what is comfortable as well as beautiful. ELLESMERE began by saying that he was becoming a serious character, a solid personage, as he had promised us at Dessin's.]

ELLESMERE.

And now, in my new character, I shall feel it my duty (something unpleasant is coming, of course) to bring before the Court a few arguments in reply to my learned friend's pleadings of yesterday. You must know, intelligent jurymen, and still more intelligent jurywomen—flattery is never lost in that quarter—that Mr. Milverton is a very subtle individual; as plausible as he is subtle; and as pertinaacious as he is plausible. (There is nothing like abusing the lawyer on the opposite side before one begins one's case.) Another thing that imposes upon you is, that he has manifestly a great respect for his own opinions, which gives an appearance of weight to what he says. If he were to tell you 'delays are dangerous,' he would put it in such a way as to lead you to think that he had carefully considered the other side, and had exhausted the question of whether delays are not useful. Indeed, if he were to tell you 'that two and two make four,' it would not be that the common public thought so—that would have had no weight with him; but that he, Leonard Milverton, Esquire, of Worth-Ashton, in the county of Hants, had come to that conclusion,—that is the point.

MILVERTON.

How adroit all this is. And so you are going to take up the puritan side?

ELLESMERE.

Yes, I take up any side for a fee, and I have imagined a fee to myself

in this case. Obadiah Snuffleton and others, against the common, profane people of England—one hundred guineas.

DUNSFORD.

How full you are of mockery, Ellesmere. You cannot help ridiculing the side you are about to take up.

ELLESMERE.

Well, I shall do my best for them. And first, I beg you all to remark that we heard not one word yesterday about the question of other peoples' time being taken up in order to provide innocent amusements for Milverton's dear, dirty public.

MILVERTON.

Not dirty, Ellesmere. That is not in your brief.

ELLESMERE.

But what do you say to the main question? You must make some people work who don't want to work, and who ought to have rest, on the Sunday. You introduce the practice of work, you sanction it, you would almost compel it. Whether you please to consider this an argument or not, it is one which weighs with a great many good people.

MILVERTON.

I am glad to hear that it does, as when it is answered—and I am sure it is answerable,—they are likely to be on my side.

Do you imagine that no work is caused now by the demands for amusement of some kind—perhaps for simple stupefaction,—which are made on a Sunday by those numerous classes to whom I have alluded? I would engage to furnish the people of any great city with all the rational amusement that can be requisite, at the same, or at a less, expense of labour than the same people demand now for the coarsest purposes on that day. These are all questions of detail. How you can furnish some amusement, and minimize the amount of labour to be expended upon it on a particular day—how you can contrive that that minimum of labour shall be so shared by a number of persons as to preserve to them their enjoyment of the day in question four times out of five—how you can manage, by the use of great establishments, admirably organized, to prevent the work of thousands of small establishments—all these are questions to which intelligent men might direct their minds.

Meanwhile, on the other hand, you are to recollect that thousands and tens of thousands of persons spend the Sunday in a dangerous and brutal manner. You are to recollect the cost, the suffering, and the misery of drunkenness, and you are not lightly to throw away the opportunity of combating so great an evil.

ELLESMERE.

The intelligent jurymen who surround me, especially the stout gentleman in the blue coat with metal buttons, will observe that all the arguments of my learned friend are hypothetical: It will be seen—it may be tried—it is sure to be found—are the modes of speech of that ingenious advocate.

MILVERTON.

All that we want is the opportunity of trying what can judiciously and fairly be done to elevate, improve, and utilize the people's day of rest, which, with a strange forgetfulness of the just liberty of the subject, you deny to us.

As to the religious part of the question, about which I have not hitherto said anything, I should merely observe that, the Sabbath being made for man, and not man for the Sabbath, and the nature, habits, and climate of man in the West being totally different from that of man in the East, the mode of spending the Sabbath might also be totally different, and yet the spirit of the commandment be entirely maintained. What would be rest to a Jew in Palestine, would be fatigue to us in England. There are some remarks of Sir Humphry Davy on this point, which however I will not molest you with at present.

Moreover, I maintain, resting upon that passage in one of St. Paul's Epistles, 'Let no man judge you in meat and drink,* that we Christians have a thorough Christian liberty to consider this matter of the Sabbath for ourselves.

And lastly, I must tell this good company that I would rather not argue the theological point with them until they have read the greatest and most elaborate work that has been written on the subject of the Sabbath: I mean that book by Sir William Domville.† It is one of the ablest controversial works I ever read, written in the soberest and most pious spirit, with an abundance of learning admirably brought to bear upon the subject.

ELLESMERE.

My brief, here, at this part of the argument, is rather lengthy, and at the same time somewhat illegible. Proceed.

MILVERTON.

Again, there is one awkward question I wish to put to the learned lawyer on the other side—namely, what is to be done with the vacant hours of uneducated men? How are the soldiers to employ themselves at Aldershot and in the Crimea? And, by the way, do not these stupid outbreaks, in Hyde Park, of the listless ignorance and love of mischief in large masses of our poor fellow-countrymen, suggest something to your mind as to the danger of the present state of things?

ELLESMERE.

I am not instructed how to answer these vague and unpleasant questions; but I am instructed to maintain that dancing is a foolish, unprofitable, ungodly, carnal amusement.

MILVERTON.

Then you are instructed to maintain as great a piece of folly as ever existed in the mind of a man. You lawyers proceed greatly upon authority. Will you put your finger upon any single passage of any great authority, sacred or profane, who has declared this doctrine?

DUNSFORD.

Our Saviour was present at the Marriage at Cana. Dances were in usage at some of the Jewish ceremonies—were perhaps used on that occasion.

ELLESMERE.

What, you against me! If you venture even to have a cricket-match amongst the boys on a Sunday, at Twaddleton-cum-Mud, I will make the parish too hot to hold you. What will Miss Smith say? What the reverend and severe Miss Jones? What the all-important Mrs. Grundy?

DUNSFORD, becoming very red in the face.

I do not want your assistance, sir, in managing my parish, and I think it is rather impertinent in a young man like you, to —. I am a clergyman of what is called the Low Church, (not that I recognise any such distinctions as 'high' and 'low,') but I am not going to subscribe to every foolish tenet of my brethren, and to make my parish less manageable than it otherwise would be. But what an old fool I am to let myself be angry with one whose business it is to annoy and provoke everybody.

ELLESMERE.

My dear Dunsford, I honour and esteem you above all people. You are the bravest clergyman I know. How could you be in such a rage with me? But as Charles Lamb said, or intimated, men of fun and humour are seldom thoroughly understood. I'll take care that none of you have an opportunity of misunderstanding me again, and being cross with me. Henceforward I will talk like a rational being, and be the worst companion you ever lived with.

* 'Let no man, therefore, judge you in meat, or in drink, or in respect of an holyday, or of the new moon, or of the sabbath days: which are a shadow of things to come; but the body is of Christ.' (Col. ii. 16, 17.)

† *The Sabbath*, by Sir W. Domville, Bart. Two vols. 8vo. London: Chapman and Hall.

DUNSFORD, *taking ELLESMERE's hand.*

Mehercle, senex stultissimus sum. Peccavi, peccavi.

ELLESMERE, *turning to the young ladies.*

He allows that he is a little afraid of Miss Jones; that is the meaning of the Latin.

DUNSFORD.

You rogue!

MILVERTON.

Now that this little encounter between one of the Jury and the Counsel has ended, I shall take the opportunity of explaining some of my former statements, and of fortifying some of my positions. I am not particularly wedded to dancing—I don't suppose it to be a panacea for human ills—I do not wish to contend that any particular day should be set apart for festivity—I do not want to shock good people more than can be helped. But I do declare that the amusements of the common people in England are infrequent, unsocial, not beautiful, and not improving.

MIDHURST.

Just look at those gin-palaces, expressing in their form the collected ignorance of the most ignorant body of men in the world—architects and builders,—that is, with some splendid and rare exceptions, of men who least know what they can do and what they ought to do with the materials before them. Look at those flaring, hideous things that affront the night. Palaces they are, called! There is no society in any palace so dull as society in a gin-palace. Think only of one thing, that the guests there drink their melancholy fiery potions, standing. Now, what I want to substitute are cheap *cafés*. Such a change will not be effected easily or speedily; but you may rely upon it that these *cafés* would be the greatest boon to the poor, and would do more good than oceans of sermons.

ELLESMERE.

Add also essays, and I will agree with you. But you have really come out splendidly, Mr. Midhurst. Hitherto you have been employed, as far as I could discern, only in blackening all creation; now a little speck of white appears upon the horizon. But do not let us talk any more about the subject. If you want me to speak seriously about it, I must say that I agree substantially with Milverton; but I am sure you will never succeed in doing any good until you thoroughly appreciate all that can be said on the other side, and do your best to conciliate the many excellent persons who have the misfortune to hold the narrowest views upon the whole matter.

I am tired of being wise; let us turn head-over-heels a little. Boy, you shall have a pound of cherries (which will be a good thing for your father, as he will have a chance of getting rid of you sooner), if you will go down the hill, making windmills all the way. A boy seems to me to express more of the boy-nature when he is doing that than in anything else.

[*The boy began to take ELLESMERE at his word. We all laughed very much, except Mr. MIDHURST, who seldom goes beyond a slow, pleasant smile. ELLESMERE and DUNSFORD were unusually gracious to each other, as if they wished to efface all recollection of any offence that had been given or taken.*]

IV.

SCENE.—*Steamboat on the Meuse. A good-natured and lively foreigner, supposed to be a Belgian manufacturer, is talking earnestly with ELLESMERE, and gesticulating not a little.*

FOREIGNER.

There is lines behind lines, I tell you. There is seventy thousand men there. When you take one thing what you have but another as beeg or beeger? Bah! I have the best of informations. It is impossible to take Sebastopol.

ELLESMERE.

It may be so; but the place will be taken, nevertheless. We do not know how to leave off when we have once begun a thing. That is an incapacity, Sir, which the English labour under. You say that the intelligence we have now of the state of affairs in Sebastopol would make any rational people reconsider their plans. You admit that the French are not rational in this respect—that when they have once begun what they call ‘a career of glory,’ they are not likely to leave off.

FOREIGNER.

Oh de devils! dey go right over de world, and never look behind dem.

ELLESMERE.

But you were pleased to add that we English were a thoughtful people—a commercial people—and that you hoped better things from us. Now, you speak very good English—

FOREIGNER.

Oh you flatter, Sir; but when I was young, I live two three years at Leeverpool.

ELLESMERE.

You do not speak exactly as we do, but I can see you thoroughly understand all I say. I wish I had as much knowledge of any foreign language. Now, regard all the gentlemen and ladies that I shall point out to you. They are of one party. Look at that dark, weary-looking, heavy-lipped man who is smoking a cigar, into whose face the bulldog is looking up. He is a writer, and we call him in our party the philosopher.

FOREIGNER.

Oh yes, I understand. He believe in noting.

ELLESMERE.

No, he believes in many things. And besides, if a philosopher believes in nothing else, he is sure to believe in himself pretty largely. Then you see that fat, sickly-looking man on the other side of the vessel.

FOREIGNER.

Oh yes, he regular Englishman; he over-eat a good deal.

ELLESMERE.

You deceive yourself, my friend. We eat less than any other European nation; only we eat faster and with less enjoyment, and our food disagrees with us more. Then look at that gentleman in black, with tights.

FOREIGNER.

Ah, ver respectab' man!

ELLESMERE.

Yes. Then you see that chubby boy, who of course is talking to the man at the helm, as it is specially forbidden to do so. Then you see those two young ladies in the brown dresses.

FOREIGNER.

Ah, the ver pretty round-faced young ladies. You Englishmen are so ver happy; the ladies are all so pretty.

ELLESMERE.

And then you see that serving man, in livery (his name is Joseph), who is looking about with a bewildered stare at the fortifications of Huy, which, if I mistake not, we are just passing. Go and ask all these people (they represent many classes in society) what they think about the taking of Sebastopol. Say you were sent by me, if you feel any difficulty about being introduced.

FOREIGNER.

No, I no feel. Everybody is what you call introduced in a steamship. (*Goes over to the boy.*) Well, my leetel man, and so you would like to command a ship and go and take the Russian by his beard?

BOY.

I shall, some day. Wont I go in and win!

FOREIGNER.

I suppose you tink you take Sebastopol yourself?

BOY.

No, I am not old enough,—my cousin, George will be at the taking of Sebastopol this year; he is just gone out.

FOREIGNER, *aside*.

Oh de foolish boy! But all boys is alike. [*He moves off to MR. MIDHURST.*] Ah, a ver fine day, Sir! I wonder whether they have dis weather at Sebastopol. But it is no matter what weather they have there, it is sure not to be took. You will soon go away, I suppose, from there?

MIDHURST.

Yes, when we have taken it, I suppose we shall.

FOREIGNER.

It never will be took, I tell you. I have de best of informations.

MIDHURST.

Sir, our people are sometimes imposed upon by priests, always over-ridden by lawyers, played with by authors, idled over by legislators; but we are not going to be bullied by any foreign potentate upon earth. [*Foreigner looks aghast, not having expected such an outburst.*]

Do they dine well on board this steamer? Had we better dine here, or wait till we get to Liège?

FOREIGNER.

Oh they dine ver well. [*Aside.*] He tink of nothing else. [*Foreigner moves on to MILVERTON.*] Pardon, Sir, but your friend over there said you would be ver happy to talk to me about the war. I say Sebastopol will never be took. He says it will. But he is a man, I can see, who likes to jeer and laugh and mock, but you are a more grave man, much wiser as he. You are a Philosophe.

MILVERTON.

It is certain to be taken. I have never had the most distant shadow of a doubt of that.* You do not understand us, Sir, though I see you understand the English language well. We are, in some respects, a stupid people, a melancholy people, a forbearing people; but we are a sure people. Look at the matter now in the most business-like manner. The gross materials for war are at least equal. You will not contend that any given Russian is superior to any given Englishman or Frenchman. The science on the side of the allies is incomparably greater. It is not, as yet, directed into one channel, namely, that of war, but it will be, if the thing goes on. The power of money is all on our side; and, in short, the whole affair is but a question of resolve. The needful resolve has been taken by the people of England; and though I know much less of France, I do not doubt that such resolve has been taken by the French also. The old story of the Sybilline books, that vast old truth, is going to be enacted over again; and you may depend upon it, Sir, that as each month passes away, the Emperor of Russia will have worse and worse terms; and, if the war lasts for some years, he will be absolutely stripped of a large part of his dominions. That sin of Poland will come home yet.

FOREIGNER.

[*Bows and withdraws, muttering to himself,—‘Oh they have always such a number of fine words, the Philosophes, they have no sense what is common.’ He walks away to JOSEPH the servant.*]

Well Josef, you are ver glad to be making de tour with your master?

JOSEPH, *pulling his hair*.

Yes sir, his Réverence never goes anywhere without me. Missus, his sister, says he could not take care of hisself.

* This conversation took place in August, 1855.

FOREIGNER.

You are of the poor people in England. Ah, bah, they suffer ver much from this war. I suppose you is all ver tired of him. You lost a relation or two, I dare say.

JOSEPH.

I suppose Master has been telling you about poor John Digswell, my cousin. He was the gamest young fellow in the whole village. The Rectory kitchen has never been the same since. Lord love you, Sir, I will tell you how it was. The Rooshians came up one foggy morning, and John Digswell was nigh about the first man as seed 'em. The bugles blow like mad; out they all come. Bang, fire, charge—druv out for a minute. Bang, fire, charge again—druv out once more. Charge again—no more powder. Charge again—and right good use they make of the butt ends of their muskets and stwoar's (*Hampshire for stones*). John Digswell (he could throw a horse down) knocked over a Rooshian officer, almost without seeing him, a poor pale boy, with them delicate long fingers you can look through like; just for all the world, he said, like Master Charles's, master's nephew as died; and John Digswell said as how, as he was kneeling over him, he felt as they two were alone in the world; and in his letter, which was three pages long, says he, all the fuss and rumpus about the war, and all the grand talk of the newspapers, seemed so far off, and this poor boy, who got more like Master Charles as he was dying, seemed so near; and just as John was thinking this, tramp, tramp, comes a lot of the enemy's sodgers right over them both, and broke John's arm, and he went into the hdsptal, where that dear good lady is; but there is a many like her in England, and one not far off, as I'm a thinking; and John wrote us the long letter then, telling us as I have told you, and said he had got a diarrey or some'at of that sort the matter with him, and he thought he should not be long for this world, but he was not sorry, and he would die a hundred times, he said, for his Queen and his country; and he sent Martha—that's the parlour maid at the Rectory—a little chain of bright hair and gold thread, which had been on the poor Rooshian officer's wrist, and which he was a kissing of just afore he died; and then we saw in the next paper John's name amongst those who died at the hospital; and Martha's never been the same girl since, and she's always a talking of the beautiful Rooshian young lady whose hair she's mortal sure it was, and a pitying on her, and a may be thinking on her own trouble as well, for she was mortal fond of John, and that's all about it. [*Here poor JOSEPH began to cry.*]

FOREIGNER.

But, my poor fellow, you are wiser than Monsieur Jean—dis Deegsvell, what you call him?—you would not go to de war, would you?

JOSEPH.

Oh, dang it, but I would though, to-morrow, if it were not for old master, and if young Master Charles was alive and would take us all. Lord love ye, there's a dozen of us in the village as would have followed him to Sebastopol, or the end of the world. But I suppose that 'ere place be took by this time. At any rate it will be afore long. That you may depend on, Sir.

FOREIGNER, moves away with a peevish gesture.

Bah! they are all alike. It is a people that you cannot make the head or tail of. They are as obstinate as a brick wall. I shall not go over to the young ladies. They all sing the same song; and that tall mocking man looks as if he made one bit of fun of me. I should not like to have many dealings with him, though I know a thing or two myself. But Sebastopol will never be took for all dis talk. Ah, mon Dieu, mon Dieu, what a silly people it is, what an obstinate pig of a people, dese English. [*A bell rings, and dinner is announced on board the steamer. MR. MIN-HURST is seen in the distance, anxiously securing good places for the young ladies and himself.*]

V.

SCENE. — *The public gardens near Aix la Chapelle, the same persons present, but not yet assembled together in one party. ELLESMERE and DUNSFORD are sitting under some lofty fir trees in the highest part of the garden.*

ELLESMERE.

I beg to say, my dear Dunsford, that my remarks to him never are impertinent,—that is, in the true meaning of the word. You do not see the vices of style, and even of thought, which he might fall into, if he were not kept within bounds by a splenetic critic such as I am. Imagine for a moment that he had been a petty provincial notoriety, instead of living all his life in the world, kicked about here by men, knocked down there by facts, as every man who lives in the world must be,—why, those tendencies to see everything through a poetic medium, and to chip up everything into aphorisms, would have gained upon him; and he would have been one of your many Grand Unintelligibles of whom the world is very tired. I do not know what that man does not owe to me. I believe that one reason why I like him so much, is that I have been so useful to him; and, as for giving him offence, I never did in my life,—at least, for more than a moment. He cares too much about substantial success, by which I mean persuading people to think as he thinks, not to bear with floods of criticism if he can get any good out of them.

DUNSFORD.

But you are so disrespectful, my dear Ellesmere.

ELLESMERE.

Am I particularly so to him? Is there anybody to whom I am respectful?

It seems absurd to say to you what I am going to say, for you ought to know it, but the fact is I like that man almost better than anybody in the world. He has sense enough to see that. And, let me tell you, he is not a man so very easy to be loved, notwithstanding all his outward appearance of good nature, and the fine things he says about friendship. I know him well. There is that in him which puts me in mind of something in the mountain scenery we used to walk about so much when I was your pupil. All of a sudden, high up in the mountain, you come upon dark, silent, deep, cold pools. Somehow or other they make you shudder.

DUNSFORD.

Blaming poetic tendencies, you rush into poetry yourself, and certainly do not avoid the obscure.

ELLESMERE.

It may be so; but, in a queer fashion, do I not convey to you my meaning?

DUNSFORD.

I think I understand you. But these pools are all invisible to me.

ELLESMERE.

Then, again, those men who have very wide sympathies, and large objects which are ever before them, are not such very loving friends, let me tell you.

Now just listen—suppose I were to die suddenly; and he was to hear of it on the same morning in which he received news that some clause, he had long been driving at, was introduced into a Health Act, or a Nuisances Removal Bill, he would set the one thing against the other. Oh yes, you may shake your head, but he would do so. He would be very much affected, I own, at breakfast time. The ladies, for I must tell you what the whole family would do, would cry a little—but it would be very handsome of them to cry even that little; and then they would say, for they are forgiving creatures, ‘Mr. Ellesmere was not near so rough as he seemed; we shall miss him very much; our conversations will never be what they have been;’ and then, in a few minutes afterwards, Miss Blanche would whisper to Miss Mildred, ‘Emily Graham tells me in her

letter that there is to be a change this winter in bonnets, they are to be worn a little on the head, and are not to be quite so fantastical.' Then there would be some mutterings about 'guipure,' 'barège,' and 'moiré-antique.' So much for their sorrow.

He would go into his study, very sad, I admit. He would pass in review our school days, and college days, and think very harmonious and pretty things about me and them. After a time, he would turn suddenly to his amanuensis and say, 'Be good enough, Mr. Pennington, to look out for me the average rating of a tenement in Bethnal-green and in Shoreditch. You will find it in the Appendix to Grubb and Dusty's Report, which was printed in the Blue Books of last year. We have referred to that valuable Paper before. My firm belief is, that you will find the average rating under £7 15s. 6d. If so, at least two hundred thousand persons will come under the operation of this clause, and be benefited by it. Upon my word the House of Commons is doing its work very well;'—by which he would mean that some of his notions were entering into legislation; for that is the definition each of us gives of the House of Commons working well, namely, when it happens to agree with our particular selves.

Then he would sigh deeply, and say, 'Poor dear Ellesmere, how I should like to have written to him on this matter; but he never took the interest I could have wished in such things' (very ungrateful of him this speech would be, because I have always voted upon them exactly as he told me); and then he would set to work—not that he would do much that day, but he would try to work: he would try to forget me by means of working.

Now, if all the inhabitants of Bethnal-green were to become angels and fly away (which they soon would, if they had wings), it would not affect me so much as the weal or woe of any friend, even of my philosophic friend. But I am a base fellow, loving the concrete, the visible, the known—I mean the known to me.

DUNSFORD.

I have heard you with patience, Ellesmere, but you are shamefully unjust. I cannot meet you in ridicule; you are a master of that science. By the way, may it not be as much abused as any other mode of style and thinking?

ELLESMERE.

It may,—but nobody cares what I say.

DUNSFORD.

There is no catching you: you elude one, sometimes by a skilful modesty, sometimes by downright impudence. I cannot hope to change your opinion of your friends; but upon questions of style I claim to be heard a little: and I maintain that every way men have of expressing themselves is good. I mean that metaphors, similes, aphorisms, all forms of embodying human thought, have their place, and enter into a good style.

ELLESMERE.

Good gracious, Dunsford! you need not make such an uncontradictable assertion with so much pomp. The question is about abusing this right of entry.

DUNSFORD.

Well then, I will ask you a question. Have you never had cause to recollect anything, simply because it was expressed pithily and aphoristically?

ELLESMERE.

Yes; I shall never forget one of his aphorisms; but it was not because the thing was true, but because it was apposite. I cannot tell you all the circumstances, because it would be betraying political secrets; but our friend had been endeavouring for some days, or rather nights, to persuade a certain cold, wise, eloquent, powerful man in the House of Commons to take a particular line on a certain subject. Great was the war of words; and each of the antagonists was very anxious to overcome the other with-

out offending him. I am not sure that the orator had not the best of the argument. At any rate he had, looking at the matter from his point of view, and with regard to his future influence on the House of Commons. I assisted at one of their midnight conferences (the political man had no other time); and it was as good as a play. Our friend stated his case—of course leaving out some of the principal difficulties (it is not lawyers only, my dear friend, who deliberately make the best of their own side of the question). The orator replied with great force. Our friend made his rejoinder with whatever subtlety and vigour he could bring to bear upon the question. Each pretended that he was only working out the other's views to their just conclusions. There was then a pause. In our college days, both of these men, who had been well acquainted, were fond of some of the out-of-the-way Latin poets,—Fracastorius, Vida, Sannazarius, Johannes Secundus,—(there are such people, are there not?) people who wrote this kind of thing,—

‘————— Mihi crede voluptas
Nectit, sint quamvis aurea, vincla tamen,’

trash I suspect for the most part, but neither the author nor the orator were of my mind,—and they now resumed their old college ways, quoting what they were pleased to call ‘beautiful passages.’ All the time I could read in the anxious eye of our friend his desire to resume the serious conversation, and even in his choice of passages I thought I could detect a meaning. Well, as I said before, it was as good as a play to me to see these wily combatants;—but I won't tire you with an account of their proceedings.

However, late one cold night, as I was coming home from my chambers, I met our friend in the street by accident. It was after the last of these conferences, which had not ended very successfully according to his opinion. We stood, I remember, just under the gaslight, close to that tank, which is sometimes not very savoury, at the top of Piccadilly. Our friend looked haggard, and, for a philosopher, somewhat fierce; and his expressions of indignation were not exactly those he would have used if you had been present. What impostors we all are! Wishing to turn his mind to other thoughts, I pointed out to his sanitary mind the unsanitary nature of the water. But it would not do: he was not to be deterred or pacified. At last, however, we parted, and I was thinking in sorrow what a pity it is that all people who have the same objects cannot agree, and work together (a thought rather Dunsfordian than Ellesmerian), when suddenly he called me back. I went; he looked steadily at me, and said in a low, distinct voice, ‘We may be lost by our weaknesses, but we shall be damned for our strengths.’ He then turned about and walked rapidly away,—and has never since alluded to the subject.

DUNSFORD.

Ah, the aphorism is sadly true. I do not wonder that you remember it.

ELLESMERE.

No, it is not true, not a bit true. The ‘strengths’ in question are merely weaker weaknesses, or rather weaknesses crystallized. But I could not help remembering the thing on account of the circumstances. Now, have I answered you, my dear Dunsford? [DUNSFORD could make no answer. He often finds that his best answers occur to him a day or two after the questions have been asked.] But I must go and see after our fat friend, who looks very melancholy walking by himself. I declare I like that man more and more every day. Milverton hints that he is other than he seems—some person we ought to know. At any rate he is a morbid sort of fellow, with a great deal of poetry, or disease, or something of that kind, about him. By the way, do you observe that in all his tirades, which come out like so many musket shots, he is very choice and careful in his use of words? It is evident that, though he is talking hastily and abruptly, he is only uttering sentiments which have long been in his mind. His discreet use of adjectives shows that. Indeed

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they are better chosen than those of Milverton, who is what you call a practised writer.

DUNSFORD.

Upon my word this is a very acute observation, Ellesmere.

ELLESMERE.

I flatter myself it is not the first one you have heard from me to-day.

DUNSFORD.

The substance of what he says is generally so displeasing to me—his outbursts are so unmeasured—that I have hitherto taken but little notice of his language.

ELLESMERE.

What is he poking at with his stick there? As I live, he is hunting after truffles, and has great thoughts in his mind of some Perigord pie. This must not be lost. [ELLESMERE runs off in a hurry.]

VI.

SCENE.—*Another part of the Gardens. BLANCHE and MILDRED are sitting together.*

BLANCHE.

But why must we have ivy-leaves? If my hair is to be dressed in this May-queen fashion, and I am to be allowed any voice in the matter, I should prefer young oak-leaves. See, I have gathered some; look at the beautiful acorns; how well they would come down at the sides!

MILDRED, *going away for some more ivy, and talking to herself.*

He likes ivy best: she does not care to remember that. He said 'that ivy is an exact type of womanhood, as it partly destroys and partly sustains what it is attached to.' He might have made his simile more favourable to us; but they are an ungrateful race—these men. [She returns with more ivy, and goes on weaving it into her sister's hair.]

BLANCHE.

There must be some colour, Mildred; I am so fond of colour!

MILDRED.

I will find a wild rose, or red berries of some kind, if I can.

BLANCHE.

And you, Mildred, what are you going to wear?

MILDRED.

Nothing, dearest. I do not know that anything of this sort becomes me.

BLANCHE.

And why that sigh, Milly?

MILDRED.

We must not be called to account for all our sighs, especially we women. Men talk a great deal of the sighing they go through for us. But I suspect theirs is chiefly to be found in poetry. Let us talk of something more important. I wish I had a mirror here to show you how beautiful you look. I am proud of my work. It has quite a festive appearance, though they are but ivy-leaves.

BLANCHE.

I sometimes fancy that we two just make up the feminine nature that would suit our solemn cousin, Leonard. I am the festive part; for, grave man though he is, he delights in festivity. All the family of Duchesne, from whom we are descended, have that in their blood. They rejoice in giving entertainments, merely for the beauty of the thing. Old or young, as wise as Leonard, or as foolish as I am, we are all fond of decking out a ball-room.

MILDRED.

And of seeing people happy in it.

BLANCHE.

Oh, I think, sometimes, if all the people who love to be happy and to make others happy could live in one big house, how nice it would be!

MILDRED.

It must be very big, my pet.

BLANCHE.

Well, not a house, then—a little island, where there should be no rain, but where the flowers must grow very well without it. And then you Milly, and Leonard, and all the grave and wise people, should go over in boats to the main-land near, and make laws and acts of parliament, and drains, and all those things, and come back in the evening; and we should welcome you so joyously on your return, with archways of flowers, and have all our dances and our music ready for you. And you must not bring back any newspapers, for we sha'n't want to hear any news,—unless, perhaps, a little about the fashions,—and it will be your business to tell us all about them, as you will be the only woman who will go with the sages in the little boats.

If I could ever fancy myself marrying—but I don't want to be married at all,—we are very happy as we are,—it would be to have a husband like myself—a thoughtless creature, only he must be very rich, and we would entertain the whole world. I would coax him to ask all the poor of the neighbouring town. I would not have great stiff parties of county magistrates.

MILDRED.

But you like magnificence, you little Fairy-queen,—‘feathers, lappets, and diamonds,’ as we read in the *Court Circular*.

BLANCHE.

Yes, we would have great parties too, where there should be quantities of light, and silver plate, and bright garlands, and rich draperies; but there should be no dull people—several foolish ones, to keep me and my husband in countenance, but no dull people, I declare—not one.

MILDRED.

Then you would succeed, Blanche, in doing something which I am told the greatest personages in society find very difficult. Besides, if this imaginary husband of yours is to command brilliant society, he must be powerful, or very clever, or very learned: I do not well see how he can help being a good deal older than you. How will that suit?

BLANCHE.

Then I must be contented to do without the feathers, and the plate, and the lappets, and the diamonds, for I don't want to be always craning my neck with looking up at my husband, and thinking how great and how wise he is, and being half afraid to speak to him, or to laugh at him. No, I don't want to look up or to look down; I only want to be loved—oh, so much loved! I want one who will laugh at all my follies, and give me some follies of his own to laugh at. Your very wise people frighten me out of my small wits. I cannot be great, like you, Mildred. That proud face of yours, with its straight little nose, and with its dark hair (will you not let me put one rose in it?), was meant for a grand lady's. You shall be a star which all people gaze at, as if it were the only one, even when it is a bright night and there are ever so many others.

MILDRED.

I am not proud of myself; but I must be proud of the man I am to love. I would rather be beaten or neglected by such a man than be doated on by another who did not deserve to command.

BLANCHE.

Fancy any one beating my Mildred! Well, how different you are from me—in love fancies, as in everything else. Mine must love me only—only little me.

MILDRED.

Whether you deserve to be so loved, or not?

BLANCHE.

x. Oh, deserts, my dear, wise, serious Milly, have nothing whatever to do with love.

MILDRED.

- Perhaps not, in the first instance; but I imagine there comes a time when they have something to do with it.

BLANCHE.

Why will you sigh again, Milly? It was a very soft sigh, but I heard it. There shall be no sighing in my little island.

MILDRED.

Nay, Fairy-princess, you only said that we were all to be gay. You would not have the barbarity to issue a royal ordinance that we must all be happy, or quit the island.* If you did, you would have but few subjects left to rule over. Your dances would be ill attended—and the most brilliant dancers would be the most frequently absent. Your choruses would be but faint and incomplete. Indeed, the sweetest voices might never be heard at all. There would be no contraltos, I fear. I am not sure that your own sister and principal woman-in-waiting would often be in attendance upon you.

BLANCHE.

Oh, Mildred, I should not be happy then; and so we should all go over together in a big boat to the main-land, and be active, and wise, and hard working, and benevolent, and uncomfortable evermore; and the story would not end properly at all—for all the pretty fairy stories end so nicely. That is why I like them; they never make me unhappy; I am sure that everything is to come right in the end. The witches, just when they become most tiresome, always fly away on broomsticks or are fixed in a tree; and then the wall opens, and in comes the Prince who had been a toad—comes dressed in gold and white and jewels, with an aigrette of diamonds on his forehead, and in the centre of them a flaming carbuncle—the very jewel that had once been in the toad's head, you know. Oh, I could write such fairy stories,—indeed I can always put our cousin's little Rose to sleep when all of you fail.

MILDRED.

I do not know, dearest, that such is the highest praise that can to a good story; but I admit that nobody can amuse children as well as you can,—yourself amongst the number.

BLANCHE, *getting up, and putting back MILDRED's hair with both her hands.*

And so it would not be jealous, would it not? not even if its lover was like a naughty king I read of some time ago, who loved it very much, but loved some other lady a little also, and would tell it how much he loved the other lady. Oh, how proud it looks!

MILDRED.

He would come back to me, when he wanted aid against his enemies, or watchful woman's craft to guide him safely through the wiles of false friends, or cheering words when all the rest of the world was inclined to throw stones at him; and, maybe, I would not love him much the less for his delinquencies. I would be above all jealousy—'If I love thee, what is that to thee?' That sentence has always seemed to me to convey such a grand idea of true love.

But then, my husband, or my lover, must be a great man. He must rule other men and other women as well as me.

BLANCHE.

And you are only to be the first of his slaves, then?

MILDRED.

The first, though!

BLANCHE.

That would never do for me. My lover must not wish to kiss the tips of the fingers of any other woman. Oh, I would hate him directly if he did so; and so would you, Mildred, yours too.

MILDRED.

I hope not. Perhaps, however, I might be weak enough to do so. But here they come, and so we must leave off talking our nonsense. How pale Sir John looks, I hope he is not unwell.

BLANCHE.

Quite well enough, I daresay, to tease us all to death.

MILDRED.

Blanche, how can you — ?

[Enter ELLESMERE, MILVERTON with the dog, DUNSFORD, and Mr. MIDHURST.]

ELLESMERE.

What has become of the boy, Milverton? I have not seen him the whole morning; have you? Did we bring him out with us?

MILVERTON.

No.

ELLESMERE.

Is he ill, then? They are a terrible nuisance—boys; but, after all, I suppose they were an intended part of creation. I see by your smile there is nothing the matter with him.

MILVERTON.

I bought him, yesterday, a most ingenious toy for blowing bubbles on a large scale, and he asked me if he might not spend the whole morning at home, in our bedroom, blowing them.

ELLESMERE.

The selfish little wretch! The ungrateful little animal! He must know how glad I should have been to stay with him. No offence to the present society, but I cannot resist the pleasure of blowing bubbles, when it comes in my way.

MILVERTON.

I could not help thinking, when he asked me, what a good illustration it was of what I had been saying about the directness of boys, and the indirectness of men, in their proceedings. If a man had wanted to spend a happy morning alone in blowing bubbles, what grand excuses he would have made. We should have heard about the theory of colours, and the mathematical calculations requisite to show the deviation from perfect sphericity in the bubble, and we should not have heard one word about the intense pleasure of bubble-blowing.

ELLESMERE.

What delights me in bubble-blowing is, that the morals to be drawn are so obvious that no moralist, however tiresome and commonplace, can presume to draw one's attention to them. One thinks of the growth of various questions in metaphysics, theology, and politics, as the bubble softly, rapidly dilates, and rises in the air, and of the end of these questions as it touches the ground and gently vanishes away, and one's thoughts are too complete and obvious for words.

By the way, I think I have left something behind me at the hotel. Don't you want your parasol, Miss Mildred? Dunsford, I think you cannot be quite happy without that volume of Hey's *Lectures on the Thirty-Nine Articles*, which you were reading last night. I will go back to *The Grand Monarque* with pleasure for you.

DUNSFORD.

Oh, the sly dog! He wants to get back to Master Walter—another instance of the indirect proceedings of men in general, and of lawyers in particular.

MILVERTON.

To tell you the truth, I am not sorry the boy is not with us. I am going to ask your attention to a very serious, and somewhat dull matter, which the letters I received last evening from England have made me think much over, during a sleepless night.

ELLESMERE.

Oh dear, oh dear! The bubbles, the bubbles! There will be no other happy morning, for the boy will be tired of his toy before another day; and I can't blow them myself, I always get the soap in my mouth, and—*(here ELLESMERE spoke in a very clear whisper)* politeness absolutely forbids my going now. But about this serious matter that you are going to discuss—Is it very serious? I like to know the worst, and to prepare one's mind for it. I suppose it has reference to this dreadful war? I am so tired of talking about the war.

MILVERTON.

No. It is a much harder matter than the war that we are going to discuss, I hope.

DUNSFORD.

Alas! that in the year of our Lord eighteen-hundred and fifty-five, it should be possible for any one man so to disarrange the world,—and that not a wise man! It is awful to contemplate.

MILVERTON.

Yes; we are but in the infancy of civilization.

MIDHURST.

Don't speak of infancy, sir. Not born, not born.

MILVERTON.

I take comfort in our vast ignorance. What, if we could see but a little further! What wondrous things would open to our eyes! The historian Hume has a speculation somewhere of the great improvement that would take place in the state of mankind if a little more industry—a very little—were added to the nature of man. Imagine a similar addition to our powers of perception. I sometimes fancy to myself what it would be if we could see things grow—what an astonishing earth it would become to us. Imagine the beautiful, glistening, sheeny growth of a vast expanse of grass taking place before your eyes; or the buds of a wavy forest breaking out visibly into life. And so, if our historical and political discernment were preternaturally sharpened, what great things we might perceive forthcoming from this war.

ELLESMERE.

Oh the divine comfort of a grand hypothesis! Happy is the man who lives with philosophers. He shall have something to comfort him, even in an increase of Income-tax.

MILVERTON.

I think, Ellesmere, you ought to be happy when I tell you that my present views about the war can be summed up in a few words I heard the other day from a boy in the streets.

ELLESMERE.

Pray give us them. I delight in a bit of real life.

MILVERTON.

I was walking behind three boys—fifteeners or sixteeners, who were having a very quiet, serious quarrel—not brawling at all, but deeply angry with one another. At last, the least of the three, a most determined-looking little fellow, addressed the biggest with these emphatic words—'If you want a devil of a cut on the head, you can have it.' I am sorry that there was a needlessly strong expression in the sentence, but I give it you just as he uttered it. It had a good effect: the quarrel went no further, as far as I perceived. Observe, now, the delicacy and determination of the boy's words. He did not say, I shall give it you, but 'you can have it;' and he threw the whole burden of the thing upon the great boy's free will: 'If you want,' &c., meaning that it was entirely at the big boy's option to continue the quarrel, but that the consequences were perfectly clear, and absolutely decided, in the small boy's mind. Observe, too, the quiet strength in his use of the word 'can' instead of 'will': 'you can have it.' He was a resolute little dog, marked with the small-pox, and with his head set upon his shoulders in a way that always indicates resolve. Oh, said I

to myself, what a model you are for diplomacy. Would that the pleasant Peer who rules over our Foreign Office were walking by my side—not that he much needs enlightening in this way, but he would, be glad to have his diplomatic sagacity confirmed by the wisdom of the streets.

However, whether the boy was wise or not, he expressed my sentiments exactly as to quarrels in general, and as to the Russian war in particular; and you will hear no more from me about that sad and tiresome subject for a long time. It is a far more difficult matter that I shall want your advice upon.

MIDHURST.

Let us arrange ourselves more judiciously. I never can give my best attention to anything unless I am comfortably seated. [*Hereupon Mr. MIDHURST made us all come to another part of the garden, where there were seats or mossy banks for reclining.*]

PRESCOTT'S PHILIP THE SECOND.*

THE return of Mr. Prescott to Spanish ground, the scene of his first success, will be viewed with general satisfaction. The years that have passed since the publication of *Ferdinand and Isabella*, have greatly enlarged the circle of readers prepared to receive him on familiar terms, without reserve—and without excitement:—having learned from his previous writings what may be expected from him, and what he is not likely to give. These two volumes on Philip II.—a beginning only of the proposed work—will justify their anticipations. They display his well known characteristics; the same merits and deficiencies; on a somewhat enlarged scale, corresponding to the wider dimensions of his subject.

The History of Philip the Second is, truly enough, 'the History of Europe during the latter half of the Sixteenth Century;' and this not only because the dominions to which he succeeded touched nearly every other European state of the first class. It is yet more so, because of the part assumed by him as head of one of the two rival powers, the collision of which, during his age, determined the actual position and subsequent fortunes of all. It is therefore not merely the extent and complexity of subject that make it difficult to write this history. It is beset with disputed questions of the

utmost importance, political, social, and religious, developed in marked opposition during this period; which ever since have continued to agitate the European system, and on which the opinions of men are still divided.

Whatever may be thought of Mr. Prescott's ability to satisfy all the demands of so arduous a task, it is obvious that at this incipient stage of his progress, no final judgment can be expected. The last date in his second volume is the year 1570; a period including the first act only of the drama in which Philip was chief actor. So far, neither his actions nor his designs betray that peculiar character which afterwards rendered his malignant influence detestable. His system is cautious and pacific; limited by the bounds of his own dominion, it makes no pretension as yet to engross or give law to others. In England, as Mary's consort, he prudently avoids all public responsibility for the severities of her reign. His wars with the Pope and with France are just, as well as successful; and he uses his advantages with moderation. The persecution of his subjects on religious grounds, however cruel, was not without example in other kingdoms; he only walked, indeed, with a heavier tread in the steps of his father.† In the Netherlands, the opposition which his tyranny

* *History of the Reign of Philip the Second, King of Spain.* By William H. Prescott. Two vols. London: Bentley.

† See Van Kampen. *Gesch. der Niederlande*, b. ii. cap. v., 283; *Mæren* (x th., b. i. 50) says that 50,000; Grotius (*Annal.* l. i. 12) 100,000 persons, were executed for heresy in the Low Countries during the reign of Charles; the numbers however are certainly exaggerated.

provoked, has not yet grown above the height of a domestic quarrel; and his sanguinary vengeance rather exceeds the measure than violates the rule of what in his day was permitted to sovereigns incensed by 'rebellious subjects.' His only aggressive warfare, against the Mohammedan pirates, is gratefully hailed by Europe; to which the Crescent is still a sign of fear. While the prestige of his power is at its height, it has not yet become odious as well as formidable to his neighbours. And whatever may be whispered of tragedies in his own household, they are still concealed *intra parietes*: a theme of doubtful terror or pity, destined, perhaps, to be talked of for a while, and then forgotten,—but for subsequent events which taught men to take for granted more than rumour had at first dared even to hint. In short, had Philip's reign ended at this period, a name which now gives its sinister title to an age, might have been entered on the roll of severe and powerful kings, without incurring the gravest sentence of history, or becoming to after times a symbol of all that most revolts humanity, shocks the moral sense, and threatens the security of nations.

It is in the ensuing portion of his reign that this hateful aspect prevails; when the intrusion of his policy—a policy of selfish ambition, armed with intrigue, corruption, and violence—is felt in every part of the European system, under an arrogant pretext of Catholic zeal. This will be the trying part of the historian's task; the moral significance of which deepens as its surface is expanded. The growing procession of eminent figures keeps pace with the crowd of notable events. The former we shall not enumerate: of the latter it will suffice to name the forty years' war in the Low Countries—which cost Philip the best jewel in his crown, and made him pawn the rest in the hope of regaining it; the Morisco war in the Alpujarras; the troubles and treasons of the French League: the wars with Henri Quatre, with Elizabeth of England; the seizure of Portugal; the destruction of the liberties of Aragon; the rise of a

new commercial power in Holland; the adventures of Dutch and English sea-kings in the East and in the New World. Along this line of momentous changes rise a series of special incidents, frequent, enormous, and startling:—Bartholomew massacres; battles of Lepanto; the sieges of Antwerp and Paris; the wreck of the Armada; murders of the Guises, assassinations of Henry III. and of William of Orange: the story of Don Juan of Austria and Escovedo, with its sequel in the tragedy of Perez. Throughout these events, the dark presence of Philip is never lost sight of; nothing can be more portentous than his pestilent activity, nothing more impressive than its utter failure. The Nemesis which pursues injustice reaches him before his reign expires; distress at home, defeat and odium abroad, are the sole fruits of his labours and his crimes: and he dies with every circumstance that can make the end of a bad life terrible and exemplary. It is needless to say how much a theme like this demands from the historian; whether we consider the gravity of its main features, or the importance of its accessories. Among the latter, in a department neglected by previous writers, the subject of finance may be mentioned. The pressure of debt bequeathed to Philip by his father, increased by the loss of Belgium, and by the efforts to recover it, leads to the strangest fiscal complications; and Philip, after straining every kind of exaction to the utmost, and resorting to the most pernicious and shameful expedients for raising money, sets the first example of a state bankruptcy. In his administration of the commerce of the New World,* he founds the 'colonial system'; which, copied afterwards by other nations, has fettered the intercourse of mankind down to our own days. The development, under various phases in different regions, of the great religious question, which, during this period, arrived at its second crisis; the social effects, both of this controversy and of the new channels opened to ambition, industry, and science, by maritime discovery, and by the press, must also

* See Scherer. *Allgemeine Geschichte des Welthandels*, ii. 229 et seq.

be considered. Nor can the higher phenomena of intellectual life in this age be overlooked by the historian. The first names in modern letters, with one great exception, belong to the 16th century. Shakespeare had written and Bacon begun to think, before its close. Cervantes was maimed at Lepanto: Lope wrote his *Angelica* on board of the Armada. The dawn of English genius is contemporary with the morning of Spanish literature:—a brief and glorious appearance, which for a while threw its splendour over the ruins of the state, until the whole region of thought was darkened, and the national spirit quelled, by the Inquisition. Such and so various are the topics in view beyond the point now reached by Mr. Prescott. It will be seen that he has yet to arrive at the critical stage of his undertaking.

It may be added that what is already written cannot be pronounced complete or otherwise, until it is seen what supplements are hereafter introduced. It might be premature to insist on certain deficiencies, which, in the author's method of arranging his subject under separate heads, may be supplied in a forthcoming section; or to describe as omitted what is merely reserved for discussion hereafter. In short, of an unfinished piece, designed in this manner, the report, if meant to be just, can only be in some respects provisional. Our attention therefore for the present will be given to distinct and separate features; reserving general judgments for a later period.

The first question, in respect of histories proposed to be rewritten, concerns the materials used. The praise which Ovid gives to Mulciber's art will not greatly commend an historian; of whom it may be said, that his workmanship counts for little, if his matter be unsound. Even in pieces like Schiller's *Thirty Years' War*, and Voltaire's *Peter the Great*, the want of substantial accuracy is barely compensated by graces of style and acuteness of remark.

Mr. Prescott, at all events, will not owe his success to such qualities: he takes his stand on authentic documents collected from MSS. in various archives, or lately published,—which were unknown to his predecessors.

Of printed materials, Spain has furnished the *Documentos Ineditos*, a series issued by the Royal Academy of History; the 'Memoirs of that Academy;' and papers inserted in the *Semanario Erudito*. The collections of Von Raumer from many European archives have also been used. From Belgium there is Gachard's *Correspondance de Philippe II.*, chiefly brought from Simancas, of which two volumes have been published by command of the Belgian Government; and another Brussels work, the *Correspondance de Marguerite D'Autriche*, edited by Reiffenberg. Holland supplies the *Archives de la Maison d'Orange Nassau*, by Groen van Prinsterer, from papers in the King of Holland's library; and important aid is given by the French publication (made at the instance of Guizot) of the Granvelle Papers, edited by Weiss,—from Besançon. Besides these,* moreover, Mr. Prescott has constantly at hand the old histories,—Thuanus,* Cabrera, Strada, Brandt, &c.; and on the whole it may be said, shows more diligence in gathering on all sides, than severity in testing his authorities.

His MS. collections come from the great archives of Simancas, but lately opened to research; and from several other repositories, public and private, in England, Germany, and elsewhere. For these Mr. Prescott owes much to many friends; among whom appear several of the United States envoys at different courts, busied in gaining access to state papers, and in getting their marrow extracted for his use. It is pleasing to see these ministers in so liberal and pacific a relation to the 'things of Spain;' at a time when American diplomacy has attracted public notice, in connexion with other pro-

* He is not quite just in blaming Watson's alleged want of research. The works used by him, the best then extant, are the same to which Mr. Prescott continually refers; and he had the good fortune or good judgment to quote no very questionable authorities, such as *Leti*, whom it is surprising to find in Mr. Prescott's notes, together with Miss Strickland!

ceedings and designs, affecting that kingdom, which have gone far to impair the credit of the United States as a civilized community.

In the Simancas archives, and in some chief libraries of England, France, Holland, and Belgium, the search was undertaken by Don Pascual de Gayangos, Arabic professor in the University of Madrid: a name to be specially mentioned here, since it recurs whenever the writers of England address themselves to Spanish subjects. This amiable scholar is indeed their Great Apollo—*opiferque per orbem dicitur*—and deserves thanks from all their readers. It is a pity that the low state of the publishing system in his own country should leave him the assistant of others, without due encouragement for displaying his attainments in some original work of his own.

Of all the MSS. thus variously collected, the choicest perhaps are the *Relazione Venele*; of which, independently of the two printed series,* voluminous copies exist in the libraries of Berlin and Gotha. They are not, however, used by Mr. Prescott for the first time; their value was long since attested by Ranke, who wrought them with equal skill and discrimination into his classical work on the *Princes and Peoples of Southern Europe*.†

The importance to the historian of such contemporary writings and state papers cannot be disputed; whether they merely fortify received accounts, or correct them. They assist in opening the secrets of statesmen, and determine their real share in obscure transactions. Some of them, the Venice reports especially, preserve traits of conspicuous persons, and of the manners of their day, which have been overlooked by professed historians. On the other hand, their value has its limits. It would not be safe to take as

authorities, *omni exceptione majores*, either the notes of diplomatic reporters, or the despatches of ministers and kings. As to the former—while they are sufficient evidence of current opinions, of the suspicions and rumours of the hour; and indispensable for many local details and personal descriptions—it must be remembered that, after all, the writers were, in respect of less obvious matters, both liable to various kinds of error, and apt to be deceived, by design as well as by accident or prejudice. For the most part, it is also evident that they draw their information from channels precisely similar to those which supplied the best contemporary historians, such as De Thou, for instance, with materials. In short, they may be admitted to enlarge and to control, but they do not by any means supersede the books already extant. As to state records, even of the most secret character,—these again are by no means in all cases magisterial data for the solution of historic doubts. They must be read with extreme caution, especially during an age in which dissimulation was the rule of statesmen and kings,—and above all in respect of a monarch so close and insidious as Philip, whose ministers too were adepts in every treacherous art. In such cabinets we may find 'confidential letters' and 'private instructions' as false as the most ostensible state papers. When deceit pervades the whole scheme of government, no communication, indeed, however intimate, is safe from suspicion. So we are told by the historian Mendoza, much employed in his day—the very period in question—in Spanish diplomacy; when, speaking of his office, he exclaims:—

O embajadores, puros majaderos!

Que si los reyes quieren engañar, Comienzan por nosotros los primeros.†

* Paris, 1833, by Tommaséo; Florence, 1839—55, by Alberi. The latter Mr. Prescott sometimes uses; yet he consults Micheli, the envoy to England (reign of Mary and Elizabeth), from a copy of the Gotha MSS. His report is in vol. ii. of the first series, of the Florentine edition. For a good account of these remarkable State papers, and a just estimate of the degree and limits of their value as materials for history, see *Von Reumont. Beiträge zur Italienischen Geschichte*. Berlin: 1853.

† Hurtado de Mendoza. *Epistolæ*. Roughly Englished:—

Ambassadors! mere busy nincompoops!
For princes, when they purpose to deceive,
Begin by making us their earliest dupes.

There is yet another point to be noticed. When history leans on unpublished data, its authority becomes a question of confidence in the discretion, industry, and fairness of the compiler. The reader cannot follow every statement to its source; and must take for granted that for all material purposes everything important has been discovered; that from the documents used nothing essential has been left out; that what is taken from them has been perfectly understood, and is repeated with absolute fidelity. It is plain that if these conditions are reversed, or neglected even, a method which at the first glance seems to throw a new light into the very heart of history, may, in reality, obscure its truth: and the evil in that case will be in compound proportion of the credit assumed, with the degree of its misuse, and the difficulty of detection.*

These are not trivial considerations. It should be clearly seen, on the opening of a new school of historical science, that the privilege which adds to the author's resources greatly increases his responsibility. In the case of Mr. Prescott, no one will question his desire to do justice to his subject; although some may doubt,† for reasons presently to be given, whether he always adheres to his originals as closely as might be desired. It will also be remembered that their selection was made by a variety of different hands. On the whole, however, allowing for a certain preference of the Spanish point of view, it may be believed that the new matter in this history represents, with tolerable completeness, the results attainable by this kind of research.

A review of these results may at first surprise those familiar with the ordinary books. They will

observe how slightly the aspect of public events and characters is changed by this new light from behind the scenes. The stage, it may be said, is brought nearer to the spectator; the decorations and dresses are better seen; much by-play of the actors, and some minor traits of expression in features or gesture, hitherto invisible, may now be discovered. But the main business of the drama, the general attitudes and relative position of its chief persons, are the same that were already disclosed by the common lights of the old historic theatre.

On reflection, however, it will appear why it should be so in this case—why it will be so in all similar cases. History is not 'done in a corner;' and there is no concealing from mankind the nature of anything which nearly concerns them. Minor links of action, the distribution of inner parts, and the bearing of personal influences, may be hidden in State closets; and on things of limited effect, false colours may be thrown by statecraft,‡ and there remain. But the main track of events runs too deeply through time to be mistaken by those even who stand aloof from it; and the leading attributes, of good or evil, are quickly perceived in all great transactions, and in those who direct them.† Men judge by visible results; their united judgment, with sufficient means, on matters of common concern, cannot greatly err; nor will the means be wanting with respect to affairs, which, however prepared in darkness, must be consummated in open day. Add to this the indubitable operation of that instinct, so rapid and sure in its perceptions, which is one of the protective gifts of nature to mankind,—informing them of what is to be feared or de-

* The best security must be sought in the further encouragement of published collections, duly edited; a work beyond the reach or conditions of private enterprise, and therefore especially incumbent on the State.

† The instance of Cromwell may be objected. But it is in fact no exception. Obloquy was cast upon his name after death, by the party which he had overthrown,—when it became ascendant. But the opinion which now prevails in his favour is the same which was held during his time by the better part of England, and by the wisest of European statesmen. The leaders in all great disputes are subject to praise or blame, according to the views of the party on either side. This is a question not of fact but of principle; nor is it solved by discoveries of new particulars. So in the case of Philip; the same actions which were abhorred in other parts of Europe, were celebrated in Spain as religious and 'prudent.'

sired in such actions and characters as it is the part of history to describe. The men of the sixteenth century know less than we do of the inner machinery of affairs; but they felt its working, and from thence drew pretty just ideas of its springs of motion. Thus it is that the view then taken with the naked eye, from either side, is substantially the same which may now be perceived by the aid of instruments. The difference in our favour is great, but it is not infinite. It consists rather in the better appreciation of constituent parts, than in anything entirely new in our estimates of the whole.

While Mr. Prescott's researches, so far as they have hitherto proceeded, amplify, but do not alter our general notions of Philip and his times, it may be observed that in cases on which privileged inquiry might have been expected to throw a new light, such, for instance, as those of Don Carlos, and of Elizabeth of Valois, the access to secret records has not enabled the historian to advance from doubt to certainty. In these cases, what was mysterious in the sixteenth century is no less a mystery now. In another, the disclosure of the violent death of Montigny, now established by positive documents, merely reveals what was no secret whatever, to the Spaniards at least; if, indeed, there were ever any serious belief elsewhere in the fable of his natural death.

The ground covered by these two volumes has already been described, with a brief mention of its principal features. The outline of these is familiar to all who read history; and it would be impossible within moderate limits to epitomize Mr. Prescott's details. It will be more useful perhaps, though less amusing, to notice, after a word or two on the composition, some specific points on which the general reader may be glad of assistance.

The method of this work is the same which Mr. Prescott has hitherto adopted—descriptive, not comprehensive. He relates, and discusses point by point as he goes along; but leaves the final summary to his hearers. A multitude of particulars diligently collected are thrown into a diffuse narrative; pro-

ceeding deliberately forwards, with occasional pauses, in which ornamental passages are introduced, or observations made, as the occasion may suggest. The subject is laid in all its breadth before the reader, with an abundance of details and of special commentaries, which he must generalize for himself. So with the characters; they are drawn feature by feature; their actions are recorded as they occur, with praise or blame apportioned to each, but there is no attempt made to cast the whole into a living image. This is a method in which industry may be well displayed, ingenious or grave observation applied, decoration lavished, and digressions introduced. It presents a vast surface of material; but it cannot be described as a complete historical composition. For this it is requisite indeed that all shall first be collected and thoroughly studied; but also that from his preparatory labours the writer shall ascend to such a general view of his subject as will command its principal features, and comprehend its entire scope; it is the insight which discerns, and the power which reproduces the essence of these multifarious objects in an organic form, that constitute the true gift of historic genius. This gift Mr. Prescott does not possess; but his mode of circumstantial proceeding through a long array of attested facts, if not the best conceivable, is far better than that of (so-called) 'philosophic historians,' those, especially, of the French school, who start from some general assumption of their own, and proceed to compel matters of fact to yield its demonstration;—a process of which Thierry has given a notable example in his *Conquest of England by the Normans*.

The arrangement is the same which was adopted by Mr. Prescott's predecessor, Watson: of separate divisions, namely,—in which each subject is pursued continuously to a certain point. This, considering the many different threads to be taken up, is certainly the best both for author and reader. Each section is treated like a separate history: antecedent events are sketched; biographical notices and personal anec-

dotes inserted; much is said of ceremonies and pageants,—the value of which, as ‘illustrating the *manners of the time*,’ may be questioned. They differ little in the course of centuries; and scarcely belong to the *manners* of any. The whole composition is on a redundant scale; its least pleasing superfluity being of a rhetorical kind. This has more of studied emotion than of real warmth, and is not quite free from verbiage and ‘false glitter.’

Mr. Prescott's tone of observation is temperate and sensible, but not very original or impressive: his principal merit is a desire to weigh everything with an equal balance; his chief defect is a certain want of sensibility, and something in his judgments which seems to waver with circumstances; so that his observations are not always consistent with each other. This characteristic may be traced to the same cause which determines his treatment of history. The other is not free from a kind of indifference towards all characters, and some proneness to trivial censures; which fall at times where they are hardly becoming. The fairest candour is not inconsistent with righteous indignation and generous sympathy; and it is the duty of the historian, while avoiding exaggeration and prejudice, to keep in constant view the broad line which divides good from evil, and thereby direct his judgments,—if he be not sufficiently guided by his feelings. It would be unjust to charge Mr. Prescott with any wide deviations from this line; but the strain of his reflections is apt now and then to jar on the sensitive ear with something like offence. It is however more easily reconciled to the accent of apology for Philip, or Granvelle, than to a tone of carping at Elizabeth of England or William of Orange.

Reserving for the present what may be said of style and other matters of detail, we proceed to the contents of these volumes; not, as

has been said, with the design of epitomizing them, but for the purpose of offering some comments suggested in the course of perusal.

The work begins with a sketch of the close of Charles V.'s career, terminated by his abdication at Brussels, and departure for Spain, in 1556. Here the reasons alleged for his retirement are not all that the present state of information on the subject seems to require. Nothing is expressly said of the reluctance to yield to the Protestants in Germany what it had become impossible to refuse;* nothing of a pecuniary deficit, commanding a policy of peace—which might be adopted with less discredit at the beginning of a new reign. To this important topic, indeed, decisive at many points of the ensuing history,—the illustration of which has been one of the most valuable fruits of modern research,—Mr. Prescott has not paid sufficient attention. It may be reserved for treatment at a later stage; but a just idea of it is indispensable at the outset of Philip's career. Not only is this wanting, but the little that is incidentally said of his resources conveys an impression positively erroneous. At the close of a statement of Philip's dominions and forces on his assuming the crown, Mr. Prescott says:—‘To supply the means for maintaining this costly establishment (military and naval), as well as for the general machinery of government, Philip had at his command the treasures of the *New World*; and if the incessant enterprises of his father had drained the exchequer,† it was soon replenished by the *silver streams* that flowed in from the *inexhaustible mines of Zacatecas and Potosi*.’ The truth of this showy picture might be doubted on the evidence of the author himself; who has repeatedly to mention, without, however, explaining, Philip's continual distress for money.‡ That the very reverse is true, was proved by the investi-

* The importance of this point appears from the documents used by Ranke. *Deutschland im Zeitalter der Reformation*, b. v., *passim*.

† Not only was the exchequer empty, but two-thirds of the revenue was pledged to pay interest on debts.

‡ See already, as early as i. 219, after the battle of Gravelines: *yo estoy de todo punto imposibilitado a sostener la guerra*.

gations of Von Humboldt,* nearly half a century since,—which have been discussed and fortified by Ranke, in his general exposition of the Financial System of Charles V. and Philip II.†

Returning to Charles, we meet with the following statement:—‘The decisive victory at Mühlberg seemed at last to have broken the Protestant league altogether. But his success only ministered to his ruin. The very man on whom *he bestowed the spoils of victory* turned *them against his benefactor*. Charles, ill in body and mind, and glad to escape from his enemies. . . . was at length compelled to sign the treaty of Passau, which *secured to the Protestants* those religious immunities against which he had contended through his whole reign.’ Here it is to be observed that it was chiefly to the aid of Moritz of Saxony, that Charles owed his triumph over the Smalkaldic Leaguers; that the *spoils of victory*, instead of being a *benefaction*, were the conditions of that aid; and that Charles would be more rightly termed the seducer than the benefactor in this business,—of which he lost the fruit by his odious breach of faith in imprisoning the Landgrave of Hesse. The ‘religious immunities’ were not *secured* by the treaty of Passau, which was virtually nothing but a truce; the security, so far as it went, was not obtained until 1555, at the Diet of Augsburg; to the proceedings of which, under Ferdinand, Charles, although still nominally Emperor, can hardly be said to have committed himself. His abdication, forwarded to the Electors at the time, though kept back at Ferdinand’s instance, and not accepted until later, is now

known to have been nearly connected with his determination to withhold the immunities in question.‡

We must also demur to the statement, touching the Emperor: ‘He lost his interest in affairs. . . . For *whole months* he refused to receive any public communications, or to subscribe any document, or even letter.’ The authority for this exaggeration is Sepulveda, who assigns the apathy of Charles to a period after 1550—*post annum aetatis quinquagesimum*; and speaks of its lasting ‘for nine months at a time.’ Has Mr. Prescott adopted, for the sake of effect, a description the error of which is demonstrable? There is no period, from 1550 down to 1556, in which Charles’s lively interest in affairs, and his regular attention to public communications, as well as to private letters, is not attested by extant records. Stirling and Mignet have shown that, even after abdication, he never ‘lost his interest in affairs,’ throughout his retirement at Yuste.

The amusing chapters describing Philip’s youth, down to his marriage with Mary Tudor—his conduct and bearing in Germany, England, and the Low Countries—can only be commended in general terms. The substance is mainly anecdote; and Mr. Prescott’s diligence in collection has added not a little to the finish of Philip’s portrait, without however, as has been said, materially altering its expression. Among those who might have contributed to the picture is Balthasar Porreño,§ in whose little volume Mr. Prescott would have found not a few characteristic touches improving the likeness.

Before leaving this section, we

* *Political Essay on New Spain* (Eng. Trans.), 1811, vol. iii. 361–433. The entire produce of the mines, until the very last years of Philip’s reign, was less than a third of what was commonly estimated as the crown revenue from that source. The royal share (*quinta*) was but a fifth of the gross produce; and of this fifth, part was intercepted in the New World. The Low Country revenue, as Soriano exclaims, was ‘the real mine of Spain.’

† *Fürsten u. Völker v. Süd Europa*, 2^{te}, Aufg. Berlin: 1837. bd. i. 351–389.

‡ Ranke. *Deutschland im Zeitalter der Refn.* v. 238.

§ *Dichos y Hechos de Felipe II.* Madrid, 1663. He was nephew to Francisco de Mora, successor to Herrera as Philip’s chief draughtsman (*trazador mayor*), and steward of chambers in his household; and thus had good authority for his personal anecdotes. He is a zealous admirer of Philip; and this circumstance points the effect of the evil qualities revealed with the intention of praising them. Besides what Porreño learned from his uncle, he relates all the current popular anecdotes of his master; and is altogether a witness not to be overlooked.

must object to passing over in silence, at the period of Philip's first marriage, with Maria of Portugal, the grave charge advanced by Orange in his famous 'Apology,'—to the effect that Philip was then already the husband of another: '*Du temps qu'il faignist d'espouser l'Infante de Portugal, mère de Don Charles, il estoit marié à Donna Isabella Osorio, de laquelle aussi il eut deux ou trois enfans; dont le premier se nomme Don Pedro, et le second Don Bernardino, duquel mariage pourroit donner bon témoignage Rigomez Prince D'Eboli, s'il estoit vivant: dont lui est venu ce grand credit et tant de biens en Espagne.*'* An accusation so precise, solemnly made in the face of Europe by the most irreproachable prince of his age, who also had peculiar means of knowing what passed in the Spanish court, is too grave an element in Philip's history to be concealed, whatever opinion the historian may entertain of the charge itself. No doubt he has rejected it as the scandal of an irritated enemy; but this even will not justify its suppression. To many it will appear that the assertion of William of Orange, however provoked, carries at least as much weight as that of any other authority on which serious charges are advanced in the course of the history.†

The brightest chapters in Philip's reign are those filled by his wars, in Italy with Paul IV., and in France with Henry II. They raised the reputation of his arms, and their victories were not dimmed by a bad cause. On no subsequent occasion of importance can this be said of any strife in which Philip appears as the principal. The conclusion at Cateau Cambresis was indeed attended with an ill-omened marriage; but this cloud was reserved for a later period. There occurs, in describing the Italian campaign, an error which may be corrected by reference to another place in the same volume. Speak-

ing of the means used in 1557 to keep the Italian princes under control, Mr. Prescott says:—'The Duke of Parma was won over by the restoration of Placentia. His young son, Alexander Farnese, was sent as a hostage, to be educated under Philip's eye at the court of Madrid.' This did not take place until two years afterwards; when Mr. Prescott reports the same incident, as a means to ensure the fidelity of Margaret of Parma, then appointed Regent of the Netherlands. Are not some, if not all, of the other Italian arrangements in the former passage, in like manner stated in anticipation of what was settled at the treaty of Cateau Cambresis? (1559.)

Some curious documentary particulars are added to the view of Philip's relation to our Elizabeth, before and after Mary's death; they complete but do not contradict what was already known. The correspondence belongs to the period of his second residence in the Netherlands: where he continued to alienate the affections of his subjects by his supercilious severity and contempt of the national manners, while meditating in secret the destruction of their civil and religious freedom. The result of this detestable policy Mr. Prescott terms an *episode*; for what reasons is not very evident. It might indeed with propriety be termed one of the two cardinal points on which turned the fortunes of his whole reign: when the principles at issue, the connexion of the parties engaged with adjacent nations, and the strain of their combined action on the nerves of Spanish power, are considered. The Low Countries, while obedient, were the treasury of Spain: their revolt left a void in its resources which nothing else could replace. The cost of trying to suppress it was the fatal drain that incessantly wasted the life-blood of Philip's other dominions. The incidents of the war struck the first blow at the prestige of his

* *Apologie de Mons. le Prince d'Orange.* Delft. 1581. p. 24.

† Does Mr. Prescott intend, in like manner, to ignore what has been more than surmised (see Bayle, *Art. Barbe Blomberg*) with respect to the maternal origin of Don Juan? It is understood that some papers have lately been found confirming the suspicion.

power, and brought fresh antagonists into the field, who redoubled its effect. This was not confined to the north of Europe; it was felt in every harbour of Spain, on every sea where her flag was displayed; in the islands of Asia, and throughout the New World. The crowning humiliation of Philip's old age was the act by which he renounced a sovereignty which he had been striving for forty years to conquer. If this be an episode, what is the main action of the epic?

In the chapters which carry the narrative of the Low Country affairs down to 1570, the mass of new information supplied by recent discovery is especially rich. Everything comes out with increased distinctness; and the effect is to deepen the detestation which we have already learned to entertain for Philip, and for his agents in this odious business. His treacherous dissimulation,* heartlessness, and savage bigotry could not be much enhanced by additional touches; the newest feature in these revelations is the strange display of his procrastination: which was partly adopted as a maxim (*el tiempo y yo contra otros dos*), partly the effect of a certain instinctive cowardice of temper, partly enforced by want of the means for prompt action. The supplements to our previous knowledge in this section are copious; of material corrections there are not many. One point is positively established—viz., that all Alva's iniquities were transacted with the fullest knowledge and approval of Philip, who is always prone to sharpen rather than to mitigate his severity. That Alva needed no such prompting is also abundantly proved; but it should be added, that something like one moment of pity occurs in his intercession to Philip on behalf of Egmont's widow; and that the mo-

narch on this occasion appears more callous than the 'executioner.'

Another point displayed is the secret execution, in the fortress of Simancas, of Montigny, survivor of the two Flemish deputies charged with the petition of the States to the Court at Madrid. After Egmont and Hoorne were beheaded, it was given out in the Netherlands that Montigny had died a natural death in Spain. Contemporary notices show that at the time the real cause of his disappearance was suspected. The archives of Simancas have supplied a circumstantial account of the murder, which Philip had not the manhood to avow. That both the execution and the manner of it were known to the public in Spain, we learn from the historical play, *El Principe Don Carlos*, by Ximenes Enciso: to which we shall return when speaking of that Prince. In this striking drama one incident is the execution by the garrote of Montigny, on his detection in a treasonable correspondence—(which the historians say was suspected)—with Don Carlos, on behalf of the 'rebels' in the Netherlands.† This piece was brought on the stage during the first half of the seventeenth century; and it shows not only that Philip's responsibility for the crime was no secret during the reign of his successor, but also that in Spain it was viewed as a commendable example of high justice, executed with the discretion becoming a monarch entitled *El Prudente*.

To the received accounts of the conduct of Orange and Egmont at a critical stage of this period, Mr. Prescott, supported by the *Granvelle Papers*, gives a new character. It is usually stated that, on Philip leaving Flanders, having previously been urged by the States to remove his Spanish troops, and wishing, nevertheless, to detain them, he

* One notable example is revealed by the Simancas papers, in the affair of the concessions, which (in 1566) Philip, after much urgency on the Regent's part, at last was induced to grant to the confederates; but, as Mr. Prescott rightly observes, too little, and too late. It now appears that, immediately after they were dispatched, he privately revoked them at Madrid by protest before a notary; and wrote to inform the Pope, in confidence, that they were merely intended to amuse the seditious heretics, until he should be ready to crush them by force. ii. p. 42—45.

† Watson, on their authority, mentions the violent death of Montigny by Philip's orders, as a circumstance of which there was no doubt. So Strada. *Montinio capitis damnato ob eandem causam in Hispania*. Dec. i. lib. vii. 217.

sought to commit Egmont and Orange to this measure by the offer of commands, which, however, they both rejected.* The document cited by Mr. Prescott implies that they actually had assumed the charge, but in 1559 refused to continue it any longer, on the plea that its continuance 'would destroy their credit with the Flemings.' 'The commands,' Mr. Prescott merely says, 'were intrusted to them by the king'—but not *when* intrusted,—a point on which depends the degree in which his version differs, virtually, if not literally, from the common one. The impression from his account, however, would be that the commissions were offered and accepted at the time when the dispute about these troops took place; and were only afterwards resigned by Egmont and Orange on selfish grounds—supposing always, which may be doubted, that Granvelle's report truly described the reasons alleged by these nobles. It is evident that had their commands been given at an earlier time, before any question of removing the Spanish troops had been raised, the complexion of the incident would be quite different. According to Porreño† this was actually the case: he describes the appointments in question as bestowed soon after Philip's accession, and before his *first* departure from Flanders, in 1536. If this statement be correct, the resignation in 1559 would plainly amount to a protest; the effect of which would agree with the common account, only leaving the motives, as assigned by Granvelle, to be disposed of,—which would not be difficult. The subject deserves further investigation.

Of a chapter devoted to the last days of Charles V. at Yuste,—which have been fully described in the works of Stirling and Mignet,—it will suffice to say that it is compiled from the same materials which those writers used, and forms an amusing episode. It was composed before their essays appeared; and the historian naturally regrets that the interest of the

subject has been nevertheless anticipated.

Philip's return to Spain, in 1559, was signalized by the energy with which he applied the powers of the Inquisition to destroy the Protestant heresy, seeds of which had, during his absence, been widely scattered there. His severities had the desired effect; and the last symptoms of dissent were extinguished by the year 1570. The course of this persecution is well described by Mr. Prescott; who naturally dwells long on the notorious case of Carranza, the most conspicuous of its victims,—and perhaps the most unjustly accused. The treatment of this prelate by Philip, who attempted to destroy him by the hands of his inquisitors, in defiance of papal remonstrances, suggests a peculiar view of the monarch's Catholic zeal, coinciding with the tenor of his conduct in other matters of religion. A few words on this subject, referring to Mr. Prescott's estimate of Philip's policy, may be in place here. A 'dominant principle,' it is said, 'is to be found in the policy of Philip, the great aim of which was to uphold the supremacy of the Church, and, as a consequence, that of the Crown.' To us it appears that every analysis of his character and conduct must conclude by reversing the order of these propositions: that his first aim, however disguised, was the absolute supremacy of his own will and power; that the supremacy of the Church was enforced as a means to that end, and favoured so far only as it promoted its attainment. No doubt Philip was religious—so far as the term may be used in respect of a profession lavish of ceremonial devotion, but devoid of moral force; which laid him prostrate at the feet of a monk, while it repressed no evil passion, checked no favourite vice, nor prevented the most atrocious crimes. But in all cases where his personal interest, as king, is confronted by his duty as a son of the Church, the selfish motive instantly prevails. The Catholic obedience which he exacted from others was

* Strada, i. 36. Watson (Book iii. 83), who quotes Grotius, and Schiller, *Abfall der Niederlande* B. i. (Werke-xii. bd. 107).

† *Dichos y Hechos de Felipe II.*, p. 5.

involved in the idea of subjection to the Faith, because it was *his* faith, and resistance to its mandates an insult to his authority. In his own relation to the Church the principle of unlimited submission entirely disappears. His firm retention of all episcopal appointments in Spain; the restrictions he laid on the admission there of the decrees of the Council of Trent,* while attempting to impose them elsewhere by the word; his whole management of the Inquisition; the history of Quiroga's promotion; the treatment of St. Charles Borromeo in Milan; the severe exaction of the *Exequatur* in the kingdom of Naples,—are but a few of the more prominent instances in which his lust of power let fall the mask of devotion. As to the Inquisition, especially, it has been proved, beyond dispute, that it was prized by him above all things as an instrument of secular power and profit. Throughout his reign, under whatever show of outward reverence, it was jealously kept under control, as a potent engine for State purposes—employed to serve his necessity, and minister to his revenge.† In short, in this, as in every other relation, intense egotism, the salient point of his cold and arrogant nature, is seen to predominate. If anything could deepen the abhorrence due to that accursed tribunal, it is the secular abuse of its 'Holy Office'; if the odium of Philip's bigotry could be enhanced, it would be by the proof that he was hypocrite as well as persecutor.

Before proceeding to other subjects, a serious omission of Mr.

Prescott's must be noted in this department. The Council of Trent finally came to an end in 1563; in the following year its decrees were promulgated by the Pope. Their reception or rejection by the several Catholic sovereigns led to the most important results throughout Christendom. This was indeed, on every account, the chief incident since the Reformation, in the religious annals of a time during which every public question in every State was more or less influenced by religion. In Philip's internal government of his several States—in his outward relation to other States, the subject is especially prominent; of the whole European history of the age it is a conspicuous feature. Mr. Prescott has especially noticed, as the main thread of Philip's policy, his relation to the Church,—of which this Council, after a period of anarchy, formally settled both the government and the creed. He also perceives that his subject is virtually 'the history of Europe' during the period in which this momentous determination was accomplished. Yet the only notice which he bestows on it is contained in a single paragraph (i. 460). How is this to be explained, in a work so diffuse on matters of less real consequence?

Such, for instance, was the siege of Malta:—which, however brilliant the defence, is but a local incident in the general story of the age, and in Philip's, an episode, in which he merely played an under-part, at the close of the struggle, in a manner little to his credit,—which Mr. Prescott, on insufficient grounds, at-

* Mr. Prescott (i. 461), says that 'he made *no exception* for Spain;' and quotes a letter from Gachard, wherein he speaks of having accepted the Decrees of the Council '*sans limitations*.' This is a striking illustration of the errors to which entire reliance on such documents may lead. The admission was restricted by a series of exceptions (drawn up by a commission of ecclesiastics and state counsellors, creatures of the king), in which all the regalities of the latter were strictly reserved. They will be found in *Giannone* (lib. xxxiii. cap. iii.): 'Che per detta promulgazione niente se mutasse, nè cosa alcuna s'innovasse circa le sue regalie, e privilegi, così suoi come de' suoi vassalli; e specialmente intorno alla sua giurisdizione, a' padronati laicali, ragioni di nominazioni, d'amministrazione d'ospedali, cognizion di cause, benefiti, decime, e di tutto ciò che negli articoli notati,' (the formal instrument of limitation,) 'si conteneva.' Even Strada confesses that *something* was reserved; but, like a very Jesuit, falsifies the truth as much as possible. 'Sine ulla exceptione . . . *adhibita* tamen *perlevi* moderatione *in ejus usu*.' Lib. iv. 107.

† See, as the most notorious instance, the case of Antonio Perez. The confiscated property of heretics was a constant and abundant source of revenue.

tempts to palliate. To this siege, for which Vertôt* supplies most of the details, four entire chapters—(108 pages, nearly one-fifth of the second volume)—are devoted: a space out of all proportion to the relative dimensions of the subject, and only to be ascribed to the seductions of a 'picturesque' theme. Yet this long story, circumstantial as it is, does not tell all that belongs to Philip's part in it. Nothing is said of the eagerness of Don Juan of Austria and Don Carlos to hasten to the defence of Malta: which, as Cabrera relates (lib. vi. 361), gave such umbrage to Philip, that he not only wrote to recal them in peremptory terms, but also dispatched orders to the governors of provinces and harbours to stop their passage. Nor is this characteristic incident mentioned in the chapter specially devoted to Don Carlos, who, according to Cabrera (lib. vi. 383), made a second offer to set out for Malta, but then merely to cover his design upon Flanders. These are simple omissions; others amount to a suppression of evidence against Philip, upon the critical point of his share in the blame of delaying the relief of Malta. There is no question as to the fact that Don Garcia de Toledo, viceroy of Sicily, deferred the succours repeatedly promised in Philip's name, until a moment when in all probability they must come too late. In discussing the responsibility of the parties to this 'mysterious circumstance,' Mr. Prescott, without expressly deciding the doubt, can 'hardly suppose,' that Philip was the author of the delay (*socorros de España, tarde vienen ó nunca!*), and thinks it 'seems more probable' that the viceroy 'shrunk from the danger' of venturing his fleet. The recal of Don Garcia is then mentioned as an 'act of retributive justice,' with the remark, that 'his

fact may not be thought, after all, conclusive evidence that he had not acted in obedience to the private instructions of his sovereign' (vol. ii. 451). The excuse thus insinuated is obvious. Now it is remarkable that on both points in question there are positive assertions (by Cabrera) which Mr. Prescott has not mentioned. At the crisis of the siege, he says, Don Garcia wrote to the grand master, expressly justifying his delay by orders from Spain.† At a later period Cabrera states the true cause of the viceroy's disgrace—complaints, namely, from the Sicilians concerning his administration of justice‡—a statement confirmed by other authorities. Don Garcia only experienced a fate common to all the viceroys of Sicily during this age (*Sicilia fatal á sus Virreyes*): sacrificed to the policy of the Court of Madrid,§ which kept them in collision with the States of the Island; and after a time, when the odium grew excessive, replaced them by others, for whom the same destiny was reserved. For the dismissal of Toledo no other cause need be sought: it was the same lot which had fallen to his predecessors, Gonzaga and Medina Sidonia; which, after him, Pescara only escaped by a premature death, and Colonna, his successor, had to endure.

In a future edition Mr. Prescott will probably revise, if he do not abridge, this section of his work.

There remain to be noticed the chapters on Don Carlos and on Elizabeth de Valois, with which the second volume ends. It has already been said that Mr. Prescott's researches have not cleared up the mystery which hangs over the fate of these personages. The romantic notion of a forbidden attachment between Elizabeth and her step-son—if it were ever more than an idle

* Neither Bosio's older work, nor the modern *History of the Knights of St. John*, by Taafé, (London, 1852, a book of real merit and research, eccentric in manner, but full of genuine vigour), seems to be known to Mr. Prescott. He has laboured much in the decoration of this narrative; but judicious readers will prefer Watson's more concise sketch, which is full enough for the purpose, and though simple, not inelegant.

† Lib. vi. 374. No le maravillase su dilacion, viniendo de España las ordenes.

‡ Lib. vi. 478.

§ For a full exposition of this hopeless condition of the Sicilian Viceroyalty under Philip, see Ranke. Fürsten und Völker, v. Süd. Europ. i. 257—265.

French rumour, caught up by foreign poets—has long since been rejected by historians on this side of the Pyrenees; and in Spain itself probably was never dreamed of. Indeed, as Mr. Prescott observes, 'the sallow, sickly' (he might have added *deformed*) 'boy of fourteen—for Carlos was no older at the time of Isabella's marriage—was possessed of too few personal attractions to make it probable that he could have touched the heart of his beautiful step-mother, had she been lightly disposed.' The particulars obtained by Mr. Prescott establish beyond question a view of the disposition and conduct of the Prince which has always prevailed in Spain. He was spoiled in childhood by the over-indulgence of his guardian, the Regent Juana; as a boy his temper was irascible, and his disposition wilful and obstinate; as he grew older, slightly deformed,—one shoulder being higher, and one leg shorter than the other,—he exhibited the vehemence and irritability bordering on madness, which often accompany physical derangement. His habits were loose, perverse, and indecorous; and authentic instances are related of his outrageous violence towards some of the first personages at court, by whom he had been thwarted or offended. In his seventeenth year, his skull was fractured by a fall; and from this time forth the increased extravagance of his behaviour may be ascribed to the positive insanity of an injured brain. That under these circumstances he was excluded by his father from public affairs; that he resented the exclusion, grew impatient of the restraint imposed by residence at court, and made various attempts to escape—are facts now demonstrated. The concern which he is alleged to have felt for the Low Countries is more doubtful; it seems certain that he had

planned a flight in that direction; but whether with Belgium or the Emperor's court finally in view, may be questioned. Hereupon followed his confinement by Philip, and soon afterward his death: the real cause of the one, the real manner of the other, are still undetermined. Such, in brief, is the result of Mr. Prescott's investigations: which coincides pretty nearly, up to the last point, with the popular view of the subject in Spain. Of this a vivid picture is given by Ximenes Enciso, in his drama, *El Principe Don Carlos*, a work of high merit, by one of the best poets of the age of Lope.* In this piece, the stern, yet courteous and composed, orthodox, laborious monarch, is placed in striking contrast with his turbulent headstrong son, agitated by violent passions and shaken by disease; clamouring for a share in the government, while planning his escape from court, and secretly treating with Montigny, agent of the Flemish rebels. At length his scheme becomes outrageous; his schemes are discovered: Philip directs his imprisonment; at the same time, Montigny, arrested in the palace, is secretly put to death by the *garrote*. The Prince, furious at his confinement, completes the ruin of his shattered health by fits of excess and abstinence; and before long expires, making a penitent and Christian end. It will be seen how nearly this sketch agrees with the narrative, discovered by Mr. Prescott, of the *Ayuda de Camara*; whose account, it must be said, has a suspicious air of having been composed *cum assensu superiorum*. The causes of a darker kind suggested for the imprisonment, the surmises as to the manner of his death, and as to Philip's share in it, are discussed, but not solved. The question remains one of conjecture on both

* Distinguished beyond most others for his power in character painting. All of his pieces known to us are historical. His first—(the pattern work, says Montalvan, *Para Todos*, for such compositions)—was on the Medicis of Florence; another, *La Mayor Hazaña del Emperador Carlos V.*, gives a lively sketch of popular impressions concerning his life at Yuste; which would have furnished some interesting illustrations to Mr. Stirling, whom it has escaped. The play on Don Carlos, it seems, is unknown to Mr. Prescott; who names, of Spanish play writers on the subject, only Montalvan, in whose piece, *El segundo Seneca de España*, Carlos is but a secondary figure, lost to sight before the end of the drama,—the principals being the king and Don Juan of Austria.

sides; whether the crime of Carlos were meditated parricide, rebellion, or heresy—whether there were any crime at all, beyond that of his standing in the way of Philip's scheme of an Austrian marriage—as imputed by Orange in his *Apology*—is open to as much doubt as ever. As to the death, violent or natural, if testimonies be sought, the number and weight seem to be with the accusers, William of Orange at the head of the list. This, at all events, may be taken as certain: that Philip had cause of anger, might have had occasion to fear; could not desire such a successor, could not well destroy him openly; and was not a man to hesitate for a moment in the commission of any act, however atrocious, that his anger, fear, or interest suggested. More than this, the 'dread repositories' of Simancas, as Mr. Prescott terms them, have not revealed.

The death of Elizabeth of Valois soon followed that of Carlos; and though it may be that the coincidence quickened suspicion, it cannot be said to have created it; Mr. Prescott believes her death to have been a natural one; but what he urges in contradiction of the express charges against Philip by contemporaries, is purely negative. To these charges, the coincidence of which is remarkable, the sum of his rejoinder lies in the absence of any hints of foul play, and in suggestions of Philip's good understanding with his queen, in the letters, which he has examined, from Elizabeth's French servants, &c. As to the former, it is plain that silence can, at the most, import no more than that they knew nothing but what they have told: it is not likely that they would be suffered to see anything which Philip might not wish known. As for the latter, it is so no-

torious a trait of Philip's insidious character, as painted by Enciso:*

Que de la risa al cuchillo

No hay en su entereza un dedo:

—(he could smile one moment and stab the next)—that no show of kindness on his part is the slightest evidence against murderous intentions. The only question is, had he a motive? Orange says he had: the wish for another heir to the crown, and this through an alliance by marriage with Austria: in order to which it was necessary that he should first be widowed; and then, to obtain a dispensation for marrying *his own niece*,† a pretext, such as the loss of an heir apparent, was required—hence the destruction of Carlos and of Elizabeth.

Such was the charge presented to the sovereigns of Europe by one whose eminence and character give his words a weight which Mr. Prescott—not without Spanish leanings—does not sufficiently allow. To this must be added the report of other contemporaries, who in varying terms substantially repeat the same accusation. On the whole, the case, it must be admitted, cannot be disposed of by negative inferences; yet it is not likely that positive proof can be obtained in favour of Philip. It may perhaps be safely concluded that Elizabeth's undoubted kindness for Don Carlos was altogether innocent; it is possible that his attachment to her,—which seems to be established,—may have been nothing but gratitude for this kindness. But it does not follow that Philip's suspicious eye would certainly view even the most harmless goodwill on either side without sinister interpretations: everything known of his character would suggest the very reverse of this.‡ Nevertheless, a murder, if murder

* Less vivid in Cabrera's prose: *su risa y cuchillo eran confines*: which Mr. Prescott quotes, without observing that it was a *proverbial* trait of Philip's character; and, as we see from Enciso's *entereza*, considered admirable by Spaniards of the 17th century.

† This was positive incest; but all previous Portuguese and Austrian intermarriages of this house, since Maximilian's time, went perilously near it. The injunction of the famous epigram, '*Felix Austria nube*,' thus followed out, did not lead to happy results: the miserable decay of the Hapsburg stock in Spain was the natural punishment of such family connexions; while nothing, after all, was retained of what they brought to the state.

‡ It is said that in his latter years he actually forbade his favourite daughter (Isabella Clara Eugenia) to converse with the Infante (afterwards Philip III.) without first informing him!

thero was, is more probable for 'reason of state' than for jealousy. The mystery, in fine, subsists, and conjecture will continue to play with it as heretofore.

We proceed to minor matters. It has already been hinted that the decorations of this work may be thought too elaborate by readers of a severe taste; who will observe that Mr. Prescott's style has not improved in simplicity—the rarest excellence in writing—by practice. He is indeed somewhat too fond of sonorous passages; in which at times, clauses are introduced rather, it would seem, for the sake of rounding a period, than of adding to its significance. His ordinary narrative manner is far more agreeable; though not always free from errors of language: such as: 'Inferior in qualities, for exciting affection'; '*invoking the deputies*' (for inviting), 'the members *swelled* to the number of 3000,' 'the emperor took Alva along with him *on* his campaign,' 'relieved *of* the presence,' '*it came hard* to the duke to execute the treaty,' 'the *condition* which *bodes* the coming contest,' '*foreboded*' (for foresaw), '*the fate* of their lord.' Other phrases occur, if not absolutely incorrect, certainly inelegant. 'Philip *pushing forward* his journey,' 'Spain precluded from *pushing her speculations* in the regions of science,' 'the prince usually *made but one nap* of it.'

False or mixed figures, the besetting sins of an ambitious style, are not wanting in places of display; such as: '*fathomless ravine choked up by debris*,' '*rural labours broken by the warwhoop of the sayag*,' '*neeromancer raising a storm*,' &c. At times the effect of one sentence neutralizes the other. Thus, in an ornate description (p. 161) of the terrors of Alva's arrival it is said that 'The inhabitants beheld the *heavens darkening* around them, and the signs of the tempest at hand. A *still deeper gloom lay* upon Brussels, now the residence of Alva,' . . . and immediately afterwards, that 'most of the courtiers who remained,' '*the gilded insects that loved the sunshine*, had left the regent's palace, and gone to pay their homage at Culemborg House'—head quarters of Alva—centre of the *gloom* afore-said!

Of mere redundance of language, the following instances will suffice: 'Every one knows the importance of a popular name to a faction, a *nom de guerre*, under which its members may rally and make head together as an independent party.' On the assault by the Mahometan besiegers of Mazarquivir, held by the Spaniards, Mr. Prescott pauses to observe: '*It was the old battle of the Crescent and the Cross; the fiery African, and the cool indomitable European: arquebuss and pike, sabre and scimitar clashed fearfully against each other, while high above the din rose the warcries of 'Allah' and 'St Jago,' showing the creeds and countries of the combatants.*' Again, 'the heads of fifty Turks who had fallen . . . were cut off—as we are told—by the garrison, and sent, as the *grisly trophies of their victory*, to Oran, showing the feelings of bitter hatred, perhaps of fear, with which this people was regarded by the Christians.' In a work, which in any case must be voluminous, such a waste of words may justly be complained of.

This however is not the sole objection. It is apt to lead to a certain looseness in the terms of reference—direct or incidental—to matters of historical fact, which impairs the accuracy of the work. In common discourse, for instance, it may be usual to speak of the '*Sack of Rome by Bourbon*'—who was slain before the walls were taken;—but history requires more precision. The war provoked by Paul IV. is truly described (i. 167) as one into which that Pontiff 'had plunged without preparation, conducted without judgment, and terminated without honour . . . which brought little honour to any of the parties concerned in it; but on the other hand, a full measure of all those calamities which always follow in the train of war.' Yet it is soon afterwards said of the same war, that 'it was *nobly conceived*, though impracticable.' Alva in his embassy to France (1559) displays 'all the stately demeanour of a true Spanish *hidalgo*.' Again, on another occasion, 'Mendoza, fourth Duke of Infantado,' is praised as 'a fine specimen of the old Castilian *hidalgo*.' Both these personages were *grandes* (high nobles)

of the first class:* *hidalguia*, *per se* imports mere gentle, as distinguished from plebeian; the former class *hombres libres*, the latter *pecheros*, *gent taillable et corvéable*. To extol a Duke of Norfolk or Hamilton, as a *fine specimen of the English squire*, would nearly produce the same effect. With the Scotch reformation, it is said that 'the *fiery cross* had gone round over the hills and valleys of Scotland': Venice is depicted—(Venice still one of the busiest marts of the world)—as sitting on her 'lonely watch-tower in the Adriatic'; the fleet, of *seventy ships*, in which Philip returns to Spain, is 'a little navy.' Such epithets as 'great Protestant champion' applied to Maurice of Saxony, to Orange, that of leader in a 'religious war,' are scarcely admissible; implying at least questionable views of their respective positions. The modern traveller, if conversant with older times, will be surprised to learn that 'the present in Spain is but the mirror of the past. In other countries fashions become antiquated, old errors exploded, early tastes reformed. Not so in the peninsula. *The traveller has only to cross the Pyrenees to find himself a contemporary of the 16th century!*'

In the translation of his texts Mr. Prescott is not always so careful as could be wished. This is a point of moment in a history founded to some extent on unpublished papers; in the use of which, as already observed, the utmost fidelity is requisite, so that the true sense and nothing more, still less anything at variance with it, shall be given. For a case of deviation from this rule, see the account (i. 367) of Philip's first interview, on Spanish ground, with Elizabeth de

Valois; where an interpolation by the translator gives the anecdote a colour quite different from that of the original (Brantôme). On arriving at Guadalajara,—

The Princess Joanna (Juana) came down to receive her sister-in-law, and, after an affectionate salutation, conducted her to the saloon, where Philip, attended by his son (Don Carlos), was awaiting his bride. It was the first time Isabella had seen her destined lord. She now gazed on him so intently, that he *good-humouredly asked her* 'if she were looking to see if he had any grey hairs on his head?' The bluntness of the question somewhat disconcerted her, &c. . . . 'Isabella was in her fifteenth year,† and Philip in his thirty-fourth.

Brantôme's words are—'Elle se mit à le contempler si fixement, que le Roy, ne le trouvant pas bon' (not liking this), 'luy demanda, 'Que mirais, si tengo canas?' Ces mots luy touchèrent si fort au cœur' (hardly the effect of a *good-humoured* question!) 'que depuis on augura mal pour elle.'

When news of the image-breaking in Flanders arrived in Spain, Philip, says Mr. Prescott, quoting from Gachard's *Analectes*, 'burst forth, it is said, into the most violent fit of anger, and, tearing his beard, exclaimed, 'It shall cost them dear! by the soul of my father I swear it—it shall cost them dear!'' adding, 'If true, it affords a solitary exception to the habitual self-command of the monarch. The account given by Hopper, &c. ('that he maintained his usual serenity') is the more probable of the two.' There is nothing in the words quoted from Gachard, if properly rendered, implying any exceptional display on Philip's part: 'Il leur

* For the especial state and privilege of the *Duque*, as *grandee* of the first class, see Salazar y Mendoza. *Dignidades de Castilla y Leon*, l. iii. cap. xvi., and the supplement to his work, by Carrillo. The style of *hidalgo*, as implying simple gentry, is explained, from the best Spanish authorities, by Selden, *Titles of Honour*, Second Edition, London, 1766, et seq. For a concise and decisive proof, see Martel, *Forma de proceder en Cortes* (Aragon). One of the articles, after naming certain *grandes*, who have a right to their summons, adds, 'Los Hidalgos' (the mere gentry), 'no pueden alegar posesion de ser llamados.'

† Here, in a note, Mr. Prescott says, 'there is even more uncertainty than is usual in regard to a lady's age.' Cabrera says *eighteen* at the time of her marriage (1560), and De Thou, only *eleven* when betrothed (in 1559). There seems to be no reason to doubt the date in Moréri, who gives a list of all Henry II.'s children, with the year and day of the birth of each: Elizabeth's is April 13, 1545 (the same year as Don Carlos); this agrees with the age in the text pretty nearly.

en coûtera cher, *s'écria-t-il*, on se *tirant la barbe*;' not 'tearing his beard,' but merely grasping it, as the Orientals do, on solemn occasions. It was Philip's habit, mentioned by others who have described his remarkable self-command, as an evidence of it. 'The only gesture,' says Ranke,* quoting from a contemporary notice, 'which he was ever seen to use, when surprised or angered, was the same which we observe in the gravest of Arabs—he laid hold of his beard with one hand.'

In the above, the originals are subjoined in notes; and the reader can himself make the needful correction. But this is not the case where, a reference only being given to authorities not within everyone's reach, negligence or error may be more deceptive. A document, for instance, published in the *Memoirs of the Royal Academy of Madrid*, furnishes some curious particulars of Philip's marriage negotiations with Elizabeth Tudor, after Mary's death. Feria, the ambassador, is instructed to make an offer: 'accompanied however by some very prudent conditions. It was to be understood that Elizabeth must be a Roman Catholic, and if not one already, must repudiate her errors, and become one. *She was to obtain a dispensation from the Pope for the marriage*,' &c. The wording of the clause marked in italics seemed strange; and suggested a reference to the original,—where it was found with a material difference. The words are: *Que haya de pedir dispensa y absolucion*, &c.—ask, apply for; not obtain. The variation is not trivial; it makes all the difference between a reasonable and an impertinent proposal. It was enough that Elizabeth should testify her obedience by asking—the obtaining would be an object of Philip's own care. It cannot be too strongly recommended to Mr. Prescott to avoid this kind of inaccuracy,

which no rhetorical effect can compensate.

Some minor errata in translation will be more easily corrected. The betrothal of Elizabeth is 'celebrated in the church of St. Mary'—a misnomer of the cathedral of Nôtre Dame. 'Marshal Termes,' whom Egmont defeated at Gravelines, is the Maréchal de Thermos of French annals; and the Abbé San Real, the well-known romancer St. Réal. These are French in Spanish masks. In his account of the siege of Malta, Mr. Prescott, following Vertôt, conceals a famous Spaniard in a French disguise. In the *Chevalier de Medran*, who plays a distinguished part there, we recognise the good knight, Gonzalez de Medrano,† scion of one of those noble Castilian families that won the cross borne in their arms at the battle of Las Navas.‡ We ascribe to the seduction of a sounding phrase, the error in translating Strada's *Murales machinas*:—the cannon fired by Noircarmes against Valenciennes in 1567, says Mr. Prescott, 'threw into that city three thousand bombs.' The very author quoted distinctly states elsewhere§ that the first of these explosives was used at the siege of Wachtendonck, in 1588; indeed, the enormous number in the text might alone have suggested caution.

Before closing the list of notes, which, with an eye to future editions, may be regarded with indulgence,—we demur to the statement (i. 39), that 'the performance of a comedy of Ariosto' at a court festival at Valladolid (1548), was a proof that Italian literature of that class (if indeed of any class) 'had now commended itself, in some degree to the popular taste.' Court shows, exhibited to amuse foreign princes, could be no evidence of what was popular in Spain. Somewhat later she adopted with favour|| the Italian lyrics; but neither then

* *Fürsten und Volker von Süd Europa*, i. 128.

† Taaffe's *Knights of St. John*, iv. 25—37.

‡ *Argote de Molina, Nobleza del Andaluzia*, cap. xlvii.

§ Dec. ii. lib. x. 448, he minutely describes the new missile, which he says had been invented but a few months previously. Schiller had made the same error before Mr. Prescott.

|| Yet these, even, were rather the study of a select class, than the delight of what can be termed a popular taste.

nor at any other time would endure on the stage either the Italian or any other fashion of foreign drama: showing herein that healthy poetic instinct which, fifty years afterwards, gave birth to her own national comedy—the glory of her literature.

Mr. Prescott must also be corrected when he says that Hurtado de Mendoza, after his banishment from court (*i. e.*, after 1568), ‘profited by his exile to give to the world those remarkable compositions, *both in history and romance*, that form an epoch in the national literature.’ The single romance ascribed to Mendoza—he never owned it)—the *Lazarillo*, was composed and published long before his exile. It is understood to have been written by him while a student at Salamanca (1525-30). *Obra de su mocedad en Salamanca*, says Sedano.* It is certain that it was in print in the Low Countries in 1553; and not unlikely that there were earlier Spanish editions.

The portraits which appropriately embellish these volumes, are:—Philip, when young, after Titian: a speaking likeness beyond all doubt, with a cold supercilious expression in the mouth, and malicious eyes, of a sinister, almost feline penetration; Mary Tudor, the same pinched,

anxious, old face that we know in Lodge; Margaret of Parma, less mannish on the canvas than she is drawn by the pen, with an open, not unpleasing cast of features; Alya, bearded and grim, a lank, proud visage, dignified, yet withal narrow and forbidding; and Don Carlos, sullen and sheepish-looking in his fine clothes, with a scared, vicious glance in his eyes, thin-lipped and round shouldered—an unpromising figure of a prince, and ill suited for the hero of a Schiller or Alfieri.

Here we must close a notice which may have seemed too long already, and not too entertaining. We have, however, thought it better to examine, than merely to give praises and extracts,—partly because these can be of little service to a book which every one will read; partly because the present is but the first edition of a work still in progress: so that revisal of what has been published, and consideration of what is yet to come, may be suggested with some prospect of being useful. In this point of view it may be hoped that Mr. Prescott will regard attentive comment as the best compliment we could pay to the character and pretensions of his work, and to his motives in composing it. I. R. C.

FAMILIAR EPISTLES FROM IRELAND.

From TERENCE FLYNN, Esq., to DENNIS MORIARTY, Esq., Barrister-at-law, London.

Flax Lodge, Connemara,
20th Dec., 1855.

MY DEAR DENNIS,
YOUR last letter after so long a silence was a source of much speculation to me, not only on account of the remarkable variety of intelligence you contrived to squeeze into it, but because by its caligraphy, no less than its contents, it showed me that you are acquiring at last (time for you!) some fixity of character. But your wise people who refuse their assent to all doctrines that are not capable of demonstration, say what they like, they never

can shake my belief in an intimate connexion between the temperament, disposition, passions, and habits of a man, and his handwriting. There is a great deal to be said on this subject, Dennis, but I will not trouble you at present by entering at large upon so extensive an inquiry. I will only just ask you whether you ever saw a letter written under the influence of mental agitation, that did not materially differ from a letter written by the same hand under ordinary circumstances? Now if you can clearly trace the disturbance of the mind in

* *Parnaso Español*, t. iv.

the disorderly lines and the tremulous touches of the pen, mending gaps here and there in the words, and trying to give a fictitious steadiness and unity to the whole, you must admit the existence of that mysterious sympathy which, operating through the nervous organization, communicates to the sheet of paper more or less the impress of the immediate emotion. If, on the contrary, there is no change apparent, and the hand that guides the pen is as firm in the hour of suffering as in the season of care and prosperity, may we not fairly accept it as a visible proof of that imperturbable strength which 'looks on tempests and is never shaken?' The handwriting therefore is an equally certain clue to the accidental conditions and the essential attributes of character. And I contend that it is even a more perfect reflex of the latter, which it betrays unconsciously, than of the former, which we are generally on our guard against, and take some pains to disguise. How else are we to account for the infinite variety of hands in the letters of our correspondents? Most men are taught to write upon pretty much the same system, yet there are hardly two who write alike, except by the force of constant intercourse, similarity of habits, and foppery of imitation. If there be not some occult connexion between the moral nature and the penmanship, how is it that handwritings grow up into such distinctive and individualized forms, resolving themselves into pen-and-ink features as marked in their expression as the features of the face, which are supposed to be an index to the mind?

The only exception I know of on a large scale is to be found in the handwriting of women, which is usually uniform and vague, evasive and unmeaning, and distinguished by a superfluity of hair strokes and punctuation, or none at all, and a prodigal expenditure of space. But here again, Dennis, I discern a curious confirmation of my theory. If the handwriting of women baffles all attempt at speculation on their characters, don't you see that it is on that account all the more faithful to its source, since it is notorious that, from the beginning of time

to the present year of grace, the same baffling of speculation has been going on in regard to women themselves. And if by the profoundest ingenuity of investigation, aided by the closest insight into their actions, we cannot get at the truth of their heart or brains, intentions, wishes, motives, objects, likings or dislikings, antipathies or sympathies, is it not as clear as the sun at noon-day, that the enigmatical style of their caligraphy is the exact type of their characters? Perhaps you will turn round upon me with the old quotation from Pope, and tell me that 'most women have no characters at all;' or as it was better stated long before by Butler,

The souls of women are so small,

That some believe they've none at all.

But if you are so utterly lost to all sense of decency, so graceless and abandoned as to maintain such an abominable doctrine, I have you again upon another horn of my theory; for nothing can be more expressive of a human being who has no fixed, definite, or intelligible character, than that manner of writing from which it is impossible to extract an inference of any kind, and which is common, with almost imperceptible and certainly immaterial variations, to tens of thousands of Parian fingers. It is said that the grand aim of female education is to teach women to conceal their natures; and, if this be true, their education has undoubtedly been carried to the height of perfection in this article of handwriting.

The diversity of men's hands is not more striking than their particular peculiarities. Here is a *miniature-note* which occupies three lines and a half in the centre of a sheet; written in the ordinary way it would fill a couple of pages. The letters are not larger than the head of the smallest pin. It must be read by the help of a powerful lens, which will disclose to you a symmetry and accuracy of form that cannot fail to awaken admiration and surprise. Now, you may take my word for it that the writer has a faculty for small and minute things, by which he is marked out from the herd of his associates, and upon which he plumes himself as a speciality. He has a genius for

dates, for little facts, for genealogies, for precision in dress, diction, or personal habits; he is a stickler for routine; a man milliner in his tastes; a sort of wonderful 'calculating boy,' in some nook or corner of a favourite pursuit; or something else in which this express quality of neatness, or elaborate trifling, or close packing, shows itself conspicuously. Turn from this handwriting to another which sprawls in loose and gigantic characters over the sheet, and in which the actual quantity of matter bears about the same proportion to the surface it covers as Falstaff's pennyworth of bread to his immortal ocean of sack. Have you the least doubt whatever, Dennis, *avich*, that this is a rash, wild, inconsiderate, harum-scarum individual; that his thoughts, such as they are, are always either in a terrible hurry or in a state of inextricable confusion; that logic is a *terra incognita* to him; that he is pursued through life by an inevitable fatality—such as leaving something behind which he ought to take with him when he is going on a journey, or arriving just in time to be too late; mistaking one thing for another; forgetting his own name; asking affectionately after the health of a dear friend that died last week; getting the tail of his coat perpetually caught in the door he is closing behind him; planting his chair, with alarming indifference to the admonitions of experience, upon the skirts of ladies' dresses; and committing a thousand social *laches*, arising from the want of forethought and the active influence of a temperament in which impulse rides triumphant over reason and reflection? These are only two specimens out of a multitude as numerous as the sands on the seashore, or the leaves of a North American forest. We have a large variety in Ireland, with a considerable preponderance in favour of that broad-cast hand which represents the promiscuous scattering of intellectual powers, and the waste of time and opportunity. I might mention to you also, not as being exclusively Irish, but as of frequent occurrence amongst us, that duality of hand which reverses the venerable legend of two gentlemen rolled

into one, and reveals the phenomenon of one gentleman divided into two. This habit of writing two different hands, one of which, as described by George Stevens, the writer cannot read himself, and the other nobody can read for him, is supposed to have come into fashion in the palmy days of the landlordocracy of this country; an era in our national history when it was a matter of no trifling convenience for a gentleman to be complete master of several styles, so utterly unlike each other that his most intimate friends could not swear with any degree of certainty to his handwriting. There is another kind of sign manual which was once highly popular, but which is now rapidly going out through the operation of the business habits that are coming in under the auspices of the Encumbered Estates Courts. I allude to that cabalistic penmanship which nothing short of the gift of second-sight could enable a reader to decipher—a hand which looks as if it were copied, in profound ignorance of the original, from a Babylonian brick or a Chinese tea-chest, and which, in the language of our countryman Edmund Burke, may be said to exhibit 'the contortions of the Sibyl without her inspiration.' The most splendid example I remember in this style was the caligraphy of that benevolent theologian, Sir Harcourt Lees. If you can imagine the Sphinx engaged in a confidential correspondence, Sir Harcourt was the man she would have selected out of all the world for her secretary. An editor of a public journal, who respectfully declined inserting one of his letters, simply because neither he nor anybody on his establishment could read it, described the handwriting as resembling the traces that might be supposed to be left by a fly that had tumbled into an ink-bottle, and crawled out over the paper, shaking his wings, and leaving blobs and zigzags of ink behind him. This is another illustration of the affinity I have been speaking of, for true it is that the writer was as incomprehensible as the writing. You don't remember Sir Harcourt, Dennis. He was before your time. He flourished in the halcyon days of *The Antidote*, and

The Bible not a Dangerous Book; when the Marquis Wellesley and Mr. Goulburn were carrying out at the Castle the traditional check and balance system of government; when Richard Barrett, the 'martyr,' was studying home politics in the brewery of Messrs. Guinness & Co.; when Sir Abraham Bradley King was in the zenith of his glory; when North and McHale discussed polemics with romantic ardour and knightly courtesy; when the Liberator and Dr. Blake entered into a Concordat on the 'Wings;' when Catholic Emancipation was a myth, and the sole duty of Irish patriotism consisted in sowing the wind and reaping the whirlwind. It was in those lively days that Sir Harcourt Lees became a conspicuous public character; and it must be conceded to his memory that no man was ever more happily qualified to shine in the age to which he was born. But I must not lose my thread in those tempting memories. My business lies with the present.

Returning to our topic, I may wind up by remarking, in the words of that keen observer, the Irish girl I formerly introduced to you, that 'readin's wonderful, but writin' bates it entirely!' And this brings me at once to your letter.

Your handwriting has undergone a visible alteration, Dennis. Instead of being crabbed and convulsive, as it used to be, written up into the angles of the sheet, and coming down again round the edges, with a diagonal postscript, it is round, clear, and as straight as if it had been ruled. This may be an improvement. It seems to imply that you are beginning to lead a regular life, and that you are passing through the Saxon discipline of turning your thoughts over in your mind before you commit them to paper. I don't deny that the change may be for the better in some respects; but it makes me sad at heart, for all that. It is an evidence to me that the fun is leaving you, as it has left so many others latterly; that, like Mr. Commissioner Phillips, you have rooted up the wild flowers of imagination, as he would have called them in his poetical youth, and surrendered the free soil of your intellect to the cultivation of bread;

in short, Dennis, that there is no more wild Irish luxuriance to be expected from you, and that in future I must endeavour to consider you as a sort of half-naturalized Englishman, who writes a legible hand, and keeps within the strict bounds of matter-of-fact. I don't blame you, Dennis, but I mourn over you. The bird that plucks out his own feathers may be better fitted for the ultimate purpose to which birds are commonly destined, but as long as he lives he will never be able to fly so well again. Take your dealing trick out of that observation, Dennis, astore! and I won't disturb your enjoyment of it by uttering one word more on the subject.

Indeed I ought not to be too severe upon you for adopting English customs. The bulk of your countrymen at home here, who are not exposed to the same temptations, are insensibly gliding into them; and it is only by looking back upon what Ireland was a few years back, and comparing it with what Ireland is now, that I see how completely the vaccination has taken effect. The fine old cry of 'Ireland for the Irish,' is no longer heard from the Cove of Cork to the Giant's Causeway; and in place of it we hear on all sides, 'Ireland for the industrious,' no matter to what country, creed, or colour they belong; as if industry ought to supersede the claims of birthright, and the usages of a long roll of past ages, during which the potato, unassisted by foreign aid, except perhaps a little occasional help from the pig, did the whole work of the land. So completely were the functions of the plough and the harrow, the spade and the hoe, and all the other implements and appliances of agriculture performed in silence by these two self-acting agents of our pastoral prosperity, that I often thought we could not hit upon a more appropriate crest to surmount the arms of Ireland, than a pig *couchant*, holding a potato in its mouth.

A change is undeniably passing over the country in these fundamental particulars. The pig is no longer 'the gentleman that pays the rent,' as he used to be in the times when no rent was paid; and the

potato has ceased to represent the agricultural interest. There is no doubt of the fact at all; and when Lord Stanley paid us a flying visit the other day, he was so struck by what he didn't see—having expected, I suppose, to find the pig and the potato as flourishing as ever,—that he declared publicly, with a degree of force and eloquence entirely beyond my poor powers of description, that a new era had set in upon Ireland. It wouldn't become me to pretend to have better sources of information on the subject than Lord Stanley, who, although he never was amongst us before, and even then only for a few days, seems to possess that kind of intuitive knowledge which, with some highly-gifted people, supplies the place of experience and observation. But I may remark that in ordinary cases when a man says that a new era has set in, it is presumed that he must have been pretty well acquainted with the old one, to enable him to arrive at that conclusion; for it is only by a comparison of two eras it can be confidently affirmed that the one is at an end and the other has begun. Now I don't mean to dispute the correctness of Lord Stanley's intuitive perceptions of the by-gone condition of Ireland in a general point of view; but I must venture to express a doubt as to the accuracy of his perceptions concerning the present condition of the country, as compared with the past. It may be quite true that the old era is nearly over, but is it equally true that the new era is really initiated? It was here that his lordship's oration took a flight into the regions of fancy, where the only statistics he had to work upon were pure figures of speech. The Irish peasantry you know, Dennis, are fond of tropes and imagerial diction, and not being quite familiar with the descriptive term introduced by Lord Stanley, they imagined it was a metaphorical flourish, from which, by their way of pronouncing the vowels, they extracted a curiously appropriate meaning. Thus 'era' being converted into 'airy,' presented to them, and I confess to me also, and to a great many other people, a very happy notion of the new state of

things alluded to by his lordship; for if it has any existence at all, it must be looked for somewhere close in the neighbourhood of those famous Spanish castles about which so much has been said, and so little is known.

It is easier to pull down than to build up, and although it required a long time to obliterate national habits and prejudices, it will require a still longer time to establish others in their place. In this work of revolution, many accidental agents have given an extraordinary impetus to the expulsion of the ancient social ways and means under which the people enjoyed as much freedom and exemption from care and responsibility as a tribe of gipsies or a colony of rabbits. Famine did something in this direction. Typhus likewise helped a little. The fall of the landlords, which—not to say it irreverently—closely resembled the suicide of Samson, had a considerable effect upon the popular faith in a special Irish Providence. The insertion here and there of a few new proprietors, with views diametrically opposed to the theories of their predecessors, has also exercised a temporary influence on the surrounding population; just as a turbid mountain river when it rushes into a lake, discolors the surface for a few yards, and then disappears. All these causes combined, together with the drain of emigration, and the pressure of that unrelenting necessity which is paramount over all romantic pleas of caste and custom, have disturbed the 'face of the waters' in Ireland, and in shallow places drifted away the foundations. The consequences are plain enough. The people are altered, Dennis. You can see it in their eyes, where the pleasant twinkle that used to wink at misfortune, as if it were a sort of pastime, is gradually displaced by a look of gravity that sits unnaturally upon them. You can trace it in the tones of their voices, and the seriousness of their discourse. The mellifluous undulations of the brogue have become a perplexity to the ear. You have the vehicle without its freight, the hull without its jovial crew, the music without the words, the bacchanalian inspiration without the

wine, Puck without the mischief. In short, the humour that lay in the depths of the Irish character, playing with sorrow, is gone—or going. The tenderness that shed such a mellow light upon the darkest passions, softening and subduing them, has abdicated its functions. The gay peasant has been metamorphosed into a hard man, and would be a thoughtful man, if he knew how to think; but that is a strange art, which he has yet to learn. All his old resources fail him now. He can no longer discover springs of hope in circumstances of desolation. He has arrived at that stage of progress when he is beginning to awaken to the bitter knowledge of realities. His ignorance formerly was bliss, and his present acquisitions of wisdom have by no means improved his happiness. If the life of a beggar has many positive drawbacks, it has also some negative advantages unknown to kings, as the song tells us. It has no to-morrow. It never looks forward. It is not encumbered with the custody of treasures, the cares of property, or the responsibility of station. It pays neither rent, taxes, nor tithes. It lives upon every man's land, without being put to the trouble of tillage. It has no laws to obey, beyond its own whims and desires. It adapts its apparel to the weather by any means within reach, and is content to keep out the cold without consulting the fashions. It is never plagued by a choice of suits, and carries its wardrobe upon its back. It has a joy in its tatters, incomprehensible to the wearers of silk and West Saxony cloth. It houses itself at its ease under hedges and haystacks, barns and sheds; and if its accommodation is not very luxurious in the wintry nights, it has the satisfaction of knowing that it has nothing to pay the next morning. Such was, in certain aspects, somewhat dignified by local traditions into a species of historical pauperism, the life of the Irish rural population before the disturbing influences to which I have alluded came into operation.

And what effect have they produced? Simply to make Pat conscious that this vagrant, but cheerful, way of existence was not the best for bringing out either his

own energies or the resources of the soil, and, as the patron saint is said to have done with the toads and serpent, 'to open his eyes to a sense of his situation,' and leave him there pondering upon a future which is to him as inscrutable as a floating bog. He sees movements going on around him, which he is informed are to work miracles in the country; but for the life of him he cannot make head or tail of them. He listens with marvellous patience and unspeakable wonder to the maxims of political economy, and the prophecies of social redemption, which are incessantly addressed to him; he hears voices of authority calling on him to exert himself, to put his shoulder to the wheel, to emancipate himself from religious heart-burnings and party strife; and his expectations are wound up to the highest pitch by the astonishing intelligence that the millennium of peace and plenty is already come. He understands just enough of all these glowing assurances and urgent appeals to enable him to perceive that radical changes of some kind are taking place about him; but seeing that he is still in ~~much~~ the same state he was in before, only more distinctly isolated and cut off from the sympathies which formerly made common cause with him, the result is, that instead of finding his condition practically improved, he discovers that it is only unsettled.

I am well aware that the first step towards the amelioration of evils is the renunciation of the evils themselves. You must be off with the old love before you are on with the new; and I am far from undervaluing the importance of that critical moment in a nation's progress when it may be said to be struggling at a turning-point. But I wish you to see clearly our exact position, and not to be misled by any fine pictures of Irish elysiums, even when they are painted by such skilful artists as Lord Stanley. Depend upon it, Dennis, we are a long way off yet from his Lordship's 'new era.' If it is coming at all—and very slight obstructions may retard it indefinitely—it is coming at an uncommonly slow pace, with occasional stoppages in the manner of that ingenious machine which for

every step it made in advance made two backwards. Our real situation would be more accurately described, perhaps, by saying that we are in a state of transition; a phrase which, I admit, does not convey, in reference to Ireland, as precise a signification as I could desire.

It is not even necessary that a man should live, as I do, in the very heart of the country, to be able to perceive that the indigenous usages are in some places as deeply rooted as they have been any time these fifty years. To what else are we to attribute the fate of the unhappy lady who was recently sacrificed in the broad daylight, by, it is supposed, some of her own tenantry? To what also must we refer the jubilee that followed the acquittal in Dublin of Father Petcherine on a charge of Bible-burning? In these current cases we have as complete illustrations of the two generic dimensions that marked the 'old era' as could be collected from the most violent periods in the annals of agitation. Let us glance at them, for the sake of the moral I have been endeavouring to inculcate for your consolation.

The Irish have always been sensitive on the subject of rent. From the earliest times to the present hour they have exhibited a steady resistance to all payments under that denomination, and an undeviating tendency towards the extinction of landlords. It is perfectly idle to reason on fixed national characteristics, which, as in this instance, seem to possess all the force of a law of nature. Yet, in spite of the obvious impossibility of ever inducing the tenantry to look upon rent in any other light than that of a wrong and an oppression inflicted by the strong on the weak, or of inducing the landlords to concur in this view of the matter, some desperate attempts have been made to reconcile the antagonistic elements by a fusion of differences. It was with this Utopian design the Tenant League was established. The consequences were such as might have been foreseen by any person of ordinary intelligence who had observed the machinery in operation by which landed property had hitherto been held. The League

produced greater disunion and confusion than had ever existed before. It was an attempt to define what the people preferred to leave undefined, and to fix the limits of responsibility, when all that the people contended for was that there should be no responsibility whatever—a matter much easier of adjustment. The Tenant League Association was hardly launched, under the excellent auspices of Mr. Sharman Crawford, than it discovered the fundamental mistake it had committed. The members could not agree amongst themselves. They found out that the practice which was applicable to one province was impossible in another; that there were an infinite variety of circumstances which required an infinite variety of modes of settlement; and that, in short, you might as well attempt to prevail upon Britannia to rule the waves straight as to induce the Irish to regulate the relations of landlord and tenant by one common and uniform law. When tenant-leaguers fall out, tenants come by their own. And so it happened. The diversity of theories developed in these discussions terminated in a chaos, through which might be discerned the figure-head of Government looming over the tempestuous ocean of opinions, with Mr. Sergeant Shee following in its wake, animated by the desperate hope of getting somehow on board. Of course there is nothing very remarkable in such an occurrence. We are accustomed at this side of the channel to see every social question converted into a battleground; and it may be doubted whether any measure for the good of the community (supposing, for argument sake, that such a measure were allowed to come to maturity in Ireland) would be considered worth having unless it had first passed through the ordeal of a faction fight. The dismemberment of the League has, however, a particular significance just now which it certainly would not have possessed twenty years ago; and the recent application of Lynch-law to a lady who laboured under the odium of being a landed proprietor, is one of the fruits of the agitation which that patriotic body undertook

to allay, but only succeeded in inflaming. Those incidents acquire a special importance from the fact that they have occurred in the very crisis which we are desired to regard as the inauguration of the 'new era,' when industry is to reap its just reward; when land and labour are to yield their full and legitimate value; when party and class animosities are to be absorbed in an unanimous effort for the promotion of the general prosperity; and when, above all, English capital is coming into the country on the faith and assurance of improved habits and universal tranquillity. This is the point to which I am anxious to direct your attention. I wish you to accept with caution all showy sentences and imaginative descriptions, and to test the rhetorical flourishes of agricultural meetings, proprietary banquets, and state visits, by the facts which are actually taking place at the same moment. But it would be a great delusion to suppose that the Irish have a monopoly of 'rhetorical artifices.' English landlords have invested largely in that speculation. Remember how deeply they are interested in putting a smiling face on the discontents of Ireland, in concealing the festering sores of society, and in making it appear that concord and security are re-established—if, indeed, they ever existed here. Be assured it is not the Irish alone that indulge in oriental panoramas of repose and pacification; and whenever you read in the newspapers the enthusiastic panegyrics of an English landholder, you need not be afraid of committing any very flagrant injustice if you regard his statements with suspicion until you find them confirmed by trustworthy evidence. I have already shown you that the halcyon of Lord Stanley is in reality no other than the stormy petrel; and I might collect a heap of similar instances if so plain a matter required additional illustration.

English capitalists who purchase, or possess, estates in Ireland labour, no doubt, under this signal disadvantage—that they do not understand the wants, desires, or habits of the people. Knowledge, so essential to self-preservation and the judicious

management of property, can be acquired only by a long residence amongst us; nor will this suffice unless the resident be of an adaptive disposition and a genial temperament. If he start with the notion of altering the people to his own pattern, he will fail egregiously; and lucky for him if it end merely in failure. His only chance is to alter himself. He must get rid of all angularities of character, his Saxon ideas of class organization, his exclusiveness, his external coldness, his frigid system of doing business by the card, and his tendency to take offence at good humour. He must show himself freely amongst the lower orders, make himself familiar with their customs and prejudices, endeavour to give and take, and if he cannot find the qualities of accuracy and punctuality which he has hitherto considered indispensable to the relations between the employer and the employed, to try whether he cannot discover a compensation for them in the readiness to oblige, the quick sense of benefits conferred, the mother-wit which is never at a loss for expedients, and the animal spirits which, like the Greek fire, cannot be quenched by any amount of cold water you may throw upon them.

Yet, with all these efforts on the part of English proprietors to meet our Irish peculiarities half-way, I must honestly confess there are some things, native to the soil, which it is very difficult for the English understanding to comprehend; and the doctrine of landlord-and-tenant liability which we have just been discussing is one of them. No man who has been trained up under English law and practice can unravel this problem. Yet there is nothing more simple, if you once disencumber your mind of the antediluvian principles which continue to regulate the system of rent in England, but which have long since been discarded in this country—for reasons best known to the people themselves, who must be allowed to be competent judges in their own affairs. When an English capitalist purchases land here, he is generally well pleased with his bargain; and well he may, Dennis. He couldn't buy a bit of stony mountain or

starved common at home for double the money that will put him in possession of the richest pasture land in Ireland, with a soil of fabulous depth, upon which he needn't lay out a halfpenny in manure for the next twenty years. He knows well enough that his scientific husbandry will enable him to extract gold from the teeming earth. Up to this point, therefore, he is in high delight. But he has no sooner got his land than a question presents itself which, like the death's head at the Memphian banquet, suddenly checks him in the midst of his festivity. He hears on all sides a multitude of speculations respecting the rights of landlords and tenants, which he had supposed to be settled by legal enactments that admitted of no difference of opinion. He finds that the subject, so far from being determined by law or usage, is not determined at all; and the more he endeavours to obtain exact information as to what is expected of him in his new position, the more he becomes bewildered. Now, as it is of the last importance that he should understand the matter clearly, I believe I may do good service by stripping it of all ambiguity, and stating explicitly the objects of the Tenant-league agitation. Without any circumlocution then, what is really wanted, and what alone will satisfy the demands of the suffering tenantry, may be thus briefly, and I hope intelligibly, summed up: *Leases for ever, no rent to pay, and compensation for improvements.*

Let it not be said after this that the Irish are deficient in forethought, or that they do not practically understand their own interests. I believe, on the contrary, that no nation on the face of the globe has a livelier perception of the first law of nature—whatever perceptions they may have of other laws.

Having shown you, Dennis, that the political economy of Ireland continues in its wretched state of ferment, and that our agrarian code still asserts its Draconian characteristics, it only remains, in order to complete the survey, to assure you that our internecine wars on the subject of religion rage as fiercely as ever, although we have not quite so many

pitched battles. You may take my word for it, whatever statements you may hear to the reverse, that the standing armies of the two churches have not been put upon the peace establishment; that recruiting is going forward with undiminished zeal; and that the hostile camps are kept up at their full number of fighting men.

I lay no stress upon the fact of the Bible-burning—a demonstration of piety in support of which there are numerous historical examples; nor upon the dubious point of law as to whether the commission of a particular act is, or is not, presumptive evidence of the intention to commit it. But I will direct your attention to the effect produced upon the people by the acquittal of Father Petcherine. The verdict was received with a clamour of exultation which might be compared to the frenzy of a triumphant army rushing in to sack a captured city. The delirium of the populace was a stirring spectacle to witness. The streets were filled with jubilant crowds, the houses were illuminated as they used to be after a victory, 'when George the Third was king;' and if a stranger had been dropped from the skies amongst them, he would have naturally supposed that, at least, some great national anniversary was in course of celebration. Now, although the Irish are far from being a logical community, and sometimes arrive at conclusions on matters of opinion which are not strictly warranted by the premises, it is tolerably certain that in their actions they are governed by the same law of cause and effect which is common to the rest of mankind. We must, consequently, infer that there was an adequate cause for this outburst of popular hilarity; and it seems to me, upon an impartial examination of the case, that it must be referred to one or other of the two following reasons. Either the people believed Father Petcherine innocent, and therefore rejoiced in his acquittal; or they believed him guilty, and therefore rejoiced in his acquittal. They must have rejoiced for something; and I suspect that if all the lawyers, of every creed and denomination, in the Four Courts, were to put their wigs together,

they couldn't find out a third reason why the acquittal of that learned and reverend person should have produced so extraordinary a sensation.

Judging from all past experience, the first of these two reasons is apparently insufficient to account for the enthusiasm manifested on this occasion. Other innocent men have escaped condemnation without disturbing the serenity of the capital; and if the mere acquittal of a person accused of a crime which he had not committed, were considered so signal an event as to call for a popular demonstration, it would furnish indisputable proof that the pure administration of the law was mighty rare and exceptional. We are notoriously natural lovers of justice, but we have our own notions on the subject, which do not always square with the maxims of law; and it may be confidently affirmed that whenever we signify our approbation of a verdict, it is not because it vindicates the integrity of our legal institutions, but because it accords with our own judgment on the case. In no other country in the world are the two terms, justice and law, understood to mean things so diametrically opposed to each other; but it is not necessary to enter farther upon that consideration at present than to indicate, as an obvious corollary, that whenever the law happens to be defeated by a jury, the result is instinctively regarded, in the Irish sense, as a triumphant vindication of the ends of justice.

Hence we must look to the second ground for an explanation of the cause of the ecstasy into which this primitive people were thrown by the issue of Father Petcherine's case. The clear tendency of the law went the other way; Irish justice was, consequently, triumphant in the verdict. Commentary upon the fact would be an impertinence addressed to a barrister-at-law so sagacious in his vocation as my noble friend Dennis. You will have clearly perceived that the prosecution was conducted by the Attorney-General with consummate ability, and that finding himself placed, like a certain celebrated quadruped, between two bundles of hay, he ingeniously contrived to

observe such caution in his appeals to both sides as to leave himself perfectly free to choose either hereafter. Whether the bundles of hay are of opinion that he treated them with proper candour and respect remains to be seen.

It would be a work of supererogation to analyse the religious sentiment that lay at the bottom of this business. I shall of course be told that if Father Petcherine had been only a private individual, and his imputed offence merely petty larceny, there would have been no illuminations. Probably not. But then it must be admitted that a religious sentiment of any kind is creditable to a country, and that so long as the element of zeal exists unadulterated by a spirit of compromise, you may be sure, at all events, that there is no danger of the people relapsing into indifference. I acknowledge that if such a demonstration had taken place in England, we should regard it as a display of bigotry and fanaticism—or perhaps something worse. But then again, Dennis, blood is thicker than water; and that is the reason why we cannot detect any fault in our friends, while we can see so clearly the smallest sediment in the character of our neighbours.

The truth is, that our sectarian divisions are in the highest state of development. If you have not heard much about them latterly, it is because they have been kept in store ready for use, like powder in a magazine; and, to carry out the simile to its legitimate result, the slightest spark at any moment is sufficient to produce an explosion. The new millennium, whatever else it may have done, has in no essential particular abated our constitutional love of riot, civil and religious. From the earliest times, when, according to Giraldus Cambrensis, sundry natives were changed into wolves every seven years, to the present day, we have undergone no sensible modification in these aboriginal characteristics.

The departure of Mr. Duffy from amongst us, on the ostensible ground that he could no longer find the requisite belligerent materials to work upon, might seem to favour Lord Stanley's view of our altered

condition. But Mr. Duffy is not an infallible guide in such matters. He is much more of a poet than a politician, and what he really missed—and could not do without—was the poetical credulity which in the old times acted as a sort of lightning conductor for the impassioned eloquence of the agitators.

The taste for poetry, especially of the political kind, has been slowly dying out ever since the date of the Catholic Emancipation Act. Mr. Duffy fell on evil days. He was born a quarter of a century too late for the benefit of Ireland and his own ambition. Could he have assisted at the councils of Emmet, or even at the ever memorable aggregate meetings, as a double to Mr. Sheil, there is no saying to

what rank of martyrdom he might not have fairly aspired. But just as he came in, the appreciation of insurrections set to ballad measure was going out. Nor is it likely that he will succeed much better in the new country he has selected for the sphere of his next operations. I am afraid Australia is even more hopelessly prosaic than Ireland; while, under any circumstances, wherever he may go, he will not find his exile yield him the melancholy consolation which a brother bard had the satisfaction of administering to a former patriot, Napper Tandy—to wit, that his native land was groaning under the régime of the hangman and the provost-marshal in his absence;—

I met with Napper Tandy, and he took me by the hand :

'And how is poor old Ireland, and whereby does she stand ?

'Tis the most distressful country that ever yet was seen ;

For they're hanging men and women there, for wearin' o' the green !'

But I must draw to a conclusion, leaving you to draw your own conclusions from what I have written. There are always two sides to a milestone, provided the milestone is inscribed with a proper regard to the convenience of travellers that happen to be going in opposite directions. And all I would say to you; Dennis, is, that you must be careful which side of a milestone you consult, or you may run the risk of mistaking your road. *Verb. sap.*

The shades of night are descending, and burying Flax Lodge in obscurity. You will be gratified to see that I still keep the same place; but I am sorry to tell you that I keep it only as an address. It is no

longer in my own possession, and the only advantage I derive from it, is the privilege of dating my letters from it, though I may be a hundred miles off myself, and receiving my diminished correspondence through the same medium. By what fortuitous concurrence of fatalities I have been reduced to a fiction of this nature, I will detail to you on some future occasion. In the meanwhile, don't think meanly of me because I don't live at home. After all, I am merely availing myself of the fashionable expedient of borrowing a door, which, I am told, is extensively practised in the west end of London. Joy be with you, Dennis, my darling! for ever, and one day more!

T. F.



LAST AUGUST IN THE BALTIC.

PART II.

AT last the lingering fleets arrive, seaming the sky for miles with their trains of smoke; English one day, French the next, and all take up their berths in one great threatening crowd, right opposite the western front at about a league from the forts, just on this side of Melkö and Renskär, where a wide piece of clear deep water affords tolerable room and anchorage in fair weather. The fleet has never been in this position before; last year it was always nearer to Miölo, more to the south, and thither the Russians had directed their chief care and efforts.

Thus there is no surprise at the visible excitement in the town, as ship after ship takes up its station. Not that they are defenceless, exposed on this side, by no means; look where you will, still the same mazo of islands, and still the same network of batteries for mutual support, sweeping the outlying channels. Exposed indeed—why the Russians *sow and grow* guns!—wherever an enemy can come, these dragon teeth spring up, broadcast and full-grown. From the East the Russians come, and had Cadmus to their father no doubt.

Rejoining now old friends, we for a while bid adieu to those who had so lately and so well befriended us at need, and leaving the 'sweeping' and the sounding to go on as perseveringly as before, and taking a last look at the ant-like swarms of labourers ashore, we slid across the intervening few miles to join the body of the fleet, passing thus in full view, first, the entrance under Gustafsvärd,—across which lies the dun umbersided three-decker *Russia*, stripped to lower masts, the same ship which last year the dashing captain of the *St. Jean d'Acre* was dying to run down bodily—then the successive defences on the front of Vargön and West Swartö; by the last named island we open the next main passage, in front of which a long irregular wavy line just above the surface, looking like the shimmering heat upon the water on a summer's noon, indicates a sunken line of ships, bulwarks just showing above; and

further, the ugly heavy *Ezechiël*, two-decker, guards the passage by Langörn: which last is itself a strong midchannel fort, containing spacious barracks, and a series of works, masonry and earth, mounting numerous guns, *en barbette* or casemated. Beyond, comes the *Nicholas* battery on Rentan, and the defences which properly belong to Helsingfors—while from the right, the parapets of the citadel of Gustafsvärd, and the telegraphs on Bakholmer, with their long guns clear cut against the sky, menace and lord it over the whole front.

Joining the fleet which lies somewhat huddled together near Melkö, we sweep the coast and numerous islands yet farther to the north and west: here, too, the Russians have been neither idle nor improvident. Formidable and regularly constructed redoubts on different islands and points of the main, sweep all approaches to Helsingfors; you can steal no march up there. One channel in particular, between Lasseholm and the larger island of Drumsjö to the left, they seem to regard as especially untrustworthy: though wide, it is shallow, except a mere threadbreadth in the middle; but let gunboats or steamers of any kind once get in there, and Helsingfors is no longer a pleasant abiding place. Wherefore there are soldiers on Drumsjö lurking behind breastworks in the thick pine forests, within easy rifle shot, and such preparation about the adjacent islands as renders any mere demonstration inside Drumsjö quite a useless exposure, if Helsingfors is not to be seriously molested. It was in this direction that a great building on the mainland, half hid among the trees, attracted attention, by a large board or strip of canvas stretched along the roof: with the help of a glass, out come at a glance in large capitals, the words 'Lunatic Asylum' to the amusement of all, and the suspicions of not a few wise ones that here was a deep ruse; for what purpose it was difficult to say, beyond mere protection for the building. The suspicion was of course endorsed

by sundry correspondents of journals English and Foreign, whose vivid imagination ripened suspicion into reality, and assured the world shortly after, that the 'Lunatic Asylum' (which one truthful writer, pretending to describe from the evidence of his own eyes, spelt 'madhouse') *was* a huge powder-magazine; and *was* actually blown up! It is almost needless to say that not a shot, shell, or rocket ever went within three miles of the spot.

Tuesday and Wednesday are occupied in placing the mortar-boats—an operation well planned and well executed—the English—sixteen in number, each carrying one 13-inch mortar (fitted on Captain Roberts's plan, on slings, some on the ordinary platform beds, and throwing a globe of iron weighing when full, 210lbs; the trifling momentum with which a visitor of this kind alights on, say, a roof, being equal to about sixty tons,) with the French,—schooners these last, five in all, each carrying two mortars of ten and twelve-inch bore,—formed an irregular line together, interfered with by the various patches of rock scattered about, some awash, some hidden, which extended from near Renskar on the left, opposite to the Nicholas battery on Rentan, past the small island of Oterhall about the centre, to nearly Bakholmen, a girdle of fire, encircling the whole front of the fortress. The French take possession of a small island, Abrahamsholm, one of three which lie a few hundred yards in advance of Oterhall, and during the night construct a battery for four mortars, which were well served and effective. On board the ships all is life, and eagerness, and curiosity. Anecdotes run the round of ward and gunrooms, of the adventures of the guard-boats overnight, how a 'cheeky' frolicsome young lord, heir to the glories of a gallant name, none more glorious among living naval heroes, answered the peremptory hail, 'Who goes there?' with defiant fun, 'Russian admiral!' and how the French boat coming across the English in their rounds, the following krief, but highly satisfactory conversation springs up on the moment:

Jolly E. O. (with decision).—
'Wh-a-at boat's that?'

French Officer (making the best of it).—'No speak Ingleeesh!'

E. O. (the tone sociable).—'Try a cigar?'

F. O. (with ready intelligence).—'Oui, monsieur, thank you.'

And they vanish into darkness straightway.

Or how a luckless wight (lately in the service), astray for adventures, falls in with the very naval potentate who has been too heavy for him; on the instant avenges his suffering fortunes by a wild stream of fancy phrases, sparkling and retributive, is pursued, jumps into the water to escape, and finally is made prize of by his triumphant persecutor amid the laughter of all present.

The following ships were present:—First and foremost, in stately strength and beauty, pride of navies, the great '*Duke*,' 131, bearing the flag of the Commander-in-chief; the *Exmouth*, 91, with the flag of the second in command; then *Edinburgh*, 60, with that 'dickey behind' perched on her apsidal stern, bearing a flag no longer, but none the worse ship for the loss; *Pembroke*, 60, *Hastings*, 60, *Cornwallis*, 60,—useful, bluff-lined old ships rather than highly ornamental; the two last, with gay little *Amphion*, 34, picture of a frigate, are away to the far right at Sandhamn; then, told off to attend the mortar-boats, the noble fabric of the *Euryalus*, 51,—no finer, more perfect model floats upon the water; the restless *Magicienne*, 16, paddle-wheel steam-frigate, ever delighting, ship and her adventurous captain alike, in 'close shaves;' the *Valture*, 6, the *Dragon*, green and grim, each attending to four mortars; then the taunt warlike *Arrogant*, ready for anything, knowing the depths of every nook and cranny and landlocked bight and channel, and the feel of the bottom too, in every queer poky place, throughout the long gulf; next, the long wicked-looking, black-hulled *Cossack*, 20, with old scores yet unsettled; the yacht-like delicate little *Cruizer*, 16, with beauty in every line and not a notion of going about her, strange to say; then there is the stout old *Geyser*, snub-nosed, but true as her gallant-spirited captain, fuming for real action; the light waspish *Basilisk*,

(Basilix you generally hear her called,) and *Merlin*, 'eyes of the fleet,' who know every stone in Sweaborg, and every shoal and rock around there; with three noble French line-of-battle ships—the showy *Austerlitz*, 100, with the gilded figure-head of Napoleon the Great at her bows; natty *Tourville*, 90, flagship, with her figured stern, and precise *Duquesne*, 90, formed the whole squadron: a mere fraction of the magnificent armament which, we hope, may have better luck than ingloriously to play the gaoler to the Russian fleets: add to these the gunboats, 14 English, restless and irascible as hornets; long and low, wicked-looking, bustling little steamers, carrying each two long 68-pounders, one to fire right ahead, the other over either broadside: five French, heavy, stout-built, schooner-rigged steamers, much lauded in our newspapers. I remember one writer who saw in them at the first glance transcendent merits—qualities which put out of countenance at once all English ineffectual contrivances for the same purpose:—true, neither had then been tried;—but no matter. Why must we be foolish in order to flatter, or unfair in order to condemn? These vessels have merits undoubtedly; but they are entirely different from those which we having instituted must needs by that token, as good Englishmen, condemn. They are the merits of small stationary 'bruisers,' not of light teasing skirmishers: they undress for work, and there they stay bound hand and foot, in somewhat unbecoming *deshabille*; looking as if they 'couldn't help it,' they do gallantly make the best of the matter—but the 'velites' of the fleet they are not—and so it is unjust to them, as well as ignorant, to compare them with others which are intended to be, and are, so.

Aug. 9.—Morning found the mortar-boats hauled in on their cables, 600 fathoms of which had been with much labour laid out for each to haul and veer on, thus baffling the range of the enemy by creeping independently some hundreds of yards nearer in than they had lain, and affording means of change if unduly pressed. *Amphion*

has gone to join *Hastings* and *Cornwallis*, to make a diversion against the Sandhamn batteries. *Amphion* had a right to that ground; she had been hammered at there before, and owed them a turn. *Arrogant*, *Cossack*, and *Cruiser* are slowly picking their way up to the left, round Melko, grazing on rocks and boulders and mud, to get to the outside of Drumsjö, and give a dressing to the soldiers there; and the gunboats, hot as fresh peppers, all alive and plying in the intervals of the mortar-vessels.

Before seven o'clock we discern the caps, and helmets, and bayonets among the trees of Drumsjö, and have caught sight of a considerable body of men on the move. Having anchored about 1200 yards off-shore, we scrutinize every inch of the shore;—plenty of cover there is, and seemingly under the trees breastworks of wattled twigs, screens for rifles, or it might be field-pieces, of which, however, no trace is visible. On yonder point among the broken rocks, lies a picquet of soldiers; you see their heads as they lie, watching you; a bit of a hut of boughs, a sort of a sentry-box with the sentry stalking in front—you see his head and shoulders, cross-belt, and gray coat and bayonet;—and that cool fellow there, making his observations on you, that is the officer of the party, leaning his white kid-gloved hand on his sword, smoking his cigar in perfect *nonchalance* until you make some sign of mischief. Some hours elapse, and they are undisturbed—we want to catch the whole lot together if possible, and avoid blind waste of shot; at the same time, there is no little peeping out at the ports, and fidgetting the huge guns into the true line of bearing, and settling of tangents and quoins and inclines, and a sort of lively stillness, a bustling tranquillity, reigning along the decks, which those sharp-sighted fellows on the rocks can scarce help seeing the signs of; in fact, they are only looking out for the storm to break, with no bad barometer close at hand to tell of its lowering. We now had left the woody Melko lying right in our rear. As we look towards it, the line of mortar-boats

stretching away to the south-east is just covered from our view, and the steam gunboats too, so long as they keep about that line. To the right, behind these, we catch the ships just clear, and can communicate with, or read the signals of, the flagship at the main anchorage; while leftwards, Renskär, rocky and nearly treeless, lies just clear of Melkö, and beyond it again the whole line of defence of Sweaborg, seen foreshortened as we look from our present position across and between the combatants.

Before 8 p.m., a few irregular shots boomed across the wide space, and the white plots of smoke were seen to hang here and there, above the tree tops of Melkö. It was plain the mortars were getting into tune—a few of them uttering a stray note or two, like the minstrel's 'uncertain warbling'—before he breaks into full stream of song, or the band screwing up strings and tightening bows, and adjusting mouth-pieces, and the concert soon to begin in earnest. And soon it did begin: with no grand crash indeed, but with a gradual thickening of sound, a swelling, heightening flourish of smoke—a timely, orderly, and almost tuneful display,—but it is of deadliest instruments playing aloud to straining eyes and eager listening ears, and minds of anxious tiptoe expectation. Nor was it long before the forts on their side took up the strain, and the battle-music became general; now a flashing, brilliant fugue, a poth of loud notes clashing into one continuous pealing sound; now an interval and a beat; now a steadier tranquil bar or two, the time well-marked by the deep bass of a thirteen-inch mortar tolling in; now a prolonged rolling movement, variegated with the shrill treble of whistling *bouquets* of shells, sighing through the high clouds in measured flight together; so the *amæbean* is kept up awhile with vigorous and spirited rivalry. Meantime the poor soldiers on yon rocks give but too plain evidence of the painful nature of the scene to them, as, ever and anon turning their heads for a momentary glance at the three ships behind them, they sit or slowly pace, intently watching all the rest of the time the distant

raging conflict. Whatever may be the feelings on board the fleet, and they are manifold, it is not, cannot be, *there* the same sort of thing that it is to those men, in sight of yonder fair city mantling with spires and minarets and towers, of which they do well to be proud, in whose boasted strength they are trained to confide, but whose time of trial is now at hand.

They just steal for their own sakes a glance at the ominously still ships, but otherwise they are absorbed in yonder scene. It is a deep matter, touching the heart, for them—it seems to be *pro aris et focis*, and they watch and wait in intense solicitude to see some telling feature relieve the uncertainty, some mark of mischief come out clear and decisive in the 'wondering noise and smoke. It is different on board the fleet—there all sorts of hopes and aspirations no doubt are rife, and animosities, for the blood is up, and many fume for a real collision, as they expect this to be, and their longing to be gratified. But allowing for the ardour of the moment, when the long looked-for day has come at last, when 'inaction' has for a time gone out and given place to the reality of 'something to do,' when the dreary monotony of blockading off the 'Tollboukin' lighthouse, or chopping fir-billets in Nargen has warmed and quickened into life and activity, and that they actually are going to measure strength with the great stronghold of the enemy—the Gibraltar of the North—his vaunted fastness of Sweaborg; and allowing for the uncertainty of the yet undeveloped means and measures of the enemy, and the somewhat experimental nature of our own, the chief notion is, apart from any impression of a decisive conflict being at hand, and all at stake, that it is a tussle to see which has the longest arms, and which the horniest hide. For two hours the combatants seem grappling in hot panting struggles to decide this question. And an important issue it is too, for should the scale turn in our favour, and should we from afar be able, in comparative scathlessness, to deal hot sparkling blows on the tough solid mass of our huge enemy, why

there appears scarce any end, save our own exhaustion, to the 'hammering' we may inflict. It seems very horrid, but having drawn the sword and flung away the scabbard, we must, according to the stern hideous wisdom of war, inch by inch lower the vitality of the foe when and where we can—it is the naked truth to which the nation has committed itself: we *must* strike and strike again if we have the means, till submission is made—and here is the passage which is to decide whether the skill and resources of the West are overmatched or not by the armed bulk and inertia of all the Russias.

So the Russian riflemen on the island of Drumsjö, and so the spectators on board the ships hard by, watch the distant ambiguous conflict. However, before long it was to be of such ambiguous aspect no more. When the firing had been going on for about two hours with extreme energy, but apparently with no more mischievous effects than had they been firing into a sand-bank all the time, the first sign of real palpable damage done became apparent. It is certainly a curious feeling that arises, however uneasy to describe, when for a long time one watches the tumultuous violent hurling of the most terrible missiles that the skill and passions of men have devised for mutual damage, and the effects, if any, are wholly removed from observation: it seems so hollow and unreal—such a foolish though angry pageant; why do not they content themselves with a mere pyrotechnic display, with less of the noise and none of the passion—you doubt the whole thing, in spite of what you persuade yourself that you *know*; apart from thoughts of humanity, poor suffering humanity, which war so forgets or despises, it seems so entirely 'much ado' for you see not what—can it be 'nothing'?—the 'still-closing' and 'in-trenchant' air seems to absorb and to mock at each fiercely delivered blow—they seem but to beat the sky, impassible in spite of it all, and calm and clear; the stroke seems to fall from it futile as blows in a dream. In this sort of suspense and semi-scepticism as to what it all means, there is a positive sense of

relief when the first tangible result shows itself, some stroke that leaves its mark, even though it be of mischance.

Whether you realize the true meaning, the full horror, of what is going on before your eyes or not, under the glare that is thrown around it, this is not the time and place to 'moralize the spectacle'; you have not to consider now the evil aspect—though an evil aspect truly it is: all this has been decided on, is a question past and gone, a matter of fact accepted—well is it if with justice and good hope on your side—but now it is the incidents of the *modus operandi* and its characteristics that you are brought in contact with; what *is*, not what *might* be, and what is preferable—what is felt and seen, not what is wished. So the first effective mark and token of mischief gives a sort of guarantee, a substantialness, to the vapouring gasconade; it seals the intent of the principals; it ends the suspense of spectators; it tells at last how things go.

And now a wreath of dark smoke curls along the ranges of roofs upon Vargön, and slowly spreads and rises with a flickering of lurid red light, just flashing anon its wavy points above the house-tops; there is something different there from the white wreaths of cannon-smoke that drape the line of rocks all along the sea-front of the place; then after all the shells have gone 'home,' and it is not all fighting the air; and the certainty of this goes home to the kindled feelings of the gunners all among the different assailing craft, and quickens them to a loud spontaneous shout of delight, and yet increased exertion. It can be seen that the fire spreads steadily, and eats its way along barrack and store, and before long, as observed from afar, too far to tell what efforts are made to check it, what men brave the double risk of flames and hailing shot and shell; it is clear that it has established itself there, the riotous devouring element is at home in Sweaborg, and it is now a conflagration. Then the English shell is overreaching the Russian, and already it is plain the balance must be against our enemy. In half an hour more, while the white curls and

rings hang thicker than ever in the air over the mortar vessels, and a dun cloud is gradually settling down upon the trim lines of the Russian buildings; up, high up in the air gushes a great jet of filthy murky smoke, columnar for a second or two, then spreading rapidly out at top into broad folding masses, almost like the mass upon mass of thick foliage on a group of tall sycamores: the whole expanse of it was studded with black specks and motes and lines and straws, shooting up, dancing sidelong, twisting, and crossing—Lucretius' jumble of jostling atoms nothing to it—in indescribable confusion. At the instant it chanced that my glass was directed upon the very exact spot; the attention being thus drawn off from other parts, the eclipse which came over the field of view had a very curious and puzzling effect, as if it were suddenly gloomed almost to darkness, and in the midst a dense flock of birds starting up, scared and fluttering, had come right across, too thick and confused to see through, just as you may start up on a winter's evening myriads of starlings from among the reeds of some quiet pool, in such countless unimaginable numbers that you cannot help thinking the wide realms of air have drained off their population to this one spot. Certainly for a moment or two so completely was the glass obscured and crowded that it was a real puzzle to know what *had* taken place right under one's very eye—birds they certainly could not be, and birds they certainly were not—neither were they, as the sanguine or sanguinary imagination of some pictured to themselves, fragments of human creatures hurled into the air by this sudden hideous volcano; howbeit there were some sharp-sighted people who pretended to decipher the atoms thus tossed about, and to read them into veritable *disjecta membra*—but they were beams and charred timbers, earth and stones, possibly broken gun-carriages, and a heavy gun or two, and what, not beside—who could say what *might* not be there? At any rate it was a serious explosion, and happening thus early it was a convincing and cheering

proof to the intensely hardworking gunners that the *prestige* of invulnerability was gone from Sweaborg—they had found out Achilles's heel; the shaft that could strike there might destroy; it was a matter of time and of determination. Presently a louder and longer continued explosion followed; something like (on a larger scale) the repeated 'bang-bang' of a cracker; evidently some connected series of chambers, probably magazines, had exploded. There seemed to be about six minor jets of flame, rapidly following one another, and ending in a grand burst—a great scarred disorderly patch on the rocky island side showed over after this the dismal effects of the spectacle that had so startled us at a distance.

What nice cover, what snug sly hiding-places those fellows seem to have yonder; true, every now and then, besides those easy, self-possessed fellows on the rocks, who make so free, a bayonet glints under the trees on the sloping hill-side, or a helmet or cross-belt catches the light, behind a bank-like screen of earth, and boughs and leaves; and from time to time in the early morning we have fancied we could detect them stealthily and warily getting into position. However, they keep on the whole extremely close, so that with endless screwing and wiping of glasses, and adjusting of slides to get the exact focus, it is all the more amusement to try and puzzle them out: *they* certainly, poor fellows, are more in harm's way than *we* are, upon whose intentions they are a good deal dependent. And now for the declaration.

'Look out, signalman; what's that going up at the *Arrogant's* main?'—as three tiny dark knots on the signal-line cutting the sky at speed, whisk up to the masthead.

'Commence firing!' and the knots so neat and tight, on the instant untie into three oblong flags of parti-coloured bunting, chequered white and blue and red and yellow.

'Commence firing' rings along the deck, ere ever the flags have well had time to disclose their flaunting tale to the morning sun, and all is bustle and stir, jostling and jumping, clattering of handspikes and strain-

ing of gear. Now is the 'cantankerous' dignity and zeal of the growling old gunner made happy, and the eagerness of those men who have watched his late mystic operations just going to be gratified: those ominous points, taken on the deck with as much care and seriousness and punctilio as if they were bases of triangulation for a trigonometrical survey; those cabalistic lines drawn in pencil on the port-sills, as if to measure a transit, or determine an altitude; above all, that determined archimandritical air of importance that will take no denial—that knows no compromise when a great operation of this sort has to be conducted on sound principles, and for the good of the service: all these have deeply impressed the minds of those simple men who repose confidence in the philosophy and practical science of the gunner. 'Sir,' says one, 'we must be going to have warm work of it, 'cos, these last three days, the gunner's been hard busy 'consecrating' the broadside;' he meant 'concentrating' it.

A few seconds more, and such a *batuc* has begun. *Arrogant, Cos-sack*, noisy little *Cruiser*, all banging away together, near fifty guns of heavy calibre roaring in high rivalry at the top of their iron voices, with the utmost rapidity and vehemence of articulation. In the twinkling of an eye not a soldier was to be seen ashore among the rocks and trees; even 'the disappearing band' of Rhoderick Dhu's clansmen sunk not so swiftly on the heather-clad mountain side at the signal of their chief, as these vanished at the first burst of noise and smoke from the ships' sides. And these latter continued flinging forth their angry tumultuous notes, pausing awhile now and then to take breath, and then a fresh burst, till it seemed as though there was a spite against the very rocks, and they were minded to blow away the whole island bodily.

While this 'diversion,' as it is playfully termed, was going on on the extreme left of the position, the contest was elsewhere spreading and deepening; the actual position of the mortar and gun-vessels was, as before explained, hidden from sight to persons on board the three ships

to the left, by the intervening island of Melkø: only the smoke of their quickly following discharges rose over the tree-tops, and showed what they were really about. But now from our decks we began to catch sight of those little teasing, importunate steamers clear of the island; it was plain that they were braving the fire of the enemy, and advancing nearer and nearer considerably in their own rapid and untiring evolutions: and this told a good tale, while at the same time the fire from the batteries was manifestly relaxed. But looking right across the intervening space, down to Miölø and Sandhamn, some four or five miles away, we could see our old friends the blockships, *Cornwallis* and *Hastings*, with *Amphion* frigate, standing in towards the enemy with topgallant masts down; and here it was evident would be the only real collision of ship and battery; but as it was also plain that anything done there would not seriously, vitally affect the general operation—if the mortars and gun-vessels failed to dominate the force opposed to them, the ships at Sandhamn, however successful, *per se*, would not alter the failure—one felt less misgiving at seeing that comparatively slender force gliding steadily on in stately attitude towards the tremendous array of batteries which we had seen bristling along the whole shore of Sandhamn. It was clearly impossible that they could be committed to a neck-or-nothing venture; but the 'diversion' they were making might be of a serious nature too, even if it was only to distract and engage the enemy, so that we thought with some anxiety about the good friends we had left down there, and how matters might speed with them, as the advancing ships gradually became lost to view behind Backholmen, which hides (from our present position) the more distant and heavily armed shore of Sandhamn beyond. We saw them stand on, firing rapidly from both tiers of guns on the 'port' or inshore side as they advanced, a pretty sight enough as the successive jets of flame twinkled rapidly along their dark sides, but it was too far to see more, and the enemy's batteries opposed to them were out of sight to us.

They found however a hot berth enough, being hulled a good many times, and very many shot passing over and through the rigging: the *Cornwallis* and *Amphion* too suffered some loss in men as well as materiel, the former having eight or nine men wounded, the latter three and one killed, besides the mainyard badly hit, while the *Hastings* escaped unhurt.

During the short time that the ships were in action at Sandhamn, four Russian gun-boats came out. This was the first occasion on which these much-talked-of craft made their appearance, and they certainly are not calculated to inspire their opponents with any great dread, nor probably their own people with much confidence: the day has gone by for them even in their own waters, except under very favourable circumstances, for either attack or defence: the advantage which they no doubt once possessed, in comparison with the heavy dull-working ships of past generations, to which they were either a most important aid or a very serious opponent, has simply been transferred to other hands. Fortune—heartless jilt—still as ever delighting in her cruel sport, true to her character, *Nunc tibi, nunc aliis, benigna*, has in this instance also impeded her wing from one side to the other, and shifted over her changeling favours. These row gun-boats, with their fifty or sixty men completely exposed, are altogether put into the shade by the more manageable and safe steam gun-boat which we have brought out with such great and marked success in this year's warfare. They came out of some hidden bight or nook about Sandhamn, and commenced firing at a long distance; the *Hastings* brought a 10-inch gun instantly to bear on them, and the very first shell thrown burst right over them—they waited for no more, but straightway sought their cover. It could not be seen whether any loss was inflicted on them or not; but as one shot showed that the enemy had got their range to a nicety, they prudently ran no further risk; the second would probably have been among them, and one, striking, would sink the craft, or render her useless, or half annihilate

the crew. It was perhaps an experiment only on their part; indeed it can hardly be thought that the Russians themselves can now have any confidence in such craft (in spite of all that our good friends the Swedes have got to say for gun-boats precisely similar) to oppose the easily managed flotillas of the allies: in fact, they tax their strength now to catch up again the lost advantage, and to such good purpose that they have, snug and carefully kept in, already more steam gun-boats than the French and English had this year together. Another year, this arm, both for offence and defence, must inevitably have far greater prominence, and gun-boat conflicts may take the place of the frigate actions of former days. But whatever calls there may be for their invaluable service, it was plain all through the campaign that this was *the* arm to be strengthened: squadrons of ten, twenty, or thirty such craft, in allegiance to some one dashing frigate and determined captain, are wanted to scour every part of the coast, as the most effectual method, shortest and sharpest, of continuing and *having done with* warfare; and it is a matter of congratulation that such a step seems actually intended, if the war should continue into another campaign.

These ships engaged at rather long range, nor would there have been any object to gain by closing in this instance; but their action, short and sharp, told very plainly that ships engaging at a long distance are little good against earth or any other batteries. The block-ships are heavily armed; they carry long 32-pounders on both decks, very heavy, powerful, and serviceable guns; but they soon found themselves obliged to confine their firing almost exclusively to the six 10-inch guns on their upper decks, which threw shells with effect into the shore batteries; but this was fighting six guns instead of thirty, the whole broadside, a rate of diminution at which a whole fleet would be powerless against such defences: nothing but close quarters can enable a ship to develop the preponderance of metal which she possesses, and which counterbalances her greater vulnerability. Nothing

depended on these ships forcing themselves into such a position; nothing at least of such importance as to justify in their case the certain great increase of loss which they would have sustained. It was not necessary here as on the memorable 8th of September, that the diversions or subsidiary attacks should be of that deadly and desperate nature, to ensure the success of the main one, for now no such issue was at stake. So it would have been a useless waste of gallantry; and they behaved gallantly enough in engaging as they did; but it proved, if proof were wanting, that a fleet of the most powerful ships but throws away its strength, which does not engage at the closest attainable quarters; the great battle is to get into such a position: if it is not attainable in the nature of things, better give it up and go to something else than waste blood and treasure by throwing the balance into the adversary's hand; to achieve this advantage then, in any waters and under any circumstances, every effort ought to be used, the great pre-requisite and auxiliary for the purpose being already ours, viz., steam, to give speed over the ground and manageability under way. No number of ships could in any reasonable time have *destroyed* the defences on Sandhamn alone, at upwards of a mile off, had that been a necessary part of the operation; and of course these three ships, for anything except the purpose of distracting the enemy's attention, were to all intents and purposes utterly overmatched—the fire on them from shore would converge, while their's would be divergent: still, twice their number, or little more, quickly going in to within a quarter of a mile, would, with good gunnery, have annihilated those batteries probably in an hour or two, by destroying their power of mutual support, and crushing them piecemeal. This shows what conditions are necessary to enable fleets to cope successfully with shore defences, the means that must be at hand to give them the numerical superiority absolutely necessary, even supposing that nature does not interpose her own paramount obstacles. However it seems true that in the case of Russia,

nature has set the chief defence of her great strongholds, and to their credit it must be added, art has adroitly seized and enhanced the strength which nature gives.

Desirous then as the nation is of naval glory, impatient of delay when there seems room for a bold and grand stroke, it does not seem—let the reason of the fault be where it may—that as yet means have been sufficiently accommodated to the end in view; and our grand imposing armament which has looked at Cronstadt for two long summers unable to close thoroughly at all essential points, would simply have wasted its strength in committing itself to a serious attempt on those advantageously-placed defences. Engage near, or you engage at such unequal terms that it is folly to engage at all. If your means are not fitted for that, provide others that are; you have not spared treasure, where the necessity has been seen, in the East—no, nor far more precious than treasure, blood that cannot be replaced once spilt; so it must not be spared here. Treasure is not the vital point with us that Russia supposes; freely give it, but wisely direct it, and it will be found that if great things are not done, the fault will be somewhere else than in the want of spirit of your young men, your leaders and your led, to emulate the deeds of the men of the past.

However, we have wandered from the actual long-arm bombardment of Sweaborg, whose flames are burning fiercely while the iron-throated guns of the assailants, and equally iron-throated men, are roaring in a savage joy over the progress of the work of destruction, now patent and progressive.

Early in the day the two-decker *Ezechie* under Langörn, which had resisted very hotly and seemed to mount guns of long range, was warped a good way further in, out of harm's reach. The three-decker *Russia* in the main entrance by Gustafsvärd about the same time beat a retreat also, and went into shelter quite out of sight; it was surmised that only serious damage could cause such a proceeding, and two gun-boats with Lancaster guns had been specially directing their

fire on the *Russia* in particular; but not till the Russian despatch came before the world was it known how hardly it had gone with these ships, especially the *Russia*, which had lost about twenty killed and eighty-eight wounded, and was in the greatest peril of being blown up at one moment, and of sinking through manifold wounds. This was certainly an unlooked-for testimony to the accuracy of the practice, which probably has seldom been surpassed.

To attempt to describe the progress of affairs after this time would be merely to chronicle how the flames waxed and waned from time to time. The Russian reply after the first few hours was very fitful and irregular, probably for the good reason that they found the difficulty of hitting such small objects as the distant fixed mortar-boats, or the nearer but rapidly moving gun-boats, and thus saved their fire. Probably they thought the seeming weakness of silence might tempt the ships to come closer in, thinking to 'make sycker soth,' and complete the work with their broadsides. Vain hope of theirs!—but whenever any vessel did come a little nearer than the others, the languid fire warmed up into greater fierceness for a while, and then subsided again. Moreover, beyond a doubt there must have been very many men employed about that vast focus of conflagration, and probably no little confusion in the whole place, in spite of the best endeavours: so that it is not surprising that their fire presently waxed faint and partial and irregular. This renders it indeed highly probable that the loss inflicted, in men, must have been very severe—but all removed from view, and utterly unknown. Rumour has since, perhaps not altogether falsely, put the number at 2000, killed and wounded; in Sweden indeed, afterwards, we heard 4000; but considering the improbability that the best part of the town, the arsenal and stores, should have been left to be devoured hour after hour by the flames, which were fed every moment by showers of shell, and at night by rockets, without an effort being made to stop the progress of destruction—and considering the honourable mention made in the

Russian despatch of the conduct of certain officers and men in endeavouring to check the flames in some of the batteries, it is likely that their men must have been greatly exposed in every part,—one shudders to think how much,—in the fiery rain of shells which incessantly poured into that burning crater, the town of Sweaborg. The wonderful thing to the distant spectator was to see how the beautiful church stood unscathed, its minarets enveloped in smoke, and often (as it seemed) the flames rearing themselves violently in delirious leaps around and above—curling right over their very tops. But it was really on a spot beyond the reach of the falling shell, on the innermost island, itself isolated; and the flames were not so near it as they seemed—yet they seemed to have penetrated right beyond, and to the back of the church.

In the afternoon, the signal having been made for all ships to send armed boats alongside the admiral, the *Arrogant*, *Cruiser*, and *Cossack* slowly steamed back from Drumsjö, to rejoin the squadron at the main anchorage: their purpose was effected, though perhaps not all expectations satisfied, for the soldiers had made no reply, but were either utterly scattered or, more likely, most effectually hidden; and both parties must have understood one another that nothing of any serious nature was likely to be undertaken in that quarter, however important in regard to Helsingfors itself.

Nothing could be more amusing than the scene in the neighbourhood of the flagship as the different steam gun-boats came towards night-fall clustering about for fresh orders, ammunition, inquiries, reports, and rest; officers hoarse and grimy; men much tired, but more animated; and the dun little craft, with here and there a scratch or a splinter, more however from their own than the enemy's firing, drabbled with smoke and dirt and powder, looking very much in want of a good 'grooming,' like a horse after a long day across country, and the great impudent-looking gun, 'bold as brass,' stuck up at many degrees of elevation, as if nothing in the world could compete with his physiogno-

my—nothing be worth looking at in the same day with his hard, charred, sulphur-stained lips. And then there was a tale to almost every shot, whichever way it went across the water, from foe or friend; how this shell had just burst astern or ahead—that carried away the quarter-boat and left the commanding officer, who was standing in or on it, or close by it, unhurt—that had sent its splinters whizzing over the heads of the men; how this of 'ours' had pitched right into a battery, and that caused *the* explosion. It is hard to say how many claimed this honour, how few did not; however those that *did not* cause it no doubt deserved to have done so, and however many had a hand in it, it was a grand explosion after all.

After some delays in making the necessary arrangements—lieutenants receiving instructions on board the flagship, gunners getting their proper complement of rockets, tubes, poles, and 'burstors' on board, boats jostling, coxswains hailing, every one in high animation,—at last, a flotilla of some two dozen large boats rowing from ten to twenty oars [each carrying a rocket-tube fixed on a stanchion to the gunwale, and about three dozen rockets, mostly 24-pounders], gets fairly away from the flag-ship, and after sorting itself into something like order, forms line a-head. Our faces set towards the flaring town, we slowly move on in a wavy serpentine course till within a distance of perhaps from 1500 yards to a mile from the shore. Casting free there, line abreast is formed, and preparations to commence firing, while rather heard than seen, busy commanding officers hurry-scurry backwards and forwards along the line in their light-gigs, ordering or disordering as the case might be.

A still and rather starlight night and smooth sea added to the impressiveness of the scene, contrasting so strangely and strongly with the disturbance man was making; a half-suppressed hum of men, and now and then a clear loud ringing word of command, indicated whereabouts the long line of boats stretched, half-a-mile and more, for there was some considerable space

between the boats for convenience. A mile in front lay Sweaborg, its batteries all silent—ominously so it might be; its piles of buildings showing their outlines in relief against the glare of fire, now widely spread, which was shooting up here and there at intervals with fierce fitful flames, but generally crowning the place with a bright rim or glowing fringe of white heat, as the conflagration, its first outburst subsided, settled seemingly to its embers. A mile in our rear the mortar-vessels jarring on the ear with their heavy boom, as at regular intervals they told the minutes of the night, while the wondering eye strained itself to fatigue, as it followed with curious pleasure the mad projectile mounting higher still and higher, and onward still and onward in delirious strength, clearly traced by the lighted fuse all through its spiral course, as screwing its path sky-high it literally clove the air, in a grand parabola of a mile at least in height and two miles in horizontal distance, then finally plumped into some devoted mass of buildings, and instantaneously flung a shower of sparkling fire-drops around, or disappeared in a blazing volume of flame. The accuracy of the shell practice was certainly marvellous; those which we watched at night, soaring high over our heads, scarce ever failed to explode either right on the parapets or roofs, or within a second or two of striking. 'There goes a Frenchman!'—'there goes an Englishman!' the men would cry out in delight as the whizzing, screaming thing spired up overhead; generally they patriotically applied the latter designation to any one which it pleased them to fancy was going to be a good one, for indeed there had been no few instances in which, for whatever cause, the French fuses had been very bad. I certainly watched for a long time, and from a very small distance, on the following day, one vessel of our allies, firing with the liveliest vigour from two ten-inch mortars; probably they had got into a 'bad lot' of fuses, but so sure as the word was given to fire, there, in about a second or two after, you would see hanging in mid-air, half-way between the contending parties, a white clot of smoke—seemingly

self-produced out of nothing—inwardly disturbed a moment, then slowly spreading and sailing away with the light air. If you looked below perhaps your eye might just catch a few sporadic splashes far away on the water, as if some one had dashed a handful of gravel in—the shell had burst high up in air, far away and futile, and the iron fragments, like poor Vulcan cast out by the heel from the courts above, come tumbling headlong into the water; unluckily some of our gun-boats were circling away just there, so that it was a great chance they did not suffer more from friend than enemy. This repeated failure seemed to afford to the perplexed and exasperated commandant of the vessel in question matter for a lively display of wrath, of which the hapless serjeant got the chief benefit, as it did to us of amusement to watch the conscious bewilderment on board at the phenomenon. However, French or English, or both, the night practice with shells was undeniably excellent, and easily observed.

But it is time to return to the boats, now distinctly visible in the strange purple glare of their own daylight; dark forms of men and boats and gear, showing salamander-like in the midst of sheets of flashing dazzling brightness, or whole trains of showery scintillations, as every rocket rose from the water's edge with a sudden rush, a hot, soughing, sighing sound, gradually increasing to a scream as it flew lighting all around; but the batteries took no advantage of the mark. Certainly at first a rocket is a most disagreeable neighbour in spite of his splendid brilliancy; besides that you know well that he has a capricious erratic disposition, and may be like Pyrrhus's elephants of old, if out of sorts, worse to friend than to foe, all his peculiarities are so strongly impressed on you when in a boat with him; the momentary dazzling glare, the back-fire spurting out close to your side in a sudden furious jet of blue flame, and casting up volumes of steam around you from contact with the water alongside; the semi-scorching moment as the sheet of light flashes past, making you for the nonce a literal fire-eater in spite of yourself, and,

what with serious doubts as to the contingent remainders of your eyelashes, hair, and whiskers, inspiring you with a *soupeçon* of a notion that you are in a mess rather in being where you are—all these are lively but unlooked-for realities; but you get over them in a minute, and forget yourself in aiding to adjust the pole of the next rocket, or watching proceedings around, and in the general animation. On a sudden we were startled by a flash different from the others in the boat next but one, about a hundred yards off, and the cry 'Down in the boats all,' 'overboard men!' A rocket had got foul in the tube, in the *Vulture's* boat; not getting clear, it set fire to the fore part of the boat, scorching some of the men, the whole being for a short time a sheet of flame. It was a curious sight to look out and see the bending forms in all the boats near, level with the gunwale (a precaution adopted in case the missile should fly along the line, scattering destruction where it went), while the crew of the boat seek a perilous safety in the water; but other boats instantly closed up, and beyond the wetting and scorching of some poor fellows and the damage to the boat, providentially no hurt was done. Still these accidents are sometimes of a most desperate and deadly nature. Such as the rocket is, every precaution is taken to prevent fire. The tube is carefully slung clear of the gunwale, that the back-fire may strike the water; it would burn the boat's bottom out else. The rockets are in cases of six, very strongly secured, so that many at a time cannot be exposed; and as each one is taken out the case is made fast, and stowed away under wet bullock hides: no ammunition is carried in the boat; in fact there is, and need be, great care. But it seems that the rocket itself might be improved, both in certainty of range and manageability, and made less precarious. No pains should be spared to secure the greatest possible accuracy to these tremendous missiles, so valuable in warfare from their destructiveness; at present the practice appears to want precision, though it must be owned the circumstances under which it is

carried on are generally rather unfavourable: night time, the motion of the boat, and the rough approximation only as to distance and direction that may be possible, must be considered. On the whole, the nights of rocket-firing, besides being a very brilliant and animated display of fireworks on a grand scale, visibly increased the area of conflagration, striking out fresh and distinct patches of flame, which gradually became confluent, and roared and heaved in awful commotion, a grand but terrible sight, a raving sea of fire. Late in the night the batteries were roused from their unaccountable lethargy to fire some sullen shots, by a smaller division of rocket-boats sent from the ships off Sandhamn and Miölö; and a short time before dawn the whole returned to their respective ships.

The next day no alteration took place in the general plan, only in the early morning the batteries replied fiercely for an hour or two, and then the same fitful fire was kept up. The great Nicholas battery on Stora Rentan, from the range of its guns, was most able and willing to make reply; and some guns on Gustafsvärd below the citadel, and some high up on the terraces of Bakholmen, also ranged a long distance: these made a cross-fire, but ineffective. The Russian shells were decidedly a failure, more it seemed through the badness of the fuse, which burst them high in the air, than from falling short of distance; undoubtedly many burst over and beyond, not only the moving gun-boats, but the mortar-vessels, which were further out; indeed some of these had to shift position a little at one time. From a small rocky islet well in advance of the line of mortars, close to which several of the gun-boats were assiduously circling in a sort of restless *waltz à deux temps*, we viewed the contest for some hours on the second day. A French gun-vessel at anchor and stripped to her work, the *Dragonne*, seemed to be the special mark selected by the enemy, no doubt recommended by her stationary position. Being at no great distance, we could tell the practice distinctly, and a very lively

duel was kept up: the Russian shot appeared generally to drop about fifty or sixty yards short, with a fair direction; it seemed wonderful that the *Dragonne* should preserve as she did her integral condition, but so it was. Meanwhile the poor mortar-vessel already alluded to, and no great way off, was the scene of much vain but earnestly-meant energy: and nearer still, two gun-boats immediately in front, Nos. 9 and 16, were keeping up a most animated private engagement with the great Nicholas battery. It was beautiful to see the precision with which frequently their 8-inch shell would strike the very parapet, and leave a scar in an embrasure; while the Russian shell in return would come screaming right up, close enough to our look-out position to carry with it an ugly sound of uncomfortable nearness, then plunge harmless in the water. The pertinacity of little '16,' who for a long time had it all to himself before joined by '9,' was very entertaining, circling about with a kind of crowing air of defiance of the *gallus gallinaceus* order,—a little bantam-cock, pitting his pugnacity against the superior bulk of the would-be tyrant of the walk.

A little more to the right, but near enough to distinguish faces, five more (I think Nos. 1, 2, 3, 5, and 23,) were acting as partners in those Almaek evolutions which have been so much admired; certainly it was a singular and strikingly animated sight to see these busy, determined little mischief-makers following one another at high speed, in a sort of a fairy ring on the water of barely 200 yards' diameter, each firing without stopping, as the bend in his course brought both guns to bear. It was this rapidity and precision of manœuvring which, according to the story at the time, so delighted the French Admiral that that gallant officer, with true Gallic animation, clapped his hands, waved his arms, and with a real *tripudium*, forgetting his dignity in his cordiality, danced a hearty fling to the exclamation, 'The English gun-boats!—they are magnifique—they are the perfection of *tactec*!' At night the rockets were repeated; one division, however, of boats going in till midnight,

and then relieved by a second. This time the enemy fired most spitefully as soon as ever the opening fire of the boats showed their position. The second division was delayed much in going in, and moreover permitted to drop too far to leeward, a very perceptible breeze blowing across the front. This, which might have been avoided, had the effect of bringing them very near the batteries on the Helsingfors shore and Stora Rentan, who soon showed their readiness. The rushing sound of rockets speedily mixed with the whirr of red-hot shot and the screaming of shell. Prepared by the event of the night before, everyone was on the *qui vive*, for a rocket going wrong—nay, the first fiery fizzing thing that came flashing along the line over the heads of the men, in our simplicity we took to be a rocket 'got into the wrong groove,' and coming where it had no business. It was, however, an angry Russian missile, hotly and noisily discharging its own proper duty, the herald of many more such; on it passed, a sort of angry demon abroad, but vainly sped, and plumped into the water a few yards off, splashing the commander of the division in his gig, in lame and impotent conclusion.

The time lost in getting into a more advantageous position (where, however, we were instantly saluted with a cross fire, sharp, and well-directed, which probably in a few minutes would have caused some damage), and the completely visible position of the boats as morning was breaking, led to the order, 'Cease firing—return on board,' which was probably more wise than acceptable to the ardent minds of most of the men who obeyed it; and so we returned, having expended but few rockets, to the respective ships. This terminated the active proceedings of the bombardment. Two days longer the squadron remained in presence, but it was soon apparent that the work was over. The great armament which imposingly commands the Baltic had dealt a side-blow, a kind of back-handed smack; the question of its real weight and strength as yet unopened, a *res integra*, reserved for

other days and circumstances. As a mere episode in the tranquil life of the heavy ships, this operation was an increase of *prestige*. The fleet had in the fulness and repose of strength, flung off this sampler or handseil of its power, slumbering else: to have gathered there and looked on, must have impaired its name. Considering the character of the enemy, unyielding but unventuring, perhaps the best counsel had been taken:—what was done had been well done, and well arranged beforehand; a great artillery experiment had succeeded admirably; the people, men and officers, strung to a high pitch of excitement, had exerted themselves even to absolute exhaustion: indeed, what some had gone through was almost marvellous, especially in the mortar-vessels; and the effects were sometimes rather whimsical, in the deafness and speechlessness that ensued. The mortars were disabled, most of them cracked, some actually having split in twain, as you might split a nut; yet the very rim was at least ten inches thick of solid metal; a hollow cylinder of ten inches *thick*, measuring thirteen inches across the inside, slit in twain, and the pieces, each weighing some tons, tossed yards apart; but some of these massive 'balistas' of modern warfare had fired upwards of fifty shell, each weighing 210 pounds, with a charge of twenty pounds of powder, in the first hour-and-a-half!

Here we leave the tale. This is no place to discuss questions of professional or belligerent rights; but there was enough in the service that had been performed, looked on as the guerilla part, the long-armed, almost off-handed surplusage of naval war, to give good omen for the performance of more clinching, severe, and decisive measures, as soon as policy shall inaugurate them; perhaps, too, to show their *necessity*. Well is it that we are buckling on our armour, and learning our deficiencies; what was done, and what was left undone, both are rife with instruction and with promise, should the evil days of war continue.

T. F.

KATE COVENTRY.

An Autobiography.

EDITED BY THE AUTHOR OF 'DIGBY GRAND.'

CHAPTER I.

'KATE,' said Aunt Deborah to me, as we sat with our feet on the fender one rainy afternoon,—or, as we were in London, I should say one rainy *morning*,—in June, 'I think altogether, considering the weather and what not, it would be as well for you to give up this Ascot expedition, my dear.'

I own I felt more than half-inclined to cry—most girls would have cried,—but Aunt Deborah says I am very unlike the generality of women, and so, although I had ordered a peach-coloured mantle, and such a bonnet as can only be seen at Ascot on the Cup Day, I kept back my tears, and swallowed that horrid choking feeling in my throat, whilst I replied with the most careless manner I could assume, 'Goodness, aunt, it wont rain for ever: not that I care; but think what a disappointment for John!'

I must here be allowed the privilege of my sex, to enter on a slightly discursive explanation as to who Aunt Deborah is, and who I am, not forgetting cousin John, who is good-nature itself, and without whom I cannot do the least bit. My earliest recollections of Aunt Deborah, then, date from a period when I was a curly-headed little thing in a white frock (not so *very* long ago, after all), and the first occasion on which I can recollect her personality with any distinctness was on a certain birthday, when poor grandfather said to me in his funny way, 'Kate, you romp! we must get you a rocking-horse.' Aunt Deborah lifted up her hands and eyes in holy horror and deprecation. 'A rocking-horse, Mr. Coventry,' said she; 'what an injudicious selection! (Aunt Deborah likes to round her periods, as the book-people say.) The child is a sad Tom-boy already, and if you are going to teach her to ride, I wont answer for the consequences in after life, when the

habits of our youth have become the second nature of our maturity.' Imagine such sentiments so expressed by a tall, austere lady, with high manly features, piercing dark eyes, a *front* of jet-black hair coming low down on a somewhat furrowed brow. Cousin John says all dark women are inclined to be cross, and I own I think we *blondes* have the best of it as far as good temper is concerned. My aunt is not altered in the slightest degree from what she was then. She dresses invariably in grey silks of the most delicate shades and texture; carries spectacles low down upon her nose, where they can be of no earthly use except for inspection of the carpet; and wears lavender kid gloves at all hours of the day and night,—for Aunt Deborah is vain of her hand, and preserves its whiteness as a mark of her birth and parentage. Most families have a crotchet of some sort on which they plume themselves; some will boast that their scions rejoice one and all in long noses; others esteem the attenuated frames which they bequeathed to their descendants as the most precious of legacies; one would not part with his family squint for the finest pair of eyes that ever adorned an Andalusian maiden; another cherishes his hereditary gout as a priceless patent of nobility; and even insanity is prized in proportion to the tenuity with which it clings to a particular race. So the Horsinghams never cease talking of the Horsingham hand; and if I want to get anything out of Aunt Deborah, I have only to lend her a pair of my gloves, and apologize to her for their being *so large* that she can get both her hands into one.

Now, the only thing we ever fall out about is what my aunt calls *propriety*. I had a French governess once who left because I pinned the tail of Cousin John's kite to her

skirt, and put white mico in her work-box, and she was always lecturing me about what she called '*les convenances*.' Aunt Deborah don't speak much French, though she says she understands it perfectly, and she never lets me alone about propriety. When I came home from church that rainy Sunday, with Colonel Bingham, under his umbrella (a cotton one), Aunt Deborah lectured me on the impropriety of such a thing—though the Colonel is forty if he is a day, and told me repeatedly he was a 'safe old gentleman,'—I didn't think him at all dangerous, I'm sure. I rode a race against Bob Dashwood the other morning, once round the inner ring, down Rotten Row, to finish in front of Apsley House, and beat him all to ribbons—wasn't it fun? and didn't I ~~kek~~ the dirt in his face; he looked like a wall that's been fresh plastered, when he pulled up. I don't know who told Aunt Deborah. It wasn't the coachman, for he said he wouldn't; but she heard of it somehow, and of course she said it was *improper* and unladylike, and even *unfeminine*, as if anything a woman does *can* be unfeminine. I know Bob didn't think so, though he got the worst of it every way.

To be sure, we women are sadly kept down in this world, whatever we shall be in the next. If they would only let us try, I think we could beat the 'lords of the creation,' as they call themselves, at everything they undertake. Dear me, they talk about our weakness and vanity;—why, they never know their own minds for two minutes together, and as for vanity, only tell a man you think him good-looking, and he falls in love with you directly; or if that is too great a *bounce*—and indeed very few of them have the slightest pretensions to beauty—you need only hint that he rides gallantly, or waltzes nicely, or wears neat boots, and it will do quite as well. I recollect perfectly that cousin Emily made her great marriage—five thousand a year and the chance of a baronetcy—by telling her partner in a quadrille, quite innocently, that 'She should know his figure anywhere.' The man had a hump, and one leg shorter

than the other, but he thought Emily was dying for him, and proposed within a fortnight. Emily is an artless creature—'good common sense,' Aunt Deborah calls it,—and so she threw over Harry Bloomfield, and married the hump and the legs that didn't match, and the chance of the baronetcy forthwith; and now they say he beats her, and I think it serves her right.

But we women—gracious! if we only take the trouble, we can turn the whole male sex round our little fingers. Who ever saw half a dozen of *us* hovering and watching and fussing round a masculine biped, thankful even to be *snubbed* rather than not noticed at all? Who ever saw *us* fetch and carry like so many retrievers, and 'sit up,' so to speak, for a withered rose-bud, at the fag end of an overblown bouquet. Not that we don't love flowers in their proper places, and keep them too, sometimes long after their colour has faded and their perfume gone, but we don't make a parade of such things, and have the grace to be ashamed of ourselves when we are so foolish.

But it's quite different with men. They give in to us about everything if we only insist—and it's our own fault if we don't insist, for of course if they find us complying and ready to oblige, why there's no end to their audacity. 'Give 'em an inch, and they take an ell.' However, they do try to keep us down as much as they can. Now there's that very exercise of riding that they are so proud of. They get us a side-saddle, as they call it, of enormous weight and inconvenience, on which they plant pommels enough to impale three women; they place us in an attitude from which it is next to impossible to control a horse should he be violent, and in a dress which ensures a horrible accident should he fall, added to which they constantly give us the worst quadruped in the stable; and yet, with all these drawbacks, such is our own innate talent and capacity, veridically an impetuous steed in safety and comfort that a man would find a dangerous and uncontrollable 'mount.' For my part I only wish I had been born a man—that's to say, if I could keep my own ideas and feelings.

To be sure, I should lose a good many personal adornments; not that I'm vain enough to consider myself a beauty, but still one cannot help being anxious about one's own appearance, particularly if one has a full-length glass in one's bedroom. I need not be ashamed to own that I know I've got bright eyes, and good teeth, and a fresh colour, and loads of soft brown hair, and not a bad figure—so my dress-maker tells me; though I think myself I look best in a riding-habit. Altogether you can't call *that* a perfect fright; but nevertheless I think if I might I would change places with Cousin John. He has no Aunt Deborah to be continually preaching *propriety* to him. He can go out when he likes without being questioned, and come in without being scolded. He can swagger about wherever he chooses without that most odious of incumbrances called a *chaperone*; and though I shouldn't care to smoke as many cigars as he does (much as I like the smell of them in the open air), yet I confess it must be delightfully independent to have a latch-key.

I often wonder whether other people think Cousin John good-looking. I have known him so long that I believe I can hardly be a fair judge. He is fresh-coloured, to be sure, and square, and rather fat, and when he smiles, and shows all his white teeth, he has a very pleasant appearance; but I think I admire a man who looks rather more of a *roué*—not like Colonel Bingham exactly, whose face is all wrinkles and whiskers,—but a little careworn and jaded, as if he was accustomed to difficulties, and had other things to occupy his thoughts besides his horses and his dinner. I don't like a man that stares at you, and I don't like a man that can't look you in the face. He provokes me if he is all smiles, and I've no patience with him if he's cross. I'm not sure I know exactly what does please me best, but I *do* know that I like Cousin John's constant good-humour, and the pains he takes to give me a day's amusement whenever he can, or what he calls 'have Cousin Kate out for a lark;' and this brings me back to Aunt Deborah and the expedition to

Ascot, a thing of all others I fancied was so perfectly delightful.

'My dear,' said Aunt Deborah, as she folded her lavender-gloved hands, 'if it wasn't for the weather and my rheumatism, I'd accompany you myself, but I do consider that Ascot is hardly a place for *my* niece to be seen at without a chaperone, and with no other protector than John Jones.—John Jones,' repeated the old lady, reflectively, 'an excellent young man, doubtless: I heard him his Catechism when he was so high, but still hardly equal to so responsible a charge as that of Miss Coventry.' I knew this was what John calls a 'back-hander' at me, but I can be so good-tempered when I've anything to gain, therefore I only said, 'Well, aunt, of course you're the best judge, and I don't care the least about going, only when John calls this afternoon, you must explain it all to him, for he's ordered the carriage, and the luncheon, and everything, and he'll be so disappointed.' I've long ago found out that if you want to do anything, you should never seem too anxious about it.

Aunt Deborah is fonder of John than she likes to confess. I know why, because I overheard my old nurse tell the housekeeper when I was quite a little thing; and what I hear, especially if I'm not intended to hear it, I never forget. There were three Miss Horsinghams, all with white hands,—poor mamma, Aunt Deborah, and Aunt Dorcas; now, Aunt Deborah wanted to marry old David Jones (John's papa); I can just remember him—a snuffy little man with a brown wig, but perhaps he wasn't always so; and David Jones, who was frightened at Aunt Deborah's black eyes, thought he would rather marry Aunt Dorcas;—why the two sisters didn't toss up for him I can't think; but he *did* marry Aunt Dorcas, and Aunt Deborah has been an old maid ever since. Sometimes even now she fixes her eyes on Cousin John, and then takes them off with a great sigh. It seems ridiculous in an old lady, but I don't know that it is so. That's the reason my cousin can do what he likes with Aunt Deborah; and that's the reason why, when he called on that

rainy afternoon, he persuaded her to let me go down to Ascot with him all alone by our two selves the following day.

How pleasant it is to wake on the morning of a gala day; to hear the carts and cabs rumbling and clattering in the streets, and to know that you must get up early, and be off directly after breakfast, and will have the whole livelong day to amuse yourself in. What a bright sunshiny morning it was, and what fun I had going with John in a Hansom to Paddington—I like a Hansom cab, it goes so fast,—and then down to Windsor by the train, in a carriage full of such smart people, some of whom I knew quite well by name, though not to speak to—the slang aristocracy, as they are called, muster in great force at Ascot. Nor could anything be more delightful than the drive through Windsor Forest up to the Course—such a neat phaeton and pair, and John and I like a regular Darby and Joan sitting side by side. Somehow that drive through Windsor Forest made me think of a great many things I never think of at other times. Though I was going to the races, and fully prepared for a day of gaiety and amusement, a half-melancholy feeling stole over me as we rolled along amongst those stately old trees, and that lovely scenery, and those picturesque little places set down in that abode of beauty. I thought how charming it would be to saunter about here in the early summer mornings, or the still summer nights, and listen to the thrush and the blackbird and the nightingale in the copse, and then I thought I would not care to wander here *quite* alone, and that a whisper might steal on my ear, sweeter than the note of the thrush or the nightingale, and that there might be a somebody without whom all that sylvan beauty would be a blank, but with whom any place would become a fairyland. And then I fell to wondering who that somebody would be, and I looked at Cousin John, and felt a little cross—which was very ungrateful, and a little disappointed—which was very unjust. ‘Here we are, Kate; that’s the Grand Stand, and we’ll have the carriage right

opposite; and the Queen’s not come, and we’re in heaps of time; and there’s Frank Lovell,’ exclaimed the unconscious John, as we drove on to the Course, and my day-dreams were effectually dispelled by the gay scene which spread itself before my eyes.

As I took John’s arm and walked into the enclosure in front of the stand, I must confess that the first impression on my mind was this,—‘never in my life have I seen so many well-dressed people collected together before;’ and when the Queen drove up the Course with her brilliant suite of carriages and outriders, and the mob of gentlemen and ladies cheered her to the echo, I was such a goose that I felt as if I could have cried. After a time I got a little more composed, and looked about at the different toilettes that surrounded me. I own I saw nothing much neater than my own, and I was pleased to find it so, as nothing gives one greater confidence in a crowd than the consciousness of being well-dressed. But what I delighted in more than all the bonnets and gowns in the universe, were those dear horses, with their little darlings of jockeys. If there is one thing I like better than another it is a thoroughbred horse. What a gentleman he looks amongst the rest of his kind! How he walks down the Course as if he knew his own value—self-confident, but not vain; and goes swinging along in his breathing-gallop as easily and as smoothly as if I was riding him myself, and he was proud of his burthen! When Colonist won the Cup, I felt again as if I could have cried. It was a near race, and closely contested the whole way from the distance in. I felt my blood creeping quite chill, and I could perfectly understand then the infatuation men cherish about racing, and why they ruin their wives and children at that pursuit. What a relief it was when the number was up, and I could be quite satisfied that the dear bay horse had won. As for the little jockey that rode him, I could and *would* have kissed him! Just then Cousin John came back to me, with his sunny, laughing face, and

I naturally asked him, 'had he won his money?' John never bets; but he replied, 'I'm just as pleased as if I'd won a fortune; only think, Frank Lovell has landed twelve hundred!' 'Well,' I replied, 'I'm glad of it,—which is very good of me, seeing that I don't know Mr. Lovell.' 'Don't know Frank Lovell!' exclaimed John. 'The greatest friend I have in the world.' (Men's friends always are the greatest in the world.) 'I'll introduce him to you; there he is,—no he isn't. I saw him a moment ago.' And forthwith John launched into a long biography of his friend Frank Lovell: how that gentleman was the nicest fellow, and the finest rider, and the best shot in the universe; how he knew more about racing than any man of his age, and had been in more difficulties, and got out of them better, and robbed the public generally with a more plausible air; how he sang a capital song, and was the pleasantest company, and had more brains than the world gave him credit for (as indeed might easily be the case); how he was very good-looking, and very agreeable, and met with great success (whatever that means) in society; how Lady Scapegrace was avowedly in love with him, and he had thrown over pretty Miss Pinnifer because he wouldn't leave the army, and six months afterwards was obliged to sell his commission, when Outsider won the 'Two Thousand;' together with various other details, which lasted till it was time to have luncheon, and go back to Windsor to catch the four o'clock train. Though evidently such a hero of John's, I confess I didn't like what I heard of Frank Lovell at all.

CHAPTER II.

WE'VE got such a sweet little house in Lowndes-street, to my mind the very best situation in London. When I say *we*, of course I mean Aunt Deborah and myself. We live together, as I hope we always shall do, as Aunt Deborah says, till 'one of us is married.' And, notwithstanding the difference of our ages, we get on as comfortably as any two forlorn

maidens can. Though a perfect fairy-palace within, our stronghold is guarded by no giant, griffin, dragon, or dwarf; nothing more frightful than a policeman, whose measured tread may be heard at the midnight hour pacing up and down beneath our windows. 'It's a great comfort,' says Aunt Deborah, 'to know that assistance is close at hand. I am a lone woman, Kate, and I confess to feeling nervous when I lie awake.' I quite agree with my aunt, though I'm not nervous, but I must say I like the idea of being watched over during the hours of sleep, and there is something romantic in hearing the regular tramp of the sentinel whilst one is curled up snug in bed. I don't much think it always is the policeman,—at least I know that one night when I got up to peep if it *was* a constable, he was wrapped in a very loose cloak, such as is by no means the uniform of the force, and was besides, unquestionably, smoking a cigar, which I am given to understand is not permitted by the regulations when on duty. I watched the glowing light for at least ten minutes, and when I went to bed again, I could not get to sleep for wondering who the amateur policeman could be.

But the house is a perfect jewel of its kind. *Such* a pretty dining-room, *such* a lovely drawing-room, opening into a conservatory, with a fountain and gold fish, to say nothing of flowers (I am passionately fond of flowers), and *such* a boudoir of my own, where nobody ever intrudes except my especial favourites—Cousin John for instance, when he is not in disgrace,—and which I have fitted up and furnished quite to my own taste. There's the 'Amazon,' in gilt bronze, and a bas-relief from the Elgin marbles—not coloured like those flaxen-haired abominations at Sydenham, but pure and simple as the taste that created it; and an etching Landseer did for me himself of my little Scotch terrier growling; and a veritable original sketch of Horace Vernet—in which nothing is distinguishable save a phantom charger, rearing straight up amongst clouds of smoke. Then I've put up a stand for my riding-whips, and a picture of my own

thoroughbred favourite horse over the chimney-piece; altogether, Aunt Deborah describes the apartment exactly, when she says to me, as she does about once a-week, 'My dear, if you were a *man*, I should say your room was fitted up in the most perfect taste, but as you happen to be a young lady, I won't say what I think, because I know you won't agree with me;' and I certainly do not agree with Aunt Deborah upon a great many subjects.

However, there's no situation like Lowndes-street. I'm not going to tell the number, nor at which end of the street we live, for it's very disagreeable to have people riding by and stopping to alter their stirrup-leathers, and squinting up at one's drawing-room windows where one sits working in peace, and then cantering off and trotting by again, as if something had been forgotten. No, if curiosity is so very anxious to know where I live, let it look in the *Court Guide*; for my part, I say nothing, except that there are always flowers in the balcony, and there's no great singularity about that. But there are two great advantages connected with a 'residence in Belgravia,' which I wonder are not inserted in the advertisements of all houses to let in that locality. In the first place, a lady may walk about all the forenoon quite alone, without being hampered by a maid or dogged by a footman; and in the second, she is most conveniently situated for a morning ride or walk in the park; and those are about the two pleasantest things one does in London.

Well, the same conversation takes place nearly every morning, at breakfast, between Aunt Deborah and myself—(we breakfast early, never after half-past nine, however late we may have been the night before). Aunt Deborah begins—'My dear, I hope we shall have a quiet morning together; I've directed the servants to deny me to all visitors, and if you'll get your work I will proceed with my readings from excellent Mrs. Hannah More.'

Kate.—'Thank you, aunt. Hannah More amuses me very much—' (I confess that prim moralist does make me laugh).

Aunt Deborah, reprovingly.—'In-

structive, Kate, not amusing, certainly not ludicrous;—if you'll shut the door, we'll begin.'

Kate.—'Can't we put it off for an hour? I must get my ride, you know, aunt. What's the use of horses if one don't ride?'

Aunt Deborah.—'Kate, you ride too much; I don't object to the afternoons with John Jones, but these morning scampers are really quite uncalled for; they're spoiling your figure and your complexion; it's improper—more, it's unfeminine;' but as you seem determined upon it, go and get your ride, and come back a little sobered; and Kato—that's me—disappears into the boudoir, from which she emerges in about five minutes with the neatest habit and the nicest hat, and her hair done in two such killing plaits—John Jones says I never look so well as when I've got my hair dressed for riding.

I always go out for these morning excursions quite alone. Aunt Deborah fought for a long time and insisted on my taking the coachman; but he is an old family servant, and I soon knocked him up completely. In the first place, the ride is always soft, and I hate going *slow*, so he used to get a dreadful stitch in his side trying to keep up with me on one of the high-actioned coach-horses; then he didn't see the fun of having two horses to clean when he got home, instead of one; so when he found he couldn't get another helper, we begged him off between us, and I go out now unincumbered by that excellent and porsy old man. After all, I ought to be able to take care of myself. I have ridden ever since I was five years old, and if habit is second nature, as Aunt Deborah says, I'm sure my habit ought to be natural enough to me. I recollect as well as if it was yesterday when poor papa put me on a shaggy Shetland pony, and telling me not to be frightened, gave it a thump and started me off by myself. I wasn't the least bit afraid, I know that. It was a new sensation, and delightful; round and round the field we went, I shaking my reins with one hand and holding on a great flapping straw hat with the other; the pony grunting and squeaking, with his mane and tail floating on the breeze, and papa.

standing in the middle waving his hat and applauding with all his might. After that I was qualified to ride anything, and by the time I was twelve, there wasn't a hunter in the stable that I wouldn't get on at a moment's notice. I am ashamed to confess that I have even caught the loose cart-horses in a field, and ridden them without saddle or bridle. I never was beat but once, and that was at Uncle Horsingham's, when I was about fifteen. He had bought a mare at Tattersall's for his daughter to ride, and brought her down to Dangerfield, thinking she would conduct herself like the rest of her species. How well I remember my governess's face when she gave me leave to go to the stable with Sir Harry, and look over the new purchase. I was a great pet of Uncle Horsingham, and as Cousin Amelia was not much of an equestrian, he proposed that I should get upon the chesnut mare first and try her paces and temper before his daughter mounted her. As we neared the stables, out came one of the grooms with a side-saddle on his head, and the longest face I ever beheld. 'Oh Sir 'Arry,' said he—I quote his exact words—'that new mare's a vicious warmin't; afore I was well into the stable she ups and lets out at me just above the knee; I do believe as my thigh's broke.' 'Nonsense, man,' said my uncle, 'put the saddle on, and bring her out.' Presently the chesnut mare appeared, and I saw at once that she was not in the best of humours. But I was young, full of spirits, and fresh from lessons; so, fearing if one of the men should venture to mount her she might show temper, and I should lose my ride, I made a sign to the head groom to give me a hand, and before my uncle had time to exclaim, 'Forgoodness sake, Kate!' I was seated, muslin dress and all, on the back of the chesnut mare. What she did I never could quite make out; it seemed to me that she crouched as if she was going to lie down, and then bounded into the air with all four legs off the ground. I was as near gone as possible, but for the only time in my life, I caught hold of the pommel with my right hand, and that saved me; in

another instant she had broke from the groom's hold and was careering along the approach, like a mad thing. If I had pulled at her the least she would have run away with me.

Luckily the park was roomy and the old trees far apart, so when we got upon the grass, I knew who would be mistress. I gave her a rousing good gallop, shook my reins and patted her, to show her how confident I was, and brought her back to my uncle as quiet as a lamb. Unfortunately, however, the mare had taken a dislike to certain stone pillars which supported the stable gates, and nothing would induce her to pass them. Flushed with success, I borrowed my uncle's riding-whip to punish her; and now began a battle in good earnest. She reared, and plunged, and wheeled round and round, and did all she knew to get rid of me, whilst I flogged, and jerked, and screamed at her (I didn't swear, because I didn't know how,) and vowed in my wicked little heart, I would be killed rather than give in. During the tussle we got nearer and nearer to a certain large pond about a hundred yards from the stable gates, at which the cattle used to water in the quiet summer afternoons. I knew it wasn't very deep, for I had seen them standing in it often. By the time we were close on the brink, the whole household had turned out to see 'Miss Kate killed,' and just as I hit the mare a finishing cut over the ears, I caught a glimpse of my governess in an attitude of combined shame, horror, and disgust that I shall never forget. The next moment we were over-head in the pond, the mare having dashed blindly in, caught her fore-feet in the bridle, and rolled completely over. What a ducking I got to be sure; but it was nothing to the scolding I had to endure afterwards, from all the females of the family, including my governess; only Uncle Horsingham stuck up for me, and from that time till the day of his death, vowed he had 'never known but one plucky fellow in the world, and that was his little niece, Kate.'

No wonder I feel at home on Brilliant, who never did wrong in his life, who will eat out of my

hand, put his foot in my apron-pocket, follow me about like a dog, and is, I am firmly persuaded, the very best horse in England. He is quite thoroughbred, though he has never been in training—and is as beautiful as he is good. Bright bay, with such black legs, and such a silky mane and tail! I know lots of ladies whose hair is coarser than Brilliant's. Fifteen hands three inches, and Cousin John says well up to his weight—an honest fourteen stone. With the smallest nose, and the leanest head, and the fullest dark eye, and the widest, reddest nostril,—his expression of countenance, when a little blown, is the most beautiful I ever beheld; and not a white mark about him, except a tiny star in the very middle of his forehead: I know it well, for I have kissed it often and often. The picture over my chimney-piece does not half do him justice; but then, to be sure, its *pendant*, painted by the same artist, and representing my other horse, White-Stockings, flatters that very plain and excellent animal most unblushingly.

Of all delights in the world, give me my morning canter up the park on Brilliant. Away we go, understanding each other perfectly; and I am quite sure that he enjoys as much as I do the bright sunshine, and the morning breeze, and the gleaming Serpentine, with its solitary swan, and its hungry ducks, and its amphibious dogs continually swimming for the inciting stick, only rescued to produce fresh exertions; and the rosy children taking their morning walk; and, above all, the *liberty* of London before two o'clock in the day, when the real London begins. I pat Brilliant's smooth, hard neck, and he shakes his head, and strikes at an imaginary butterfly with one black fore-leg, and I draw my rein a thought tighter, and away we go, much to the admiration of that good-looking man with mustachios who is leaning on his umbrella close to the rails, and smoking the cigar of meditation as if the park was his own.

I often wondered who that man was. Morning after morning have I seen him at the same place, always with an umbrella, and always with a cigar. I quite missed him on the

Derby Day, when of course he was gone to Epsom (by the bye, why don't we go to the Derby just as much as to Ascot?); and yet it was rather a relief, too, for I had got almost shy about passing him; it seemed so absurd to see the man every day and never to speak; besides, I fancied, though of course it could only be fancy, that he looked as if he was expecting me. At last I couldn't help blushing, and I thought he saw it, for I'm sure he smiled, and then I was so provoked with myself that I sent Brilliant up the ride at a pace nothing short of a race-horse could have caught.

CHAPTER III.

I WONDER whether any lady in England has a maid who, to use that domestic's own expression, is capable of 'giving satisfaction.' If any lady does rejoice in such an Abigail, I shall be too happy to 'swap' with her, and give anything else I possess, except Brilliant, into the bargain. Mine is the greatest goose that ever stood upon two legs, and how she can chatter as she does with her mouth full of pins, is to me a perfect miracle. Once or twice in the week I have to endure a certain ordeal which, although a positive pleasure to some women, is to my disposition intense martyrdom, termed dressing to go out; and I think I never hated it more than the night of Lady Horsingham's ball. Lady Horsingham is my poor uncle's widow, and as Aunt Deborah is extremely punctilious on all matters relating to family connexions, we invariably attend these solemnities with a gravity befitting the occasion.

Now I may be singular in my ideas, but I confess that it does appear to me a strange way of enjoying oneself in the dog days, to make one's toilette at eleven p.m. for the purpose of sitting in a carriage till twelve, and struggling on a staircase amongst a mob of one's fellow-creatures till half-past. After fighting one's way literally step by step, and gaining a landing by assault, one looks around and takes breath, and what does one see? Panting girls looking in vain for the right partner, who is probably not ten yards from them, but wedged in

between substantial dowagers, whom he is cursing in his heart, but from whom there is no escape, or perhaps philosophically and perfidiously making the best of his unavoidable situation, and flirting shamefully with the one he likes *next* best to the imprisoned maiden on the staircase; or, the tables turned, young fledglings pining madly for their respective enslavers, and picturing to themselves how she may be even now whirling round to that peeling waltz in the arms of some former adorer or delightfully new acquaintance, little heeding him who is languishing in his white neckcloth, actually within speaking distance, but separated as effectually as if he were in another country. By-the-bye, it's fatal when people begin to think of each other as he's and she's; the softest proper name that ever was whispered is not half so dangerous as those demonstrative pronouns. In one corner is a stout old gentleman wedged against the wall, wiping the drops from his bald head, and wondering what Jane and Julia can see in these gatherings to make them wild about going to every ball for which they can get an invitation. Deluded father! both Jane and Julia have the best of reasons in this very house. You grudge not to spend a broiling September day in the pursuit of *your* game: each of your fair daughters, sir, flatters herself that she too has winged her bird.

- Swaying backwards and forwards in the mass, like some goodly merchantman at anchor, pitching and rolling to a ground-swell, behold the chaperone fulfilling her destiny, and skilfully playing that game which to her is the business of life. Flushed and hot in person, she is cool and composed in mind. Practice makes perfect; and the chaperone is as much at home here as the stock-broker on 'Change, or the betting-man in the ring, or the fisherman amidst the roar and turmoil of the waves. With lynx eyes she notes how Lady Carmine's eldest girl is 'carrying on' with young Thriftless, and how Lord Looby's eye-glass is fixed on her own youngest daughter; yet for all this she is not absent or preoccupied, but can whisper to stupid Lady Dulwich the very latest intelligence

of a marriage, or listen, all attention, to the freshest bit of scandal from Mrs. General Gabbler. But perhaps by this time you have floated with the tide into the doorway, and received from your hostess the cordial shake of the hand or formal bow which makes you free of the place. So with patience and perseverance you work your way at last into the dancing-room, and you now see what people come here for; dancing, of course: each performer has about eighteen inches of standing-room, and on that space must be enacted in hopeless pantomime the intricate evolutions of the quadrille or the rotatory struggles of the waltz. Sidling and smiling, and edging and crushing, the conscientious dancers strive to fulfil their duties, and much confusion and begging of pardons are the natural results.

However, it's a rare place for love-making. What with the music and the crowd and the confusion, the difficulty is more to make out what one's partner *does* say, than to prevent his being overheard by other people; but I must confess, if anybody had anything very particular to say to *me*, I had rather hear it in the quiet country by moonlight, or even coming home from Greenwich by water, or anywhere, in short, rather than in the turmoil of a London ball. But that's all nonsense, and I hope I have too much pride to allow any man to address me in such a strain. Trust me for setting him down!

It's no wonder, then, that I was cross when I was dressing for Lady Horsingham's ball, and that silly Gertrude (that's my maid's name, and what a name it is for a person in that class of life!) put me more and more out of patience with her idiotic conversation, which she tries to adapt to my tastes, and of which the following is a specimen.

'Master John will be at her ladyship's ball, miss, I make no doubt; brushing away the while at my back hair, and pulling it unnecessarily hard: no maid ever yet had a 'light hand.'

No answer. What business is it of hers? and why should she call him *Master John*? Gertrude tries again: 'You look pale to-night, Miss;—you that generally has such

a colour; I'm afraid you're tired with your ride.'

'Not a bit of it—only sleepy. Why it's time one was in bed.'

'Lor, miss, I shouldn't want to go to bed, not if I was going to a ball; but I think you like 'orse exercise best, and to be sure, your 'orse is a real beauty, Miss Kate.'

The very name of Brilliant always puts me in good humour, so of course I can but answer, '*That* he is, Gertrude, and as good as he's handsome;' on which my voluble handmaid goes off again at score.

'That's what I say, miss, when I see him coming round to the door, with his long black tail, and his elegant shape, and his thin legs.' *Thin legs!*—I can't stand that; to hear my beautiful Brilliant's great strong legs called *thin*, as if he was made of paper. I feel I am getting savage again, so I cut Gertrude short, and bid her 'finish my hair,' and hasten my dressing, for Aunt Deborah don't take long, and we shall be late for the ball. At the mention of the word 'ball,' off goes Gertrude again.

'What a grand ball it'll be, miss, as all her ladyship's is; and I know there'll be no young lady there as will be better dressed than my young lady, nor better looking neither; and I'm sure, to see you and Master John stand up together as you did last Christmas, when we was all at Dangerfield! and I says to the steward, 'Mr. Musty,' says I, 'a handsomer couple than them two I never clapped eyes on. Master John, he looks so fresh and so healthy and portly, as becomes a gentleman.' And he says, 'No doubt,' says he; 'and Miss Kate, she steps away like a real good one, with her merry eyes and her trim waist, as blooming,' says he, 'as a bean-field, and as saucy as ——'

'There, that will do, Gertrude; now my pocket-handkerchief and some scent, and my gloves and my fan: Good night, Gertrude.'

'Good night, miss; I do humbly hope you'll enjoy your ball.'

Enjoy my ball, indeed! how little does the girl know what I enjoy and what I don't enjoy! Lady Horsingham will be as stiff as the poker, and about as communicative. Cousin Amelia will look at every-

thing I've got on, and say the most disagreeable things she can think of, because she never can forgive me for being born two years later than herself. I shall know very few people, and those I do know I shall not like. I shall have a headache before I've been half-an-hour in the room. If I dance I shall be hot, and if I don't dance I shall be bored. Enjoy my ball, indeed! I'd much rather be going hay-making.

Up went the steps, bang went the door, and ere long we were safely consigned to the 'string' of carriages bound for the same destination as ourselves. After much 'cutting in,' and shaving of wheels, and lashing of coach-horses, with not a little blasphemy, 'Miss Horsingham' and 'Miss Coventry' were announced in a stentorian voice, and we were struggling in a mass of silks and satins, blonde and broad-cloth, up the swarming staircase. Everything happened exactly as I had predicted: Lady Horsingham accosted Aunt Deborah with the most affectionate cordiality, and lent me two fingers of her left hand, to be returned without delay. Cousin Amelia looked me well over from head to foot, and asked after my own health and Brilliant's with a supercilious smile. How that girl hates me, and I honestly confess to returning the feeling with some cordiality. As far as appearance goes, I think without vanity I may say I have the best of it, Cousin Amelia being very short and pale, with a 'turn-up' nose and long ringlets. Why does a little woman with a turn-up nose always wear her hair in ringlets? Is it that she wishes to resemble a King Charles's spaniel? And why are our sex so apt to cherish feelings of animosity towards those who are younger or better-looking than themselves? Whilst I asked myself these questions, I was suddenly accosted by a lady who had been some time in conversation with my chaprone, and from whom, I saw by Aunt Deborah's countenance, she was anxious to make her escape. Poor old soul! What could she do? a double rank of dowagers hemmed her in; in front, on one side of her, was her unwelcome acquaintance

and the banisters,—on the other, myself and three demure young ladies (sisters), who looked frightened and uncomfortable,—whilst her rear was guarded by a tall cavalry officer with enormous moustachios, heading an impervious column of dandies worse than himself. Aunt Deborah was like a needle in a bottle of hay. Taking advantage of her position, the lady before-mentioned seized me by both hands, and vowed she should have known me anywhere by my likeness to my poor mamma. 'I must make your acquaintance, my dear Miss Coventry—your uncle, Sir Harry, was one of my oldest friends. I see you so often in the park, and you ride the nicest horse in London, a bay with a white star.' Of course I bowed an affirmative, and shook my new friend by the hand with a cordiality equal to her own. A conversation begun in so promising a manner as by a reference to my favourite, was sure to go on swimmingly; besides, we could not have got away from each other if we would; and ere long I found Mrs. Lumley—for that was the lady's name—a most amusing and satirical personage, with a variety of anecdotes about all her friends and acquaintance, and a sort of flippant charm of manner that was quite irresistible.

Besides all this, she was doubtless a very pretty woman—less striking perhaps than winning. At the first glance you hardly remarked her—at the second you observed she was very well dressed—at the third it occurred to you all of a sudden that she was far better looking than half the regular red-and-white beauties of the season; and after five minutes' conversation, all the men were over head and ears in love with her. She was neither dark nor fair—neither pale nor ruddy—neither short nor tall. I never could succeed in making out the colour of her eyes, but she had wonderfully long thick eyelashes, with a curl in them (I wish mine had been cut when I was a baby), and a beautiful healthy-looking skin, and such good teeth. After all, I think her great attraction was her nose. It had more expression in its straight, well-cut bridge and little sharp point, than all the rest of her features put

together. I believe it was her nose that conquered everything, and that her small feet, and pretty figure, and white hands, and dashing ways, and *piquante* conversation, had much less to answer for than that one saucy little feature. How she rattled on: 'You don't know Lady Scapegrace, Miss Coventry, do you? There, that bold-looking woman in yellow. Beautiful black hair, hasn't she?—false, every bit of it! She'll bow to me to-night, because she sees me with your good aunt; there, I told you so! Since she and Sir Guy are living together again she sets up for being respectable—such stories, my dear! but I don't believe half of 'em. However, I've seen her with my own eyes do the oddest things—at best, I'm afraid she's a shocking flirt! There's your cousin, Mr. Jones;—you see I know everybody: how black he looks—he don't like me—a great many people don't,—but I return good for evil—I like everybody—it's never worth while to be cross;' and as she said so, she smiled with such a sunny, merry expression that I liked her better and better.

Cousin John certainly did look very cross. 'Who introduced you to that horrid woman, Kate?' said he, as soon as a fresh convulsion in the crowd had stranded us a few steps higher up, and we were separated from Mrs. Lumley and her attractions.

'My aunt, sir,' I replied, demurely, telling a '*white* one' for the sake of teasing him. 'Why? have you any objections?'

'Oh, of course, if my aunt did, it's all right,' replied he. 'I don't know a great deal of her, and what I do know I don't much like. But Kate, there's a friend of mine wishes to be presented to you. You've often heard me mention Frank Lovell—well, there he is: do you see him?—turning round now to speak to Lady Scapegrace.'

Good heavens! it was the man I had seen in the park so often, if possible, better looking with his hat off than I had thought him in his morning costume, with the eternal cigar in his mouth. I have a sort of dim recollection of his making his bow to my aunt, who received him as she does all good-

looking young men, with a patronizing smile, and a vision of John 'doing the polite,' and laughing as he ceremoniously introduced 'Captain Lovell' and 'Miss Coventry,' and something said about 'the honour of the next waltz;' and although I am not easily discomposed, I confess I felt a little shy and uncomfortable till I found myself hanging on Captain Lovell's arm, and elbowing our way to a place amongst the dancers.

I must say he wasn't the least what I expected,—not at all forward, and never alluded to our previous meeting, or to Brilliant, till we went to have an ice in the tea-room, when Captain Lovell began to enlarge upon the charm of those morning rides, and the fresh air, and the beautiful scenery of Hyde-park; and though I never told him exactly, he managed to find out that I rode every day at the same early hour, 'even after a ball!' and that I was as likely to be there to-morrow as any day in the week; and so we had another turn at 'the Colombetta' waltz, and he took me back to my aunt, half-inclined to be pleased with *him*, and more than half-inclined to be angry with *myself*. I am afraid I couldn't help watching him as he loitered about amongst the crowd, now deep in conversation with Lady Scapegrace, now laughing with my new friend, Mrs. Lumley. He looked so like a gentleman, even amongst all the high-bred men there; and though so handsome, he didn't appear the least conceited. I began to wonder whether all could be true that I had heard of him, and to think that a man who liked such early walks could not possibly be the *roué* and 'good-for-nothing' they made him out. I was roused out of a brown study by Cousin John's voice in my ear,—'Now then, Kate, for *our* waltz. The room's a little clearer, so we can go 'the pace' if you like.' And away we went to 'the Odalisque' faster than any other couple in the room. Somehow it wasn't half such a pretty air as the Colombetta, and John, though he has a very good ear, didn't seem to waltz quite so well as usual; perhaps I was getting a little tired. I know I wasn't at

all sorry when my aunt ordered the carriage, and I thought the dawn never looked so beautiful as it did when we emerged from those hot, lighted rooms into the pure fragrant summer air. I confess I do love the dawn, even in London. I like to see the 'gates of morning' open with that clear light-green tinge that art has never yet been able to imitate; and if I could do as I liked, which none of us can, I should always be up and dressed by sun-rise.

As we drove down Grosvenor-place, I saw Captain Lovell walking home, smoking a cigar. I think he caught a glimpse of my face at the carriage-window, for I am almost sure he bowed, but I shrank back into the corner, and pretended to go to sleep; and when we arrived in Lowndes-street, I was not at all sorry to wish Aunt Deborah good-night, and go up-stairs to bed.

CHAPTER IV.

'Now then, Kate, late as usual; my phaeton's at the door, and we've only an hour and five minutes to do the twelve miles,' said Cousin John's cheery voice, as he accosted me on the following morning, running up-stairs to change my dress, after my early ride. Yes, notwithstanding the ball the night before, I was not going to disappoint Brilliant of his gallop; besides, these things are all habit: if you once get accustomed to early hours, nothing is so easy as to keep to them. Why, even Captain Lovell was in the park as usual with his cigar—he seems regular enough about *that*, at all events—and he took his hat off so gracefully when he spied me cantering up the Ride, that I hadn't the heart to pass without stopping just to say, 'How d'ye do?' but of course I didn't shake hands with him. 'Come, Kate, bustle, bustle,' exclaimed that fidget, John; and in less time than my lady-readers would believe, I had put on my pink bonnet and my white dress, and was bowling down to Richmond by the side of my cousin, behind a roan and a chesnut that stepped away in a style it did one good to see.

'What a clipper that off-horse is, John,' said I, as we cleared

London, and got to the level road by Kew Gardens; 'let me take the reins for five minutes, they're going so pleasantly;' but John don't like me to drive anything more sporting than a pony-carriage, and he refused point-blank, which, to say the least of it, was brutal on his part. If I hadn't thought it would make me sick, I should have liked to smoke, on purpose to provoke him. We did the distance with three minutes to spare, and as we pulled up in front of the Castle Hotel, I was proud to hear the admiration our *tout ensemble* elicited from a knot of idlers lounging round the door. 'Ere's a spicy set-out, Bill!' said one. 'Crikey! vot a pretty gal!' said another. 'Wouldn't I like to be Vilikins with she for a Dinah!' exclaimed the dirtiest of the conclave; and although I appreciated the compliment, I was forced to turn my back on my unwashed admirer, and reply to the greetings of the pic-nic party we had come down to join.

There was Mrs. Molasses and her two daughters, to begin with, people of unheard-of wealth, of which they seemed to carry a large portion on their persons. The mamma, ample, black-eyed, fresh-coloured, and brocaded, with an extremely natural wig. The eldest daughter, Mary, with whom I had afterwards reason to be better acquainted, pale, languid, very quiet, and low-toned, with fine eyes, and soft dark hair, and what people call an *interesting* look. She took the sentimental line—was all feeling and poetry, and milk and water, and as easily frightened as she was speedily reassured again. The younger girl, Jane, was the very reverse of her sister, short and dark and energetic—rather blue, and I thought a little impudent—however, I liked her the best of the two. Then came Sir Guy and Lady Scapegrace. The Baronet, a stout, square, elderly man, with enormous dyed whiskers and hair to match, combining as much as possible the manners of the coachman with the morals of the *roué*. A tremendous dandy of the Four-in-hand Club school, high neckcloth, huge pins, gorgeous patterns, enormous buttons, and a flower in his mouth. His lady as

handsome as a star, though a little hollow-eyed and *passée*. She looked like a tragedy queen, with her magnificent figure, and long black hair, and fierce flashing eyes, and woe-begone expression, and the black velvet ribbon, with its diamond cross, which she always wore round her neck. Ah me! what stories that diamond cross could tell, if all be true that we hear of Lady Scapegrace. A girl sold for money to become a rebellious wife to an unfeeling husband. A handsome young cousin, who cut his own throat in despair—they brought it in temporary insanity of course; an elopement with a gallant Major to the south of France, and a duel there, in which the Major was shot, but not by Sir Guy;—an English lady of rank travelling the Continent independent and alone, breaking banks in all directions with her luck and hearts with her beauty; a reconciliation, entirely for money-considerations, which drove another far less erring woman into a mad-house (but that was Sir Guy's fault); and a darker tale still of a certain potion prepared by her hand, which the Baronet was prevented from swallowing only by his invariable habit of contradicting his wife on all points, and which the lady herself had the effrontery to boast 'would have settled all accounts.' Not a word of truth in any of these stories, probably, but still, such is the character the world's good-nature affixes to that dark handsome woman at whom Cousin John seems so very much alarmed.

Then there was an elderly Miss Minnows, who was horribly afraid of catching cold, but in whose character I could perceive no other very salient point; and a fair-haired young gentleman, whose name I did not distinctly catch, and who looked as if he ought to have been at school, where indeed I think he would have been much happier; and sundry regular stereotyped London men and women, well bred and well dressed, and cool and composed, and altogether thoroughly respectable and stupid; and a famous author, who drank a great deal of wine and never opened his lips to speak; and I think that was all,—

no, by-the-bye, there was Captain Lovell, who came very late,—and we went soberly into Richmond-park, and dined under a tree.

I do not think I quite like a picnic. It is all very well, like most other arrangements, if everything goes right; but I sat between Sir Guy Scapegrace and the light-haired young gentleman; and although I could hear lots of fun going on at the other end of the table-cloth, where Cousin John and Mary Molasses, and Captain Lovell had got together, I was too far off to partake of it, and my *vis-à-vis*, Lady Scapegrace, scowled at me so from under her black eyebrows, though I believe utterly unconsciously, that she made me feel quite nervous. Then it was not reassuring to have that odious Sir Guy pressing me to eat everything, and looking right under my bonnet, and asking me to drink champagne at least four times; and if I turned to my other neighbour, and ventured to address him on the most commonplace subject, he blushed so painfully that I began to think he was quite as much afraid of me as I was of Sir Guy. Altogether, I was rather glad when the things were cleared away and put back into the hampers, and the gentlemen asked leave to light their cigars, and we broke up our circle, and lounged about and enjoyed ourselves in the shade of those fine trees on that dry velvet sward. We were rather put to it, though, for amusement, and had to propose games of forfeits and other pastimes; and Cousin John, quite unwittingly, got me into a sad scrape by boasting about his horses. 'Not such another pair out of London to-day,' expatiated John to the company in general. 'We came down in seven minutes under the hour from my aunt's door in Lowndes-street; didn't we, Kate? and never turned a hair; did we, Kate? Why, they went so smooth, Kate couldn't keep her hands off the reins; could you, Kate? and there are few better judges, let me tell you, than Miss Coventry.' I saw the ladies look at me, and then at each other, and I knew by that indescribable glance, which none but a woman can thoroughly appreciate, how from that moment

they had vowed, one and all, to hate me eternally in their hearts. The offence had been committed; the sentence had gone forth. I had been tried for being *fast*, and found guilty *nem. con.*; from sneering Lady Scapegrace to unmeaning Miss Minnows, each stared at me for about two seconds, and so made up her mind. I cannot think why it is that this should be so great a crime in the eyes of my own sex. Next to being attractive to the other half of creation—and that I can easily understand is totally unpardonable—there is nothing makes woman so angry with her sister as high spirits, natural courage, and above all, a love for a horse. It is very hard upon us that we should be debarred from all out-of-door exercises and amusements by the prejudices of those very individuals who ought to back us up in our efforts to enlarge the circle of our amusements. I cannot see why it follows that because I do not mind 'weather,' I must therefore be utterly regardless of morality, nor how my knack of breaking-in a horse should imply an infraction of all the commandments. Are men the only bipeds that can be at the same time brave and virtuous? Must pluck and piety be for ever divorced in the female character? Shall I never be able to keep the straight path in life because I can turn an awkward corner with four horses at a trot? Female voices answer volubly in the negative, and I give in.

But odious Sir Guy thinks none the worse of me for my coaching predilections. 'Fond of driving, Miss Coventry?' says he, leering at me from over his great choking neckcloth. 'Seen *my* team? three greys and a piebald. If you like going *fast*, I can accommodate you. Proud to take you back on my drag. What? go on the box. *Drive*, if you like. Hey?'

I confess for one instant, much as I hated the old reprobate, I should have liked to go, if it was only to make all the women so angry; but just then I caught Captain Lovell's eye fixed upon me with a strange, earnest expression, and all at once I felt that nothing should induce

me to trust myself with Sir Guy. I couldn't help blushing, though, as I declined, more particularly when my would-be charioteer swore he considered it 'an engagement, hey?—only put off to another time—get the coach new painted—begad, Miss Coventry's favourite colour!' and the old monster grinned in my face till I could have boxed his ears.

The author by this time was fast asleep, with a handkerchief over his face—Miss Minnows searching in vain for a fabulous pair of clogs, as she imagined the dew must be falling—it was about six p.m., and hot June weather. Sir Guy was off to the hampers in search of 'brandy and soda,' and the rest of the party lounging about in twos and threes, when Captain Lovell proposed we should stroll down to the river and have a row in the cool of the evening. Mary Molasses voted it 'charming;' Lady Scapegrace was willing to go anywhere away from Sir Guy; John of course all alive for a lark; and though Mrs. Molasses preferred remaining on dry land, she had no objection to trusting her girls with us. So we mustered a strong party for embarkation on Father Thames. Our two cavaliers ran forward to get the boat ready, Captain Lovell bounding over the fences and stiles almost as actively as Brilliant could have done; and John, who is no mean proficient at such exercises, following him; whilst we ladies paced along soberly in the rear.

'Can you row, Miss Coventry?' asked Lady Scapegrace, who seemed to have taken rather a fancy to me, probably out of contradiction to the other women; 'I can—I rowed four miles once on the Lake of Geneva,' she added, in her deep melancholy voice, 'and we were caught in one of those squalls, and nearly lost. If it hadn't been for poor Alphonse, not one of us could have escaped. I wonder if drowning's a painful death, Miss Coventry—the water always looks so inviting.'

'Goodness, Lady Scapegrace!' exclaimed I, 'don't take this opportunity of finding out; none of us can swim but John; and if he saves anybody he's solemnly engaged to save me.'

'I quite think with you, Lady

Scapegrace,' said the romantic Miss Molasses; 'it looks so peaceful, and gives one such an idea of repose; I for one have not the slightest fear of death, or indeed of any mere bodily changes—gracious goodness, the bull! the bull!!'

What a rout it was! the courageous young lady who thus gave us the first intimation of danger leading the flight with a speed and activity of which I should have thought her languid frame totally incapable; Lady Scapegrace making use of her long legs with an utter forgetfulness of her usually grave and tragic demeanour; and the rest of the party seeking safety helter-skelter.

It was indeed a situation of some peril. Our course to the river-side had led us through a long narrow strip of meadow-land, bounded by high impervious thorn fences, such as I knew would be bull-fenced in the winter, and which now, in all the luxuriance of summer foliage, presented a mass of thorns and fragrance that no mortal could expect to get through. At either end of the field was a high hog-backed stile, such as ladies usually make considerable difficulties about surmounting, but which are by no means so impossible of transit when an infuriated bull is bringing up the rear. We were already a quarter of the way across the field, when Miss Mary's exclamation made us aware of our enemy, who had been quietly cropping the grass in a corner behind us, but who now, roused by our gaudy dresses and the piercing screams of some of our party, was lashing himself into a rage, and looking sufficiently mischievous to be a very unpleasant acquaintance. It was impossible to turn round and make for the stile we had just left, as the bull now occupied a position exactly between us and that place of safety; it was hopeless, particularly in our light muslin gowns, to attempt the hedge on either side; there was nothing for it but a fair run to the other end of the meadow, about a quarter of a mile—and *saute qui peut* was now the order of the day.

I will not allow that I am deficient in courage; on the contrary, as Cousin John says, 'I am rather proud of my pluck;' but there is

nothing so contagious as a panic, and I too ran for my very life. The bull came galloping after us, tossing his head and rolling his great body about as if he quite enjoyed the fun; nor do I know how the adventure would have ended, for he must have overtaken some of us before we could reach our haven, had not Lady Scapegrace caught her foot in the long grass, and falling prostrate, buried her face in her hands and given herself up, as she afterwards assured me, to the prospect of a horrible and violent death. I could not leave her in such a situation. By an impulse for which I cannot account, I stopped short, turned round, got between the pursuer and his fallen foe, and with a beating heart and my knee knocking together, faced the great mischievous brute; with no other weapon, offensive or defensive, than a laced pocket-handkerchief. I believe he was a well-meaning bull after all; for instead of crashing in upon me as I half expected he would, and immolating me on the spot, he too stopped short, stared, bellowed, and began sniffing the grass, and pawing up the turf, and whisking his tail about, just as Brilliant does when he is going to lie down. I don't think he had ever seen a young lady, certainly not a French poupet before, and he didn't seem to know what to make of the combination; so there we stood, he and I, staring each other out of countenance, but without proceeding to any further extremities. I *know* I have plenty of courage, for after the first minute I wasn't the least bit afraid; I felt just as I do when I ride at a large fence—as I get nearer and nearer, I feel something rising and rising within me that enables me to face anything; and so when I had confronted the bull for a little time, I felt inclined to carry the war into the enemy's country and advance upon him. But of course all this is very indelicate and unfeminine, and it would have been far more virtuous and lady-like to have run shrieking away like Miss Molasses, or laid down and given in at once like poor Lady Scapegrace, who

was quite resigned to being tossed and trampled upon, and only gave vent every now and then to a stifled moan.

Well, at last I did advance a few steps, and the bull gave ground in the same proportion. I began to think I should beat him after all, when, to my great relief, I must allow, I heard a voice behind me exclaim, 'By Jove, what a plucky girl!' and I thought I heard something muttered that sounded very like 'darling;' but of course that couldn't be meant for me, and Captain Lovell, hot, handsome, and breathless, made his appearance, and soon drove our enemy into the farthest corner of the field. As soon as the coast was clear we raised poor Lady Scapegrace, who kissed me with tears in her eyes as she thanked me for what she called 'saving her life.' I had no idea the woman had so much feeling. Captain Lovell gave each of us an arm as we walked on to join our party, and he explained how the screams of Miss Molasses had reached him even at the river side, and how he had turned and hastened back immediately, 'fortunately in time to be of some use; but I never saw a finer thing done, Miss Coventry; if I live to a hundred I shall never forget it'—and he looked as if he would have added, 'or you either.' Many were the exclamations and much the conversation created by our adventure; the ladies who had run away so gallantly were of course too much agitated for the proposed boating excursion, so after sundry restoratives at the hotel, we ordered the carriages to return to town. Cousin John gave 'Frank' (as he calls him) a place in the back seat of his phaeton, and he leaned over and talked to me the whole way home. What a pleasant drive it was in the moonlight, and how happy I felt. I was really sorry when we got back to London. Frank seemed quiet anxious to make Aunt Deborah's acquaintance, and I thought I shouldn't wonder if he was to call in Lowndes-street very soon.

PROFESSOR OWEN AND THE SCIENCE OF LIFE.

THERE is no name in science so universally known, and where known more revered, no fame at once so popular and so august as that of Newton, the number of whose readers is nevertheless absurdly small. Thousands who have never seen the outside of the *Principia*, and to whom the inside would be as intelligible as the inscriptions on Assyrian monuments, know what an epoch that work made. They acknowledge themselves incompetent to sit in judgment on it, and quietly accept the verdict of a special jury. For after all a man is only judged by his peers. The popular writer gains the sweet voices of the mob; the severe thinker gains the approbation of the studious few; the scholar is tested by scholars. Were it otherwise, the highest achievements in philosophy and science would always remain unrecognised; the quiet inventor would be pushed aside by bustling compilers and noisy adapters. Fortunately, in the republic of letters, universal suffrage does not elect to the highest offices. In science, the vote of the majority is never asked. A reputation is conferred by the votes of men competent to vote.

The number of readers, the number of 'copies sold,' is only an element in reputation when the object of the writer is to gain a large audience. We could name physiological works which have sold five times as many copies as Todd and Bowman's *Physiological Anatomy*, and which in the vulgar estimation may be held as five times better. Yet Todd and Bowman's work is accepted all over Europe, is cited as an authority by great authorities who never deign to mention, in any way, the more popular compilations to which we allude. The fact is, that the men of science of Europe form a special jury; the public may buy the book it wants, but can give no verdict. The European jury is formed not only of men competent to decide, but also of men uninfluenced by the many personal considerations, favourable or unfavourable, which insensibly affect the votes of our fellow-countrymen. What has

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Kölliker to hope or fear from Charles Robin, Claude Bernard from Wagner, Faraday from De la Rive? What favouritism or jealousy can prevent men in Paris, Berlin, Leipsic, or Genoa, from testing and acknowledging the discoveries made in England? Literature has a nationality which is not found in science. What French and Germans think of our poets, novelists, and historians, matters very little; but what they say of our astronomers, chemists, and anatomists, is more trustworthy than anything said by native critics.

It is tolerably well known that we have among us one whose name is familiar to all the anatomists of Europe, whose vast knowledge and authoritative position have given him the somewhat questionable *sobriquet* of the 'English Cuvier,' one whose name is familiar to every cultivated mind in England, but whose writings have certainly never been looked into by the fiftieth of his admirers. The public no more reads Professor Owen than it reads Newton. The main reason why Newton is little read, is the simple but sufficient fact of his not being readable: he taxes the knowledge and attention beyond what in ordinary cases can be borne. No such difficulty keeps men from Owen. He taxes their knowledge and attention, indeed, but the great body of the medical profession, in whom the knowledge requisite to understand what he writes may be pre-supposed, pays very little attention to his works, because in *Comparative Anatomy*, 'very grand and all that,' there are no *fees*.

Nor must we be severe on the medical profession if we find it somewhat indifferent to science. The practitioner has so much to learn, that he may be forgiven if he confine himself to what is immediately necessary. Medicine, it should be remembered, is an Art, not a Science; it is founded on the science of physiology, and therefore is incessantly modified by the changes which physiology undergoes; but the physician and surgeon are no more called upon to be

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physiologists, in the strict sense, than the navigator is called upon to be an astronomer. Hence you may converse with medical men of high position and find them not only unacquainted with the great physiological discoveries of modern times,* but also betraying very vague knowledge even of the old physiology; but if a new method of cure, or a new mode of operating, be mentioned, you will find them perfectly familiar with it, because this concerns their art, and not to know this would be disgraceful to them. They practise an Art, they do not prosecute a Science; they have to cure an individual patient of a particular ailment, not to discover the general laws of organized beings. Their practice will of course be guided by the scientific doctrines reigning in their day, aided by empirical knowledge and traditional precept; and in as far as their practice is guided by sound theory it will be successful.

The intimate relation subsisting between theory and practice, physiology and medicine, has been somewhat masked by the indispensable presence of empirical precepts—indispensable we say, while theory is perfecting itself: for physicians cannot afford to await the slow elaboration of science when the patient is suffering; 'while the grass grows'—the proverb is somewhat musty. In consequence of this necessary adjunct of empiricism men have been apt to overlook the importance of theory. If they overlooked the importance of Physiology what wonder that they overlooked the importance of Comparative Anatomy, the bearings of which are still more remote? John Hunter was sneered at by his brethren for bothering himself about flies and frogs; no one dreaming that Hunter's researches in comparative anatomy were destined to modify the 'prescriptions' of Hunter's successors. Nor is it wonderful that men should fail to see bearings so remote as

those of abstract science upon a special art. To Englishmen of the Revolution, feverish with anxiety respecting the fate of James, on whose conduct the world seemed to depend, it would doubtless have appeared very preposterous if some mathematician, intensely interested in the newly discovered differential calculus, had suddenly exclaimed: 'This question of the calculus is *infinitely* more important to you and to the world than the fate of all the dynasties of Enrope!' Yet now we see that the mathematician would have spoken truly.

We seem to be digressing, but only seem. Our subject is the greatest comparative anatomist of the age, and it is necessary we should indicate, however briefly, the office which Comparative Anatomy has to perform. To any one who has ever dabbled in the fascinating speculations, now becoming fashionable, which are connected with the Science of Life, the necessary importance, and the exhaustless interest of Comparative Anatomy will need no advocate. Quite apart from the marvels of organization which it reveals, we may assert that only by its aid can we hope to gain insight into the simplest problems of life. Let us see this illustrated in an example or two.

Is bile a secretion or an excretion? Is it formed *from* the blood, by the conversion of materials in the blood; or does it exist, as a product of disintegration of tissue, ready formed *in* the blood, like urea? Is it *formed in* the liver, or only *filtered* by the liver from the blood? This question, thus variously asked, is of immense importance. To answer it was not easy. Moleschott, however, removed the liver from frogs; during several months he examined their blood, and found in it no trace of bile; the conclusion was irresistible: bile is a secretion formed by the liver from materials furnished in the blood.†

* We had an example the other day: a physician of high repute, whose name is on the title page of more than one well-known work, had never even heard of the great discovery made during the last decade, namely, the fabrication of sugar by the liver.

† Since this was written we read, in turning over Dr. Carpenter's *Principles of Human Physiology* (4th Edit., p. 72), that 'the only distinct indication yet

Again: is it the saliva, or the gastric juice which dissolves our food, and fits it for absorption? Professor Schultz-Schultzenstein, in a thesis, *De Alimentorum concoctione*, 1834, and subsequently in his curious work, *Die Verjüngung des Menschlichen Lebens*, 1850, gives an importance to the saliva which few physiologists accept, although they are thrown into doubt by his experiments. That the saliva plays a part is certain; but that it has not the importance given to it by Schultz, who makes it, and not the gastric juice, the real solvent, seems clear from the evidence of comparative anatomy, which shows us that the carnivorous animals who *bolt* their food, not chewing it with salivary deliberation, have the salivary glands in quite a rudimentary form.

Lastly: in the complicated phenomena of the nervous system, how would it be possible to get any clear view of it for comparison with the simpler forms of that system in animals? We might continue these illustrations indefinitely; but enough has been said to show the practical bearing of comparative anatomy. While, however, on the one hand, we insist on the importance of this science, we seem, on the other, to despair of its cultivation, since we admit that medical men can rarely give their attention to it. How is this to be reconciled? It can only be done by encouraging a class of biologists—men who will not be necessarily surgeons, any more than chemists are necessarily manufacturers, or astronomers necessarily navigators: men who will devote themselves to the Science, leaving the Art to others. The growth of such a class will be slow, but it must come finally. How distant

we are as yet from such an end, may be seen in the want of professorships, which would give such men the material security they are now forced to seek in practice; and thus also give them the leisure and opportunity which would render their devotion effective. But England has not yet even placed her Owen in security, what then have the less gifted to expect? We have a magnificent collection in the British Museum, and an unrivalled expositor in Professor Owen—why are the two separated? When a Prime Minister could declare, not without complacency, that he was born in the pre-scientific period, such neglect of the interests of science was intelligible; but when the conviction is pretty general that the cultivation of science is among the most serious tasks a civilized community can set itself to, such neglect cries—scandal!

The subject is too wide for treatment now. Let us leave it, and return to Professor Owen's last publication,* from which we may select a few points interesting even to the most general of general readers. And first be it noted that this new edition is properly a new work, nearly twice as large as the former edition, which was published from his notes; and it now presents a body of facts and doctrines which we shall in vain seek elsewhere. It would not be fair to Blumenbach and Cuvier to compare this work with theirs, for science advances with such rapid strides, that they have become antiquated. In science we must accept the fine saying of Thales: when asked who was the wisest, he answered 'Time, for he discovers all things.' *Χρονος ἀνεύρισκει γαρ τα πάντα.*† The age makes dis-

~~obtained that the components of bile are performed in the blood is afforded by the experiments of Kunde, one of the pupils of Lehmann, who demonstrated by Pettenkofer's test the presence of biliary matters in the blood of frogs, whose livers had been extirpated. Surprised at such a statement, we took down Lehmann (*Lehrbuch der Physiologischen Chemie*, 2nd Edit. vol. ii. p. 75), where the results of Kunde's experiments are stated to be precisely the reverse: 'in spite of all our labour we found no trace (*keine Spur*) of biliary matters in the blood.' Either Dr. Carpenter has never seen the record of Kunde's experiments, or his knowledge of Latin (in which Kunde wrote) is so small that he has completely misunderstood a most explicit and important statement.~~

* *Lectures on the Comparative Anatomy and Physiology of the Invertebrate Animals*, delivered at the Royal College of Surgeons. By Richard Owen, F.R.S. Second Edition. Longman and Co. 1855.

† Stobæus; *Eclog.* i. 40. Ed. Heeren.

coveries, and we crown certain men, as if the honour were solely theirs. In the present day there is no work with which to compare Owen's *Lectures*, except the classical work of Siebold. Owen has the superiority of philosophical grasp, which gives life and purpose to otherwise dry details.

Vast as his knowledge is, careful as his mind is, Owen of course is not infallible. Probably no man has dissected so many animals, and to such purpose; yet it is certain that his industry has not carried the scalpel into every corner of every organism described by him. The consequence of this may be foreseen: the learned Brown, who has spent years in the dissection of cockchafers, and the distinguished Jones, who has 'devoted the energies of his life, sir, watching the development of sandhoppers, with expressions of himself with great satisfaction on finding that Owen has omitted to state the number of muscles in the cockchafer's thigh (or perhaps stated them inaccurately), and failed to record all the embryotic changes of the interesting *Talitrus*. To these learned gentlemen will be added the great compiler, Smith, who engaged in the easier task of reading foreign journals, while Owen has been making dissections, will point out with many chuckles that several of the newest contributions to those journals have not been mentioned by the professor. In short, the work is not unapproachable from the trenches of criticism; but whatever lynx-eyed eagerness may discover in it, he is a bold man who will look down upon it from the height of his mole-hill. We cannot here attempt a detailed criticism of such a work, but we may earn the gratitude of philosophic readers by directing their attention to it.

Our remarks may fitly begin with the beginning—namely, the old vexed question of the difference between Plants and Animals. 'In entering upon a description of the animal kingdom, the naturalist's first and greatest difficulty is to determine its bounds.' Here we see an example of the increasing difficulty which is brought about by the extension of science. Ignorance feels no sort of difficulty

in deciding a question before which science stands helpless. Ignorance cannot understand where the difficulty lies. 'Do I not know a cow from a cabbage, a tree from a tortoise? Is not an animal an animal, a plant a plant?' Nor did even science, some years ago, feel any difficulty. 'Vegetables,' said the great Linnæus; 'are organized and live; animals are organized, live, feel, and move.' These characters were decisive enough, or seemed so, until it was shown that some plants move and some animals are fixed. On this hear the Professor:—

Nor only are most polypes and a few echinoderms adherent to the place of their growth, but the whole class of cirripedes and some genera both of articulate and molluscous animals, e. g. *Serpula* and *Ostrea*, are cemented by their shells as immovably to the rock on which they grow as are the sea anemones that float beside them from their adherent base. On the other hand, many microscopic single-celled plants, as well as the ciliated zoospores or embryos of the *Vaucheria* and other algae, and of the sponges, have a more rapid locomotion than some of the polygastric animalcules enjoy; although in neither case, probably, does it arise from a distinct act of volition. The movements of the oscillatorie, and the more partial shrinkings of the sensitive plant from the touch, show that 'motion' merely, whether of the whole or of the parts of a living organism, will not determine to which kingdom it belongs.

Nor will the character of 'feeling' settle the point; for if we extend the term feeling so as to embrace in it the contractility of the lowest animals, we cannot refuse it also to plants.

Baffled thus in their attempts to find a dynamic character which would serve as a test, philosophers directed their attention to the static characters, and sought in the elementary structures of plants and animals to find a distinction; but in vain. One by one the supposed distinctions have vanished. We need not enumerate them, but confine ourselves to the one most generally accepted—namely, that animals absorb oxygen and exhale carbonic acid; plants on the contrary absorb carbonic acid and exhale oxygen. This delightful parallelism of complementary processes has been much

admired; the rhetoric expended on it has been immense. But alas! it is not true. It is only the rough approximation to truth which suffices for ordinary language, and which the rigorous precision of science disowns. We anticipate the reader's expressions of astonishment on hearing that the 'well-known fact' of animals and plants being thus opposed as regards respiration is not true; let him be patient, and the explanation will calm him. Professor Owen, noticing the balance of gases maintained by the antagonistic action of animals and plants, says, 'In a general way this is true, but the chemical antagonism fails as a boundary line where we most require it, as we approach—viz., the confines of the two kingdoms.' And he adds, 'Wöhler has shown that some of the free and locomotive polygastrics, e. g., *Chlamydomonas pulvisculus*, *Eugleno viridis*, *Frustulia salina*, eliminate pure oxygen as the ultimate metamorphosis of their tissues: and, on the other hand, Drs. Schlossberger and Döpping have proved that mushrooms and sponges exhale carbonic acid.'

The Professor limits his argument to those creatures which lie at the confines of the two kingdoms. We venture further, and deny that there is antagonism in the respiratory process even between the highest animals and plants; and as in supporting this denial we shall put the reader in possession of curious and novel facts, he will more readily give us his attention. It is now not only ascertained that the green parts of plants absorb carbonic acid and give off oxygen (under the stimulus of solar light), but also that the parts *not green*, both day and night, reverse the process, giving off carbonic acid, and absorbing oxygen, just like the lungs of animals. This double process usually escapes observation, because the exhalation of oxygen, in daylight, is so much greater than the exhalation of carbonic acid, that it usurps consideration; and in rough approxi-

mative speech we say 'plants do not exhale carbonic acid,' just as we say the stars are hidden in daytime, although we know them to be shining as brightly as at night. It is enough, however, to know that plants do exhale carbonic acid and absorb oxygen—a knowledge which destroys the pretended line of demarcation.

Nay, more: if we confine ourselves to the fundamental process of respiration—namely, the exchange of the two gases—we shall arrive at the curious conclusion that animals also manifest the twofold process observable in plants; animals also, in different parts of their organism, exhaling both oxygen and carbonic acid! This paradox admits of easy verification. The capillary vessels in the lungs of animals absorb the oxygen from the atmosphere, and give out in exchange carbonic acid.* This is supposed to be the whole fact of animal respiration, just as the exhalation of oxygen and absorption of carbonic acid was until lately supposed to be the whole fact of plant-respiration.* But it is only one process; the capillaries which carry the absorbed oxygen to the tissues, instead of acting like the capillaries of the lungs, completely reverse the process, giving out their oxygen, and taking in exchange the carbonic acid which has been formed by the action of the tissues. Thus animals as well as plants manifest the twofold process of respiratory exchange: and to bring the parallelism closer, we will add that it is the analogous parts of each which perform the same process: for the green parts of plants, which absorb carbonic acid, are the centres of nutritive changes, so are the capillaries of the tissues; whereas the other parts of plants are mere exhaling surfaces, like the lungs, and both exhale carbonic acid.

In propounding so novel a view of the relation between animals and plants, we must not overlook the difference which exists even in the parallelism—namely, that the plant-

* The reader is requested to observe that throughout this argument the word 'respiration' is not used to designate the 'function' so named, but its fundamental characteristic, i. e., the exchange of carbonic acid and oxygen. Otherwise it is improper to speak of Plant-respiration at all, plants not having lungs.

absorption of carbonic acid is from the atmosphere, whereas the animal absorption of carbonic acid is from within its own organism. The plant absorbs carbonic acid to fix the carbon in its tissues: the animal, to liberate from its tissues the carbon which has become carbonic acid in functional activity. Hence the *preponderance* in the plant of a process which in the animal is quite secondary, and the preponderance in the animal of a process which in the plant is insignificant; and thus approximately it is right to say animals exhale carbonic acid, plants oxygen. When however we reflect that in animals the waste of tissue consequent on activity is incessant, whereas the waste of tissue in plants is scarcely appreciable, we see a reason for the great differences in the amount of carbonic acid thrown off by the two. In animals the process of oxydation, although unquestionably supreme, is nevertheless accompanied by a process of deoxydation on a much smaller scale.* In plants it is just the reverse: the deoxydating process is in them preponderant, although accompanied by a feeble oxydation.

Not only the view, but the facts just stated will be novel to many readers, who having long been taught that carbonic acid is formed in the lungs, the carbon being burnt there by the oxygen of the atmosphere,—or that it is formed elsewhere in the blood by the absorbed oxygen, will dispute the statement of the capillaries absorbing carbonic acid in exchange for oxygen. They are referred to Lehmann's great work on *Organic Chemistry* for proof. We cannot pause here to detail the reasons, but pass on to Professor Owen's next point. He has proved by what we have already cited, that respiration is no infallible test of animality or vegetality. Can food furnish us with such a test?

The physiologist has asserted that plants alone can subsist on inorganic matter, and that animals depend upon plants for combining the elements into binary and ternary compounds essential to animal support. And this also is in some degree true: the lichen that first

clothed the granite rock must have converted the inorganic elements into cellular tissue. Animals, as a general rule, subsist on vegetable or on animal matter, or on both. But no proof has been given that the *Frustulæ* and other astomous polygastria, which separate oxygen in excess, do not effect this by reducing the carbonic acid of the atmosphere, and fixing the carbon, in order to produce their fats and hydrates of carbon; or that they do not, in like manner, assimilate their ammonia either directly, or by taking the nitrogen of the atmosphere into the required combination; and so by its subsequent combination with the elements of the fats and hydro-carbonates, produce their proteo-compounds and albuminates. Still less proof or probability have we that the typical or higher organized forms of vegetation could flourish without the support of decaying organized tissues, superadded to the air and water.

Again we are disposed to go further, and declare that all such distinctions are illusory, for animals do feed on inorganic matter; not exclusively, not even largely, but universally and inevitably. What is the water we drink, the oxygen we breathe, the salts and earths we eat in our food and with our food, but inorganic matter? Every cell of the organism has its necessary proportion of inorganic matter. Chossat in his celebrated experiments, found that pigeons deprived of all chalk except what they got in their food, gradually died of starvation. Every farmer will tell you how indispensable salt is to cattle.

We may then exclaim with the Professor that 'after reviewing the different characters by which it has been attempted to distinguish the special subjects of the botanist and zoologist, we find that neither sensation and motion, the internal assimilating cavity, the respiratory products, the chemical constitution of the tissues, nor the source of nutriment, absolutely and unequivocally define the boundary between the animal and vegetable kingdoms. We can only recognise the plant or animal when a certain number of their supposed characteristics are combined together.' Animals and plants do not form two natural divi-

* On this point see Mulder: *Physiologische Chemie*; and Lehmann: *Physiologische Chemie*; Second Edition.

sions, but are simply specialized members of one and the same group of organized beings. We cannot draw an absolute line of demarcation. We cannot say: there ends the region of plants, the next step leads us into that of animals. To some perhaps this may appear a very trivial conclusion; but all who are accustomed to speculate on the fundamental questions of the Science of Life, will appreciate the value of the identity between plants and animals. If all organic phenomena are of one group, we can all throw light on each other.

In this connection we believe there would be some advantage in dividing the organic world into NERVOSA and INNERVOSA: the NERVOSA comprising all animals with a nervous system; subdivided again into *vertebrata* and *invertebrata*, and again into Owen's divisions of *Myelencephala*, *Homogangliata*, *Heterogangliata*, and *Nematoneura*; whereas the INNERVOSA would comprise not only the large class by Owen named *Acrita*, in which no trace of nervous system is visible, but also the whole vegetable kingdom. If the reader reflects upon the impossibility of demarcating the vegetable from the animal kingdom, and also on the intricate questions of vitality and psychology, which occasionally force us to take the vegetable world into account, he may look with some favour on the classification here suggested. But our purpose is with Professor Owen, and to him we return.

On ne prête qu'aux riches. There is a natural tendency to mythical accumulation of achievements. Hence we must not be surprised to find Professor Owen crediting Cuvier with more than Cuvier's due. Thus, after noticing the classifications proposed by Aristotle and Lamarck, he adds:—

'In the attempt to remedy this defect, the discovery was made that the vertebral column was subordinately related to a condition of a much more important system in the animal body than the skeleton, viz. the nervous system. Cuvier thereupon applied himself with indefatigable industry to ascertain the arrangement of the nerves in the Invertebrata, and after a long series of minute and elaborate dissections, he discovered

three modifications of that system, each of equal importance with that which governed the vertebral character of the red-blooded animals of Aristotle. Cuvier, accordingly, proposed to divide the animal kingdom into four primary groups or sub-kingdoms, viz. *Vertebrata*, *Mollusca*, *Articulata*, and *Radiata*.

It is due to Hunter to state that the general results of his dissections of the nervous system are expressed in the definitions of the same leading types as those of Cuvier; but he made the minor differences which he had detected in the *Vertebrata* series equal to those primary types of the nervous system which now characterize the *Mollusca* and *Articulata* of Cuvier,—a view which would have led to erroneous results if applied to the classification of the primary groups of animals.

If it is due to Hunter that his illustrious successor should point out an approximation made by him to Cuvier's system, surely it is due to Virey to mention that he *originated* the system which Cuvier adopted and *acknowledged*? Virey's work, *De la Physiologie dans ses Rapports avec la Philosophie*, has this note at p. 45: 'Dès l'année 1803 nous avons fondé la grande division du règne animal en trois grandes classes, d'après l'appareil nerveux. Ce n'est qu'en 1816 que G. Cuvier perfectionna cette distribution par ses quatre embranchements; il reconnut lui-même la priorité de nos vâtes fondamentales dans la préface de son *Règne Animal*.' The acknowledgment made by Cuvier is less explicit than could be wished, but it is nevertheless made; and not having at hand the classification proposed by Virey in the work referred to by Cuvier, we call the Professor's attention to this point in the history of the science.

We have yet another criticism to make on this historical point. Prof. Owen says that Von Baer 'adopted' Cuvier's view of the four types. But if he will once more turn to Von Baer's great work (*Zur Entwicklungsgeschichte, Erster Theil*, p. vii.), he will observe that Von Baer there points out the fact of his views having been published before the appearance of the *Règne Animal*, adding that he is entitled to claim them as his own 'so far as one can call that his own which is in truth a product of the age;' and

to prove that Cuvier's system was already 'in the air (*vorberitet*),' he alludes to the similarity of Rudolphi's classification.

Let us pass to the marvels of the microscope:—

Leeuwenhoek was little aware how large a prospect of organic life he was opening to our view, when, in the year 1675, he communicated to his scientific friends his discovery of the little bell-shaped animalcule, now known as one species of an immense class, and called the *Vorticella convallaria*. His observations were published in one of the early numbers of the *Philosophical Transactions*: much discussion on the subject ensued, and called forth the wit of the philosophers of the day. However, the records multiplied, and now we have obtained a view of the Infusoria, which shows them to be the most widely diffused and by far the most numerous of all the forms of organized life. Wherever Ehrenberg went in his travels with Humboldt, he there detected with his microscope some of the manifold forms of these animalcules; and wherever his pupils have repeated his observations, the same phenomena have been presented. Not only in fresh water, but almost over the whole ocean, species of Infusoria abound; if you catch a drop of water from the spray that rises from the paddle of the steam-boat, in it you will hardly fail, with an adequate magnifying power, to detect some specimens of this class. When Sir James Ross and his companions, in accordance with their directions, took up the film from the surface of the Antarctic sea, that film, in its dried remains, was found to consist of siliceous cases of the Infusoria; in the mud brought up from the depths of the ocean, at the highest southern latitudes sounded by the deep-sea line, they were found; and they have also been detected in the sand adhering to specimens dredged up at Melville Island, by Captain Parry; so that from north to south poles, and in all intervening latitudes, these animalcules are diffused, and extend the reign of animal life beyond that of the vegetable kingdom.

At first, as was natural, every microscopic living object was classed among the Infusoria. Subsequent researches have enabled naturalists to withdraw from this class many single-celled locomotive plants, and many embryos of worms, insects, and polypes. Among the true Infusoria, a large place is held by the *Polygastria*, or 'many-stomached' animalcules. Let us

select one of these. It is simply a nucleated cell, having nevertheless, as we are informed, 'organs of locomotion, digestion, and, in some species, even of circulation and generation.' It is perhaps useless to complain of the current unphilosophical language, which gives organs and functions where no such organs and functions are; and thus serves to perpetuate old errors on the relation between organ and function, not to mention the confusion into which it throws the unwary. Anatomists and microscopists have chosen to give names to these organs, and we can only accept and explain them. The reader who is unacquainted with the structure of these *Polygastria* will therefore understand that the words locomotion, digestion, circulation, and stomach, do not imply that the animals have legs, stomachs, and vessels. The legs are represented by 'vibratile cilia,' which we may call hairs growing from their surface, if we bear in mind that, compared with these cilia, the smallest hair-culled from the down of an infant cheek is like a ship-cable compared with a hair. Yet these hairs serve the purpose of legs. In certain *Polygastria* the ventral cilia are of such a size as to give quite a myriapodous character to the species creeping along the stems of plants. But, says the Professor,

True jointed locomotive members are never developed in any of this minute and primitive race of animated beings. They retain, throughout life, those simple vibratile organs which produce the rotatory movements in the ova of Mollusca whilst imprisoned in their nidus, which are the agents of analogous movements of the Mammalian ovum in the fallopian tube, and which are probably common to the embryos of all classes of animals at that early period which the *Polygastria* Infusoria seem permanently to represent.

These cilia, the outward instruments of locomotion in Infusoria, and which are retained on a greater or less proportion of the mucous surfaces of all animals, most probably vibrate by virtue of the contractility of their tissue.

These vibratile cilia which constitute the primitive 'organs' of locomotion of the lowest organisms, are also the first actively moving parts of the highest organisms: the human ovum has them! They are

constant through life in some parts of the organism—on the surface of the mucous membranes, where they vibrate incessantly, as on the rest-less animalcules. The Professor has a curious speculation on the subject of these vibrations in the animalcule:—

The motions of the Polygastria have appeared to me, long watching them for indications of volition, to be in general of the nature of respiratory acts, not attempts to obtain food or avoid danger. Very seldom can they be construed as voluntary, but seem rather to be automatic; governed by the influence of stimuli, within or without the body, not felt, but reflected upon the contractile fibre; and therefore are motions which never tire. We may thus explain the fact which Ehrenberg relates—not without an expression of surprise—namely, that at whatever period of the night he examined the living Infusoria, he invariably found them moving as actively as in the day-time; in short, to him it seemed that these little beings never slept. Nor did this appear to be merely the result of the stimulus of the light required to render them and their movements visible; since when they were observed upon the sudden application of light without any other cause of disturbance, they were detected pouring along at their ordinary speed, and not starting off from a quiescent or sleeping state.

If we may venture a suggestion, it will be that these vibratile cilia subserve no function at all: for we must distinguish between Functions and *general Properties of tissue*. When Professor Owen says these vibrations are 'of the nature of respiratory acts,' we may accept the statement, if by 'respiration' we here understand not the 'function' of a complex apparatus of organs, as seen in the gills and lungs of animals, but the *property which the living tissue possesses* of exhaling carbonic acid and absorbing oxygen (or the reverse). But thus limited, the idea of 'function' disappears, and we should be more accurate if we called the vibrations of cilia the manifestation of that *contractility* which is a general Property of tissue. The manifestation is incessant because the stimulus is incessant, and *not*, as Ehrenberg naively imagines, 'because these little creatures never sleep.'

What has just been said of locomotion, as the simple manifestation

of contractility, (which is a general Property of tissue) may receive some light from the consideration of another general property, namely Assimilation, which is so often, and so unphilosophically, confounded with the function of digestion. We are told that the animalcules have stomachs, and these stomachs are the organs of digestion. Now these stomachs are simply *spaces in the fluid plasma of the cell*—spaces which are not even vesicles, for they have no walls, and certainly do not communicate with one another. Into these spaces, particles of food are absorbed. Here assimilation takes place, *i.e.* the food is converted into the substance of the animal, precisely as it is in the blood plasma of higher animals, which plasma has been produced by the *preparatory* function we call digestion.

How do these cells—for the animalcules are nothing else—secure and eat their food? Some of them *open* externally, *may* be said to represent the mouth; but many of them are closed vesicles, and how they eat may well excite surprise:—

In certain Astomata, with long cilia or filaments, *e.g.*, Actinophrys Sol, when a prey is brought within their reach, the filaments incline towards and bend over it, intercrossing each other and pressing the prey to the surface of the animalcule. That part of the surface yields; the prey, whether it be a smaller animalcule or plant-sporule, sinks into the substance of the body, which closes over the prey without leaving any trace of its passage: functionally such passage performs the office of a mouth; just as the vacuolæ in the central plasma, which receive the nutriment so taken in, perform the office of stomachs: but neither such mouths nor stomachs have proper parietes or a permanent existence; and the same may be said of any part of the external parietes of the animalcule through which insoluble or indigestible parts of the food are extruded.

In the higher forms of the Polygastria provided with a determinate mouth armed with teeth, the larger objects of food are seized and bruised by them: the dental cylinder first expands in front to receive the morsel, and, as this passes along, the cylinder contracts in front and dilates behind, so as to push the food into the digestive cavity.

If we take the assimilative spaces

as the first rudiments of what, in more complex organisms, become stomachs, we may also take the 'pulsating vesicles' observed in some animalcules as the rudimentary organs of circulation; for although they do not form vessels which ramify through the body, they force, by their pulsations, the fluid which may represent 'blood' through the soft parenchyme of the animal. Having thus made out a 'rudimentary' digestion, respiration, and circulation for these animalcules, it was natural for anatomists to assume a rudimentary nervous system, with its functions of volition, sleep, sight, &c., an error which we conceive to be the natural issue of disregarding the distinction between Vital Properties and Functions. This question of nerves we regret to say Professor Owen has passed over in a brief sentence. 'No definite arrangement of nervous matter,' he says, 'has yet been detected in the Polygastric Infusoria; but it is indicated by the existence of a speck in certain genera: and nervous conductors of impressions are no less requisite for reflex than for voluntary motions.' Here are three statements which may be serially examined.

1. The admitted *fact* is that no trace whatever of nervous matter has been detected. Various suppositions have been made, some purporting that the nervous matter is too minute in quantity for detection, some that it is 'diffused' throughout the body. But these are attempts to account for the negative fact, and they proceed on the hypothesis that nervous matter *must* be there: an hypothesis which on the same grounds must be extended to plants.

2. The presence of a nervous system is said to be indicated by the coloured eye-specks. We are much mistaken if the Professor really accepts this hypothesis of the pink specks being 'eyes,' yet his language seems to countenance it. We dare not reopen the controversy here, but may inform the reader that Thuret (*Annales des Sciences Naturelles*, xiv., 1850) has discovered these very eye-specks in the germs of algæ, which disappear when germination begins. Yet

even if it were proved, which as yet it is not, that these specks were sensitive to light, the fact would no more prove the existence of a 'nervous system,' than the pulsation of the fluid in vesicles proves the existence of a 'circulating system;' than the exchange of gases proves a 'respiratory apparatus,' or the assimilation of food proves an 'intestinal canal.' It would prove that the *general property of tissue* named irritability, was *specialized* in these brilliant pink spots; and that while the whole body was sensitive to light, this *spot* was peculiarly sensitive.

3. The existence of nerves must indeed be involved in the fact of 'reflex motions,' when by 'reflex motions' is meant the motions following a stimulus of the nerves. But here once more the cardinal distinction between Function and general Property of tissue meets us. To call the motions of an animalcule 'reflex' is to assume the whole question; but if we simply call them the manifestations of the general property—i. e., contractility,—the whole necessity for a nervous system disappears. It is not logical to make contractility depend on the presence of nerves, when that very presence is purely hypothetical, and when we see the phenomena of contractility in plants, although no one assumes contractility to be *there* produced by diffused nervous matter. If therefore the general Property be granted, we have no need of a special nervous system to explain the contractile motions of the animalcule, any more than we have need of a special nervous system to explain the 'reflex' actions of plants. To those indeed who cannot conceive 'reflex actions' except as indications of a nervous system, we would present a sensitive plant, *Dionæa muscipula*, and ask in what the reflex nature of its actions differs from the reflex actions of a polype? The floating arms of a polype, on coming in contact with an animal, instantly fold round it, and carry it to the mouth and digestive cavity, where it is slowly dissolved. An insect crawls over the *Dionæa*; no sooner are the sensitive hairs which lie on the inner side of the leaf touched

by the insect, than the leaf suddenly collapses, and becomes a fly-trap. Nor does the process end here. The presence of the insect (a bit of meat will do as well) stimulates the secretion of a mucilaginous fluid, which acts like a gastric juice on the insect, which is slowly dissolved, and absorbed as food by the plant. Now why should the action of the polype be referred solely to its rudimentary nervous system, and the similar action of the plant be excluded from the class of nervous actions? Either we must grant nerves to plants, or we must cease to attribute all reflex actions to nerves, and make the requisite distinction between—1st, contractility as a general property of vital tissue, and—2nd, special nervous actions. The consideration of this will perhaps explain one of the several difficulties which suggested our division of the organic world into *Nervosa* and *Innervosa*.

Before quitting our tiny friends the Infusoria, let us hear from Professor Owen something of their use in the world beyond their interest to philosophers; and first let us hear about their size:

The most minute forms, as the species called *Monas crepusculus*, Ehr., have been estimated at the $\frac{1}{2500}$ of a line in diameter. Of such Infusoria a single drop of water may contain five hundred millions of individuals,—a number equalling that of the whole human species now existing upon the surface of the earth. But the varieties in the size of these invisible animalcules are not less than that which prevails in almost every other natural class of animals: from the minutest *Monad* to the larger species of *Loxodes* or *Amphileptus*, which are one-sixth or one-fourth of a line in diameter, the difference of size is greater than between a mouse and an elephant. Within such narrow bounds might our ideas of the range of size in animals be limited, if the sphere of our observation was not augmented by artificial aids!

Of these many are naked, but many also have shells. And now, with the Professor,

Consider their incredible numbers, their universal distribution, their insatiable voracity; and that it is the particles of decaying vegetable and animal bodies which they are appointed to devour and assimilate.

Surely we must in some degree be

indebted to these ever-active scavengers for the salubrity of our atmosphere. Nor is this all: they perform a still more important office, in preventing the progressive diminution of the present amount of organized matter upon the earth. For when this matter is dissolved or suspended in water, in that state of comminution and decay which immediately precedes its final decomposition into the elementary gases, and its consequent return from the organic to the inorganic world, these wakeful members of nature's invisible police are everywhere ready to arrest the fugitive organized particles, and turn them back into the ascending stream of animal life. Having converted the dead and decomposing particles into their own living tissues, they themselves become the food of larger Infusoria, as *c. g.* the *Rotifera*, and of numerous other small animals, which in their turn are devoured by larger animals, as *c. g.* fishes; and thus a pabulum, fit for the nourishment of the highest organized beings, is brought back by a short route, from the extremity of the realms of organic

life, to the animalcules outside the organic world. Let us pass to animalcules inside—that is to say, to Entozoa. Their wonders are not less, and Professor Owen's treatment of them not less interesting. The reader knows that every animal has its own parasites, living comfortably on the substance of its body, like Thackeray's poor Irishman living on an Irishman a little less poor. These parasites have been investigated by Bremser, Rudolphi, Siebold, Kölliker, and Owen, so that at last a systematic classification of them has been possible. To complete their labours, Charles Robin has written an elaborate and masterly work (*Histoire Naturelle des Végétaux Parasites qui croissent sur l'Homme et sur les Animaux Vivants*, 1853), in which all the plants growing on man and animals are classified: so that man is indeed proved to be a microcosm, physically and metaphysically.

A very important idea is maintained by Owen respecting the simplest of all these Entozoa—namely, the hydatid (or *acephalocyst*). After describing it, and its various species, he says:—

And now some may naturally be tempted to ask, having heard this description of a free and independent being, whose tissues are chemically

proved to be of an animal nature, imbibing nourishment without vascular connexion with the cavity containing it, and reproducing its kind. How is an animal to be defined, if this be not one? The answer that the acephalocyst has no mouth, would be regarded as satisfactory, after the recognition of the animality of the astomatous Polygastria: these, however, are locomotive and can propagate by spontaneous fission. But, definitions apart, our business is to discover to what organic thing the acephalocyst is most similar.

Almost all the animal tissues result from transformations of free cells, which grow by imbibition, and which develop their like from their nucleus of hyaline. It is to these primitive or fundamental forms of tissue that the acephalocyst bears the closest analogies in physical, chemical, and vital properties. When the infusorial monads are compared to such cells, and man's frame is said, by a figure of speech, to be made up of monads, the analogy is overstrained, because no mere organic cell has its cilia, its stomachs, its pulsatile sac &c. So also it appears to us that the acephalocyst is not a monad, but makes the acephalocyst a monad, or analogous species of animal. We may, with some truth, say that the human body is primarily composed or built up of hydatids; microscopical indeed, and which under natural and healthy conditions, are metamorphosed into cartilage, bone, nerve, muscular fibre, &c. When, instead of such change, the organic cells grow to dimensions which make them recognisable to the naked eye, such development of acephalocysts, as they are then called, is commonly connected in the human subject with an enfeeblement of the controlling plastic force, which at some of the weaker points of the frame, seems unable to direct the metamorphosis of the primitive cells along the right road to the tissues they were destined to form, but causes them to retain, as it were, their embryo condition, and to grow by the imbibition of the surrounding fluid, and thus become the means of injuriously affecting or destroying the tissues which they should have supported and repaired. I regard the different acephalocysts, therefore, as merely so many forms or species of morbid or dropical cells.

But we must close our rambling remarks. We have only reached the fourth of the twenty-four lectures, and our limits are already warning us. A mass of notes must be laid aside, and the whole remain-

ing space be given to those pregnant paragraphs in which, surveying the whole course of animal development, Professor Owen expresses his views on the doctrine of 'Unity of Composition.' We will not interrupt this exposition by comment.

We shall see some grounds for the statement that the more perfect animal is at no stage of its development different from some of the inferior species; but we shall obtain proof that such correspondence does not extend to every order of animals in the creation.

The extent to which the resemblance expressed by the term 'Unity of Organization,' may be traced between the higher and lower organized animals, bears an inverse ratio to their approximation to maturity.

All animals resemble each other at the earliest period of their development, which commences with the manifestation of the assimilative and fissiparous properties of the polygastric animalcule: the potential germ of the Mammal can be compared, in form and vital actions, with the Monad alone; and, at this period, unity of organization may be predicated of the two extremes of the Animal Kingdom. The germ of the Polype acquires more conspicuously the locomotive organs of the Monad,—the superficial vibratile cilia,—before it takes on its special radiated type. The Acalephe passes through both the Infusorial and Polype stages, and propagates by gemmation, as well as spontaneous fission, before it acquires its mature form and sexual organs. The fulness of the unity of organization which prevails through the Polyypes and larval Acalephes, is diminished as the latter approach maturity and assume their special form.

The Bryozoa after simulating the higher Infusoria by their spheroid shape and active movements, due to well-developed zones or lobes of conspicuous vibratile cilia, mask their low molluscous character beneath the polype form. The Ascidian Mollusks typify more deeply and transiently the polype-state in passing from that of the cerosiform ciliated larva to the more special molluscous form. The Univalves and Bivalves obey the law of unity of organization in the spontaneous fissions of their amorphous germ, and in its ciliated epithe- lium, by which it gyrates in the ovum; but they proceed at once to assume the molluscous type without taking on that of the Polype; the Bivalve retaining the acephalous condition, the Univalve ascending in its development to the ac-

quisition of its appropriate head, jaws, and organs of sense.

Thus all Mollusks are at one period like *Monada*, at another are *Acephalous*; but few typify the *Polypes*, and none the *Acalephes*, or *Echinoderms*. In the *Eucephalous* division we meet with many interesting examples of the prevalence of unity of organization at early periods, which is lost in the divergence to the special forms as development proceeds. Thus the embryos of the various orders of *Gastropods* are first *abranchiate*, next *nudibranchiate*, but only a few retain that condition of the respiratory system through life; most of them move at first by *aliform* anterior lobes, like those which characterize the mature *Pteropoda*, but afterwards exchange the swimming organs for the *repent disc* which marks their class. The naked *Gastropods* are at first *univalve* Mollusks, like the great bulk of the class at all periods. The testaceous *Cephalopods* first construct an *unilocular shell*, which is the common persistent form in *Gastropods*; the *Polythalamia* afterwards superadd the characteristic chambers and siphon. This simple fact would of itself have disproved the theory of 'evolution,' if other observations of the phenomena of development had not long since rendered that once favourite doctrine untenable.

Thus, as we trace the development of the Molluscan animal, we find the application of the term unity of organization progressively narrowed as development advances: for whilst all Mollusks manifest, at their earliest and most transitory period, a resemblance to the lowest or monadiform zoophytes, only the lowest order of Mollusks in the next stage of development represents the *polypes*; and all analogy to the radiated type is afterwards lost, until we reach the summit of the Molluscan series, when we find it interestingly, though illusively, sketched by the crown of locomotive and prehensile organs upon the head of the *Cephalopoda*.

In the great Articulated branch of the Animal Kingdom, there is unity of organization with the Molluscan series at the earliest periods of development, in so far as the germ divides and subdivides and multiplies itself; but the correspondence rarely extends to the acquisition by the nascent articulate animal of the locomotive power by superficial vibratile cilia: in the great majority of the province the progeny of the fissiparous primitive germ-cell begin at once to arrange themselves into the form of the *Vibrio* or apodal worm, while those of the Mol-

luscan germ diverge into the polype-form, or into a more special type.

Unity of organization prevails through a very great proportion of the *Articulate* series in reference to their primitive condition as apodal worms. Only in the higher *Arachnids*, the nucleated cells are aggregated under a form more nearly like that of the mature animal, before they are metamorphosed into its several tissues. In lower or more vermiform *Condylapoda*, the rudimental conditions of the locomotive appendages, which are retained in the *Annelides* and the lower *Crustaceans*, are passed through in the progress of the development of the complex-jointed limbs. In the great series of the air-breathing insects, we have seen that the diverging branch of the *Myriapods* manifests at an early period the prevailing hexapod type, and that all *Insects* are at first *apterous*, and acquire the jointed legs before the wings are fully developed. An articulate animal never passes through the form of the *Polype*, the *Acalephe*, the *Echinoderm*, or the *Mollusk*: it is obedient to the law of unity of organization only in its monad stage: on quitting this, it manifests the next widest relations of uniformity as a *Vibrio* or apodal worm; after which the exact expression of the law must be progressively contracted in its application as the various *Articulata* progressively diverge to their special types in the acquisition of their mature forms.

In the proper *Radiated* series itself we discern the same principle: the radiated type culminates in the *Echinoderms*; but the most typical forms, called emphatically *star-fishes*, are pedunculated in the embryo-state, at least in one family, and so far manifest conformity of organization with the *Polypes* and the vast and almost extinct tribes of the *Pentacrinites*, before acquiring their free and locomotive maturity.

It will be found when we enter upon the consideration of the development of the *Vertebrate* embryo, that its unity of organization with the *Invertebrata* is restricted to as narrow and transitory a point as that of the *Articulate* with the Molluscan series. Manifesting the same monad-like properties of the germ, the fissiparous products proceed to arrange and metamorphose themselves into a vermiform apodal organism, distinguished from the corresponding stage of the *Insect* by the *Vertebrate* characteristics of the nervous centres,—viz., the spinal cord and its dorsal position; whereby it is more justly comparable to the apodal fish than to the worm.

Thus every animal in the course of its development represents some of the permanent forms of animals inferior to itself; but it does not successively repeat them all, nor acquire the organization of any of the inferior forms which it transitorily typifies.

If the foregoing extracts have

awakened curiosity in the reader, and sent him to Professor Owen's work, every page of which is compact with thought and knowledge, the purpose of these desultory remarks has been achieved.

G. H. L.

SIX MONTHS IN INDIA.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART I.

WE propose in these papers to show how six months can be spent in a field of travel comparatively new and unexplored. In the East, properly so called, there is nothing new. The Pyramids, the Avenue of Sphinxes, the First Cataract, the Heights of Lebanon, the Waters of Gennesareth, the Plains of Troy, the Minarets of Constantinople, the Golden Horn, are all as well known to many of the present generation as the Colosseum and the Rialto, the Bay of Naples and the Passes of the Alps, were to the last. These places, and dozens of others situated in countries where we have not an acre of ground, have been inspected, described, and sketched by every variety of tourist: by wealthy commuters, rich young peers, Oxford undergraduates, and fair ladies. But there is a country which, in addition to all the attractions that can be presented by magnificent mountain scenery and monuments of architectural skill and beauty, presents a wide field of reflection to all really interested in the greatness of England: a country as much behind the foremost of European states in civilization and progress, as she is a-head of the laggard ones: a country tenanted by rival races and opposing castes, where everything in nature is on a gigantic scale, and everything in social life is abhorrent to our own: where the problem of governing aliens in religion, language, and blood, has been quietly grappled with and triumphantly solved: where there will always be enough both to provoke criticism and to mitigate censure, and where a

thousand interesting questions are perpetually crossing each other on every topic that can arouse the philanthropist, engage the philosopher, stimulate the capitalist, and arrest the statesman.

We allude, of course, to the British dominions in India. It is not our intention to give a sketch of the present system of the Company's government,—formally to attack Manchester, or elaborately to defend Leadenhall-street; but we purpose quietly to show what objects of interest, what cities of note, what edifices of regal state or public worship, may be visited by any enterprising gentleman who has spare time on his hands, money in his pockets, and perhaps *ennui* at his heart. Our traveller, whose movements are henceforth to be entirely at our disposal, must be a young or middled-aged person, if possible with some stake in the country, and with a seat in Parliament, or one at least in prospect. He has seen the London season expire; he is tired of German watering-places, and does not intend to go to the moors, and, moreover, he has no objection to forego hunting for just one winter. With an earnest desire to have some fresh stories to recount at his club or his fireside, and to know whether there are other things in India besides cotton, curries, nabobs, and tigers,—he places himself in the hands of the Peninsular and Oriental Company, and starts on his Indian expedition. He should leave England in September or early in October, must submit to five weeks of what is called the Overland journey, and we will guarantee him that by

the middle of March, or the commencement of April at latest, he shall be walking down Pall Mall with a fresh stock of ideas and a series of pleasant reminiscences whereof his philosophy had scarce even dreamt. The journey across France or Germany—to avoid the Bay of Biscay—over the Mediterranean, to the harbours and empty places of ‘suppliant Alexandria;’ by the rail instead of the wretched boat of the Mahmoudie Canal; then up the Nile, through Cairo, with a glimpse of the Pyramids; over the Desert by a capital road studded with resting-houses; down the Red Sea, where a torrid summer reigns for ten months in the year; by the collection of cinders which forms the cantonment of Aden; across the Indian Ocean to the spicy breezes of an island which the Hindoos called Singhala Dwipa, the Arabs, Serendib, and we Ceylon; up the Bay of Bengal to the well-known surf of Madras; right against the cooling breeze of the north-west monsoon, to the low, uncaptivating shores of the Hooghly River,—this journey, we say, is so well known by description, that we should no more think of giving an elaborate detail of its incidents previous to the main object of our sketch, than we should of prefacing a dissertation on the latest fashions or politics of Paris, by an account of the old road from Calais to the Barrière St. Denis. Our readers must imagine the independent traveller landed at one of those ample palaces the aggregate of which gives Calcutta its title. We must imagine him to have compared it with St. Petersburg, if he has ever been there, as excellent Heber had: to have enjoyed his morning and evening ride or drive; to have visited its unrivalled mint, admired its more splendid shipping and extensive Fort, and to have partaken of the hospitality of its residents, dispensed with alacrity, and adorned by conversation where, if the sparkling of wit may be wanting, animated after-dinner discussion, good sense, and good taste, frequently reign predominant. We forbear to describe the metropolis of India, because it is eminently Anglo-Saxon, and conveys no sort of impression of the state of

things in the provinces, and we must beg our readers to discard all ideas about India as drawn from the *Arabian Nights*, which they will not be reminded of above once or twice in the whole of their tour. It was a pointed saying of Lord Hardinge on his arrival, that one must go back to Cairo to find the East.

We have selected for our tour those parts of India which may best be seen from Calcutta, taken as a starting point, because they contain monuments of equal interest with those of Central or Southern India; while, politically and financially, they are of far greater importance, having been the scene of warlike and social triumphs, and the nurseries of captains and statesmen who have variously subdued some of the stubborn opponents of our physical and moral advancement. The season—for it is the early or middle part of November—is the brightest and best of the Indian year. Every day the sun rises on a cloudless horizon, to be tempered by a cooling breeze sent southward over the plains from the hoary peaks of the Himalaya. The temperature, though warm in the middle of the day, is not such as to preclude out-door occupations under proper precaution, or to create languor. The air is dry and exhilarating; there is no prospect of rain, or serious interruption to the fine weather for three months; the nights are almost cold, and the whole tenour of the season is such as almost to realize the description of the happy regions:—
*Largior hic æther campos, et lumine
vestit
Purpureo, solemque suum sua sidera
pōrunt.*

With this pleasing prospect of enduring fair weather, such as England can never know, our traveller, under the direction of his host, finds that the preparations for his little tour of 2000 miles, though important, are not such as to entail a large outlay or a vast deal of trouble. A roomy carriage, sufficient to hold two people, but more comfortable if reserved for one, has been furnished by one of the two rival companies who now undertake to horse travellers from Calcutta to Meerut, a distance of 900 miles. In this vehicle he finds a place for his

luggage, his stores of tea and biscuit, his maps and note books, his blankets and cloaks, and by the simple contrivance of a couple of boards which bridge over the space between the front and back seats, he is enabled to lie down at full length during the night, and enjoy rest even more comfortably than he could do in a first-class railway carriage. But our Englishman has not picked up the vernacular language of the East, the Hindostani—or Urdu, as it is correctly called—in the course of his week's stay at Calcutta, and consequently some interpreter to explain his wants and to obviate his difficulties is required on the road. Such a man may easily be found, for less than £1 a month, in an active Mussulman, for it does not necessarily follow that a native servant who can speak English must be a rogue, and a Mussulman is preferable to a Hindoo when expedition is required, as a follower of the Prophet has fewer scruples, and is less fastidious in the preparation of meals, which must often be hurried. Time is a great element in travelling, and your Hindoo will spend two hours or so in the purchase and cooking of his morning repast.

Everything being now ready for a start,—the boxes secured with cords, the pillows and blankets stuffed into the interior, the map of the road, and the book of Indian Travels, and the letters to divers functionaries being placed where they can readily be available,—the Mussulman servant moreover having taken up his position on the roof of the carriage, where, protected from falling by an iron rail, he will sleep rolled up in a blanket, after the fashion of natives of the East and of hedgehogs everywhere;—everything being provided for, we repeat, it is worth while to pause a little, and consider what, till within the last eight or ten years, were the universal modes of travelling in India,—what they still are in all places removed from the great lines of communication.

Till recently there were in India three modes of travelling from one place to another—some attended with inconvenience and worry, some with ease and comfort, all with delay. Most of our readers have

heard of the Indian tent, the Indian budgerow, and the Indian palanquin. In the cold season, a march under canvas, provided the traveller had a double set of tents and tent equipage, was pleasant enough; one set was sent on during the night, placed on bullock carts or elephants, under the charge of native servants. The Sahib, or gentleman, dined at his ease, and slept soundly till the note of the 'kokil' (wrongly termed the Indian nightingale) or the varied sounds of an Indian village, near which he is probably encamped, aroused him from his slumbers. Mounting his Arab or his dog-cart he proceeded in the clear cool breeze of the morning for the twelve, fourteen, or sixteen miles which formed his daily march. Arriving at his fresh camping ground, he found the table spread with as perfect regularity and precision, not to say elegance, as it ever was in his substantial house of brick. The fresh fish had been procured from a neighbouring tank or river. The eggs and rice had been bought at the nearest bazaar. The European stores had been carefully provided beforehand. The bread had been baked in a portable oven; the breakfast had been cooked in a fireplace hollowed out of the earth, with a celerity that even a Zouave could not surpass. The remainder of the day was spent in business or in field sports, according to the aim and scope of the journey;—one day was the image of that which preceded or that which came after it; and the camp life of the civilian, though perhaps 200 miles of ground was not covered within the month, renovated the constitution, diversified monotony and dispelled care.

Such a life was obviously better fitted for functionaries who wished to make the tour of their respective districts, and to see and inquire into local matters themselves, or for whole regiments exchanging one station for another, than for persons pressed for time, and obliged to make a journey from the shores of the Bay of Bengal to some station within sight of the hills. Again, the life in tents, though captivating and healthful from the month of November to the month of March, was most trying to the European

constitution in the hot season, and would have been an impossibility in the rains. This consideration brings us to the second mode of travelling. In the whole of the country enriched by the Lower Ganges and its numerous tributaries, water carriage is abundant, and the produce of teeming districts—rice and sugar, indigo and hemp, Indian fruits, the rich man's delicacies, the poor man's meal, the very wood with which his rice is cooked, are transported to Calcutta by fleets of boats of all sizes, from unwieldy floating houses to light shallops. The traveller who wishes to reach a station three or four hundred miles from the great City, through a tract much intersected by rivers, or at a time of the year when canvas walls would afford as little protection from the sun or the rains, as they did from the snows of the Crimea, betakes himself, with his servants and his books, his stores and his furniture, to a comfortable roomy boat, the *pin-nace*, the *budgerow*, or the smaller *bauliak*. Two or three additional boats follow in his wake: one acts as cook-boat, the other conveys his horses, a third his *impedimenta*. The advantages of this mode, which is nowhere better described at length than in Bishop Heber's *Journal*, are, that a man can carry his comforts and his attendants about with him; can sketch a picturesque view of the Ganges, or spend eight hours a day in undisturbed study. The disadvantages, on the other hand, are, that if wind and current be adverse, the whole day's performance, under the system of tacking, does not exceed twenty miles. The heat and confinement of the boat during the summer months are most trying. When the tired traveller would sleep at night, the native crew keep up a ceaseless conversation, and tramp over the flat roof under which he is sleeping; and when he would have them speed, they betake themselves to sleep. Moreover, insects from reedy banks or adjoining marshes swarm in the cabin and haunt the dinner-table; unhealthy vapours float on the midnight air, and unsavoury smells arise from the crew's midday meal. Greater and more serious drawbacks may be at hand.

A tremendous current, aided by a stiff breeze, baffles the skill and the endeavours of the boatmen to weather a certain point, and the anchor is let down for two or three days together. Then, towards evening, a small black cloud, seen on the verge of the horizon, is suddenly unrolled like a dark curtain, over the face of the sky. The dust rises in circles; the puny waves are lashed into foam, and the winds are unchained. It is fortunate if the Hindoos do not sit down helplessly, and call on Ganga Govindo and Ram Narayan, while the Mussulmans swell the cry with the sound of 'Allah ji!' It is fortunate, we say, if, by dint of exhortation and encouragement, the unwieldy budgerow is moored in safety to the bank before the tornado sweeps all before it, and if the luckless traveller have only to lament the death, by drowning, of a stud of favourite horses, the loss of his cook-bout, or the irreparable injuries caused to his chintz-covered sofas and mahogany dining-tables. We have known repeated instances of the above. Still, the journey by boat in the cool season, and for a limited time, was not without its amusements. In spite of similarity, in spite of the utter absence of news or intelligence from the European world, the day passed away quickly, under a judicious distribution of time, as those who have been to the Upper Cataracts in a *kangia*, or Nile boat, with a pleasant companion, may perhaps be willing to allow.

Much, then, may be said in favour of the boat and the tent, of life in the jungles or in the great water-ways of traffic; but what shall be said in behalf of the palanquin? It has all the annoyances of heat and confinement which either the tent or the budgerow may inflict on its occupant; it separates the traveller from his horses, baggage, and his attendants,—indispensable to comfort in a country where hostleries are unknown,—and it is only compensated by a very moderate degree of additional speed. Travelling by day in a *paliki* or palanquin is very uncommon, for the reason that the sun's rays, descending on that black coffin, would heat its inside like a furnace; but towards

the decline of day the traveller, clad in his lightest garments, takes his seat in the vehicle older than the Mogul empire, older than authentic history, as old, we believe, as the Hindoo traditions, and more incompatible with modern requirements than the gross fictions of Eastern mythology are with the sound truths taught to the rising generation of India by masters versed in the latest discoveries of European science. Lifted on the shoulders of four natives, the wretched inmate of the wooden box is carried at the rate of some four miles an hour; the bearers stop to change places with four additional comrades about every three hundred yards: in a low monotonous chant they lament the badness of the road and the weight of their living burden. Insects hum in the stillness of the summer night; a torch-bearer, reeking with the oil of the cocoa-nut, flies like a meteor from one side of the palanquin to the other and murders sleep; and, to crown all, in the middle of the night a stream of running water has to be crossed, of uncertain depth and undeniable muddiness, where a false step on the part of the leading bearer would precipitate the traveller and his bedding into an undesired cold bath. At length, jaded and in ill-humour, with an aching head and a heated body, the miserable victim is deposited in the house where he must pass the hottest hours of the day. The distance travelled over in the long night is not more than fifty miles. The same process is repeated the next night, and the next (we have known it to go on for ten successive nights), and it is fortunate if, at the close of the journey, a fever be not the result of broken slumbers and incessant joltings. No amount of practice can render this mode of conveyance palatable. If the bearers move slowly the journey is protracted, if hastily, the undulating motion is increased. There is no epithet but that of detestable which can fitly characterize this odious legacy of Hindoo supremacy and Mohammedan succession.

It will be seen, then, that of the three modes of journeying, the first unites small speed to great comfort, the second combines less delay

with less comfort, and the third with a little more speed inflicts on travellers discomfort and annoyance which even the old French *diligence* had never surpassed. But it is not to scenes of this kind that we now invite the English gentleman; and we have only entered on this description in the hopes of making the contrast more bright. We return to our traveller, whom we had left with his carriage packed, ready for a start. He may perhaps learn with astonishment that the first part of his journey will actually be performed by rail. This railway, the second line opened in India, now runs from the terminus at Howrah, the Southwark of Calcutta, towards the great collieries at Raneegeunge, 125 miles distant from the metropolis. It was opened last year in February for the above distance, and at the time we are writing, in spite of the Santals, is in full working order as far as the coal fields. Eventually it will run to Patna, the chief town of Behar, and thence to Benares, Allahabad, and Delhi. At present it follows nearly the same line as the Grand Trunk road, and as our traveller is to be transported along this really fine work for a distance of 900 miles, it is as well to describe its aim, condition, and principal features. To unite the upper and the lower provinces, to facilitate the interchange of thought, of the goods of merchants and of public functionaries, was evidently one of the chief duties of an enlightened government. Accordingly the road was commenced during the close of the administration of Lord William Bentinck, and was completed about 1843. From Calcutta to Benares, a distance of 422 miles, this road is carried through fertile rice fields, over mountain torrents, through romantic passes, by dense jungles, and by mighty streams. As Benares lies very much to the north-west of Calcutta, and as the road takes almost the shortest points between the two cities, it follows that neither politically nor socially does it confer much benefit on the rich provinces of Central and Eastern Bengal. At a distance of seventeen miles from Calcutta, the Grand Trunk road, here, as we said, already supplanted by the rail, crosses the

Ganges, and leaves the whole of that rich delta to its abundant natural waterways or to roads about to be made. The rice of a thousand plains, the oranges and limestone of Sylhet, the timber of Mymensing, the fire-wood of the Sunderbunds, the indigo and sugar of Jessore, Dacca, and Patna, find their way to the great mart of Calcutta by some one of the hundred streams that, intersecting the alluvial soil, changing the boundaries of large estates, gradually detaching in one place broad acres which they re-attach in another, finally pour their contributions into the Bay of Bengal. Of that splendid province, with its 'strange vegetation,' its villages buried in verdant masses of cocoa-nut, date, and mango trees, its prolific waters teeming with every variety of the finny tribe; its deep tanks or reservoirs, sometimes a quarter of a mile or more in length; its population, unwarlike, deficient in spirit, but graceful in carriage, subtle in intellect, apt to learn,—the traveller, except for the first hundred and fifty miles of his journey, will see little or nothing. It may be that at some date when, owing to the increased facilities of travel, we have Indian tourists not by units but by dozens, and 'Murray's Hand-book for India,' may add one more to the catalogue of useful appendages to travel, these peculiarities and the places above enumerated may be as well known as places on the Danube or the Nile.

Hæc tum nomina erunt, nunc sunt sine nomine terræ.

But our present object is to lead the way to the objects interesting rather to the general traveller than to the economist, and we purpose to give merely a rapid sketch of the means of conveyance and the outward aspect of things. As far as Benares there is nothing which ought to detain the tourist any longer each day than is absolutely necessary for his refreshment. By making only short stays of an hour, morning and evening, at the rest houses on the line, termed in Indian parlance *Dawk Bungalows*, Benares may be reached in three days and three nights from Calcutta. The first hundred miles takes you over a dead flat, with the same green rice fields, towering cocoa-nut trees,

thatched villages, and road made of pounded bricks for mile on mile. The country then begins to rise in gentle undulations, and we are warned that we have taken leave of the alluvial deposits of Bengal. Years ago—thousands it may have been—the sea perhaps rolled its tide over the flats we have traversed, or islands covered with weeds and brushwood were tenanted only by the rhinoceros and the alligator. For the next hundred and fifty miles the road rises to a considerable elevation, sometimes as high as one thousand six hundred feet above the level of the sea; ranges of hills—far above all of which towers the sacred peak of Parasnath, the worshipped of Jains, nodding with woods, and swarming with wild animals,—remind the European of some of the passes in the Jura, or of the scenery in parts of Nassau. The road is here *metalled*, as it is termed in official language, with granite, a profusion of which lies on the very edge of the road. Bridges of the same solid material are thrown over numerous mountain streams, threads of water in the dry season, boiling and turbulent masses in the rains. At length the last descent is passed, and the plains of Behar, presenting features similar to, but not identical with, those of the Lower Ganges, are entered.

During this time our tourist has not been idle, but, note-book in hand, has been jotting down whatever appeals to his eye or his heart. Protected by two screens of canvas projecting from the windows of his carriage, which mitigated the sun's rays, and but partially annoyed by the light dust of the well-beaten road, he has proceeded, at a rate varying from six to eight miles an hour. At every six miles he finds the stations of the Transit Company, with from five to eight horses for the conveyance of passengers and mails. At every fifty, sixty, or seventy miles he will find a new coachman, and at every hundred or so a workshop, where the wheels and axles of his vehicle are carefully overhauled and greased. The horses are all small, country bred, and though unable to draw heavy weights, will often get over the six miles in three-quarters of an hour: we have known

the distance done in thirty minutes. The coachmen are all natives, sometimes sepoys who have been pensioned or discharged, who drive by the rein and stimulate by the voice. But the start, when a vicious or unwilling animal is yoked to the carriage, presents features to which Mr. Leech's pencil alone could do justice, and which might daunt an inexperienced traveller. The small bay or white galloway is brought forth by the united efforts of three or four native *syces*, or grooms, and, with every expression of endearment or tenderness, yoked to the shafts. The wondering traveller is warned, by words if he understands them, if otherwise by signs, to take his place in the carriage, for *once* off the pace is tremendous. The coachman, 'willing to wound, but yet afraid to strike,' stands on the coach-box 'with lifted hand and slackened rein. The horse with head down, indignant snort, and outstretched fore legs, is adjured by every agreeable reminiscence, by every endearing epithet, by appeals to his honour, his pedigree, and his nobility to fly like an arrow down wind. As he remains fixed to the spot, the character of the appeal is changed. Every vocable drawn from a language fertile in Billingsgate is hurled at his head. He is a *badmash*, i.e. a notorious vagabond without ostensible means of livelihood, a thief, and the son of a thief, a disgrace to his father, and his mother's shame. His relations, especially the females, come in for their share, and coarse vituperation is lavished on his aged grandmother, his paternal aunt, and his beloved sister. Stern measures must now be resorted to. Three men take hold, each of the spokes of as many wheels; a fourth ties a stout piece of cord to one of the recumbent fore legs, and by main force lifts it in the air. Still the animal remains like a lion on three legs at a roadside inn, and defies abuse, encouragement, or force. At length his patience is exhausted, the carriage, moved by the united strength of three men, begins to press on his hind quarters; like a true native, he knows that there is no resistance to the decrees of fate, long since written on his forehead, and with a louder snort and a

terrific plunge, threatening the disruption of the patched harness, he moves off at a hand gallop, and without the slightest renewal of ill-temper or vice, never turns to the left or right till he has accomplished his appointed stage. This scene is repeated at intervals along the road, at first to the astonishment, and latterly to the infinite relish, of the tourist, who begins to discover in these incidents how much of humour unconsciously is exhibited by the low Hindu or Mussulman. Of course this unwillingness to move on is not exhibited by every fresh change—as in the old coaching days of England, before the system had been fully matured. There are bad teams and good ones: horses that trot for three miles and walk for three more: horses that start well and end badly, and *vice versa*: horses that go better on three legs than others on four: horses with galled shoulders and enlarged fetlocks: in short, every description of animal that can be purchased for sums varying from £3 to £6. But we are bound to state that more than two-thirds of the horses, when not over-worked, are excellent draught-cattle.

It remains for us to describe the rest-houses. In a country like India, every step that promotes social convenience must be first taken by Government, and it is only at the Presidency and some of the larger cities, such as Benares, Allahabad, and Agra, that inns, kept by private individuals, await the tired traveller. But at every other station being the seat of the civil power, in all large cantonments, and at intervals of fifteen miles on the road, the Government has caused to be erected edifices termed *dawk*, or post, bungalows, containing two and sometimes more rooms, with bedding, crockery, and appurtenances, and two servants duly salaried to minister to the wants of all comers. At one of these, a neat white-washed building, with a thatched roof, the carriage is brought up at breakfast time. To an inquiry as to the state of the market, or the table, the answer peculiar to the class of persons who keep rest-houses or inns anywhere, is at once returned, that everything is to be had. This,

on stricter inquiry, is found to mean that hot water, milk, and eggs, with perhaps bread and a grilled fowl (at that moment running about in unconscious happiness), will be forthcoming. But with his own stores no man ought reasonably to complain of this fare. The sum charged for the occupation of the building is one shilling for three hours, and two for the whole day, which is duly credited to Government by the simple process of an entry, under each traveller's hand, in the traveller's book; and a small silver coin will generally satisfy the *khansaman*, or purveyor and butler, for his supplies. No man has, we think, any right to expect more than rest and certain refreshments in such a country, or on such a line. One dawk bungalow resembling another in all essentials, our traveller has not much spare time to devote to the merits of each, but he cannot be blind to the varied and animated picture disclosing so much of the mercantile importance, or the political or social state of India, as well as of the out-door life of its inhabitants, which refreshes him morning, evening, and mid-day.

As it is not our intention to supply a regular 'hand-book to the Grand Trunk Road,' but to give merely its prominent features, we shall group together the pictures which successively are presented on any part of the road for nine hundred miles, between the two extremes of Calcutta and Meerut. Nothing can well be more satisfactory than the road itself; it is as straight as a mathematical line in many places, and as smooth as a plane superficies. Wherever a material known as *kunkur*—a kind of gravel found in veins—is available, and that material has been pounded, watered, and beaten by the heavy wooden hammer, the surface is more level than any road we ever saw in macadamized England; occasionally at the lower part of the line, a river will be met with, not yet bridged, and delay will be occasioned by the expanse of sand over which the travelling carriage must be dragged by bullocks, and by the want of suitable ferry boats. One river, the Soane, which takes its rise in the Vindhya range of mountains in the centre of India, has hitherto baffled the skill of Indian engineers,

who have failed to hit on any plan for bridging it, and have contented themselves with vain endeavours to find a good foundation for buttresses, or with wild estimates of the probable expense. It is no slight matter to bridge a river which covers three miles from bank to bank, which has two or even three streams in the dry season, with dreary wastes of sand between each, and which in the rains sends down a vast, turbid, and impetuous mass of water—*flavum amnem*—to meet the lordly Ganges somewhere near Patna. But measures are either 'under consideration,' or 'in progress,' to facilitate the transit of passengers and goods over this river—an affair at present of about three hours. But putting aside occasional delay from unbridged rivers, jaded horses, and repairs hastily executed, the journey is neither monotonous nor wearisome. For animation, for serenity amongst a people prone to disregard law, for an exhilarating atmosphere though the locality be the East, for a display of natural peculiarities, for an evidence of the wealth and resources of the country, the whole thing has no parallel even in Europe. At parts of the road the traveller, amazed at the lines of bullock carts and camels, and the succession of footsore travellers, inquires to what particular mart or fair, or to what special solemnity man and beast are wending their way. To his astonishment he is informed that what he beholds is the ordinary every-day traffic of the Grand Trunk Road. For the security of all this life and property he is content to take the police stations as guarantee, which at intervals of two, three, or four miles, awe the vagrant offender, and assure the honest trader of safety. For some time after its formation the line was unprotected, and it was not likely that the Sikes and Fagans of Upper India would forego the chance of plunder where the constantly moving bodies of men gave at once the hope of success and immunity. Thus it happened that carts were plundered, pilgrims stripped of their offerings, unsuspecting travellers were decoyed, drugged, and robbed, and sometimes murdered, if the testimony of corpses, hastily thrust into the roadside jungle, could be worth

anything. All this has now been remedied. At each substantial whitewashed guard-house may be seen the occupants—one perhaps lazily stretched on his couch, another cooking the daily meal of rice or wheaten flour in that eternal earthen pot, a third burnishing his shield and sword, a fourth looking after his horse—for some of the policemen are mounted. Occasionally a larger building attracts attention. It is a Tahsildaree, or station of one of the native sub-collectors of land revenue, who has also magisterial authority, and is one of ten or twelve who manage the concerns of a district as large as Hampshire, under the superintendence of his European master, the collector of Boggleywallah. Then another kind of building, apparently a huge courtyard, with high walls and higher gates, turns out to be a *choultry*, or *serai*, a place of rest for native merchants, where they will be certain of meeting with shelter, security from cold and plunder, rest, firewood, and—for a consideration—supplies. We have at length found out that there were some good things in the old native régime familiar to the people and suited to their requirements; wanting only that support, consolidation, or partial amendment which the authority of the British Government can so eminently afford. ‘Serai’ is in use all over the East, then why not have them on a line of such importance? thought a late lamented Lieutenant-Governor, and the *serais* were set up. Government bazaars, with fixed prices and fair weights, are another form of the same useful, accommodating, practical, benevolent statesmanship.

But who are the travellers raising such clouds of thin dust? whence do they come, and whither and with what objects do they tend? Those tents, pitched on the cleared and open space so carefully marked out by substantial pillars of masonry, belong to the 100th regiment of native infantry. The ground on which they are encamped is rented by Government from the landowners, and rigidly reserved for this sole purpose, in order to obviate the complaints of ravaged crops and wasted fields, certain to arise if the reckless sepoy were allowed to pitch his tent where he chose. Nor is the

forethought of Government confined to this point alone. Supplies are at hand from native dealers privileged to furnish the camp; and though a regiment may be two months under canvas, changing its station daily, and making long marches before and after sunrise, it will rarely happen that inconvenience is encountered, or that disputes arise between ploughmen and men of the sword. But it would be highly unfair to imagine that the road is used only by marching regiments and for military purposes: Manchester loves to have it so, but the fact is exactly the reverse. For one regiment encamped, or marching in steady file in the bright dawn, will be found carts literally by hundreds, and loaded camels, belonging to the native Rothschilds of Delhi and Muttra. These creaking vehicles, termed *hackeries* by the English in India, though the word is utterly unknown and unintelligible to the natives, drawn by teams of four, five, or six bullocks, convey cotton, grown on the banks of the Jumna, to the merchant ships of the Hooghly: these files of camels, each connected by a string passed through its nose, are exporting a consignment of goods, the property of some rich Hindu commercial house, with correspondents not only in all the great cities of the Indian peninsula, but in Afghanistan and Central Asia, a cheque from which, drawn in your name, will be readily honoured at Ghuzni, Samarcand, or Asterabad. A substantial vehicle with a thick canvas covering to keep off the dew by night and the sun by day, of better material and imposing exterior, is one of the Government bullock trains, which conveys public and private goods, at the rate of twenty-four miles a-day along the road, at all seasons of the year. In that covered cart, the hood of which resembles the gipsy carts of our own country, are concealed the female branches of a man who is changing his abode, or is going to indulge his wife and family in the expensive luxury of a pilgrimage to Juggernath. Those men, of handsome engaging countenances, stalwart frame, and independent bearing, are sepoys of some regiment stationed far down in Lower Bengal,

availing themselves of their furlough to visit the paternal acres in Oude or Rohilcund, and, like Cincinnati, to aid for a time their non-military brothers in guiding the plough. A little behind them comes, on a slow and shaggy pony, the Havildar (serjeant) of their corps. He is the only one whose means are sufficient to allow of this mode of travelling, or whose dignity would be compromised by any other; and if you could stop and question him, he would tell you how his father fought under *Lât Lik* (Lord Lake), his grandfather under Coote, and he himself at Jellalabad, Sobraon, or Chillianwalla; nor will he be slack to eulogize the Government of the Company, which, alone in India, pensions the maimed or worn-out soldier, and feeds the widow and children of those who fell in the fight. Endless is the variety and never-failing the succession of vehicles, horse, and foot, during the day; at least three or four carriages, similar to that of our traveller, will meet him with their horse's head in the direction whence he has come. The fortunate soldier, escaped from the ceaseless drill of a regiment, is going to join a coveted appointment on 'the staff' in Calcutta. The sick civilian, racked with fever, is about to seek health in a sea voyage, and a residence at the Cape, or, under the present judicious change in the rules, in a trip to the mother country; or it is a public functionary about to put a delicate wife and a whole nursery of children on board one of Green's magnificent frigates, and to know no longer their genuine devotion and artless love; or it is a husband rushing once more to the arms of a wife, whose constitution has been refitted by a two years' residence in England; or it is, positively, the M.P. for a large manufacturing English town, who, primed with shilling pamphlets and platform denunciations, is come to impeach the Governor-General, to upset the Company, and to reform every department in India, in a six weeks' tour, under the able and impartial guidance of Baboo Duckintherain Chuckerbutty, a Calcutta millionaire whose ancestors cannot be traced beyond two generations, and who, some

envious people will say, is the most lucky of the wealthy merchants, created and fostered since the advent of the Great Company.

Nor would it be less amusing or interesting to inquire into the fortunes and characters of others of these travellers on horseback or foot. Cabul merchants, Afghan traders, smart Mohammedans, to be known at once by their beards, jog along on broken-down Arabian horses or handy ponies. Here and there a palanquin may be observed—a remnant of a barbaric age, as much out of place as a two-horse coach would be on the Great Western. In it reposes the portly and ghce-fed form of a scion of one of the great and orthodox Brahmins,—a Banerji or a Mukarji—Sheristadar, or head officer of the civil court of Rishwatabad. He is an honest, determined, uncompromising Hindu of the old school; believes that the earth rests on a tortoise, and that rain is water emitted from the trunk of Indra's elephant; will have nothing to do with new fangled modes of travelling; sends his sons to study English literature at the Presidency College, because without such knowledge there is no advancement for them in public life; sees no success attending on the exertions of missionaries, and yet only hopes that the old religion will last out his time; and with a mingled wish for the supremacy of Shiva, and the endurance of the rule of British authorities, who, unlike Mohammedan viceroys, never throw pieces of beef into temples, is now going at the rate of forty miles a day to bathe at the sacred ghauts of Benares, to besmear his person with cow-dung, and to place on the altar the proceeds of many bribes which he has 'caten,' to speak orientally, in the comfortable assurance that, as a general rule, he had only taken them from the rich and the wealthy, or from those who really had right on their side. Behind him, in humbler guise, with his shoes in his hand and not on his feet, and with a bundle slung to a stick on his shoulder, goes Ram Chaud, for twenty years head bearer or valet to Mr. Ballygunge, of the civil service, who is going to see, at Muttra and its neighbourhood, the place where young Krishna, the Hindu Apollo, sported with sixteen thou-

sand milkmaids; or, like an infant Hercules, slew an enormous and destructive snake. Nor, amid a crowd of pilgrims hurrying downwards to the great festival of Juggernath, must we omit to remark a man whose look tells us that, though bound on a long trip, he is neither sepoy returning to his regiment, nor pilgrim going to bend at a shrine. The practised Indian official would have no difficulty in recognising from his demeanour, full of hope and audacity, the Oomed-war, or man seeking for employment as a policeman. But it is little matter to this hungry gentleman, with moustachios of a ferocious twirl, whether he serve a rich individual or the State. Bravo, and a little disposed to bully, with shield and sword, and perhaps a rusty pistol, not caring to endure the strict discipline of the camp, but wishing for an active career, he is off to Lower Bengal, and he can be backed, if taken into the service of the Government, to execute literal orders with fidelity and without understanding their purport, to confront a dozen Bengal dacoits, or robbers, and to put to flight a whole troop of the unwarlike peasantry of Bengal; while if retained at the country house of one of Lord Cornwallis's rich landed gentry, he will be ready to do anything which his employer or the great man's great man may require of him,—to plunder a fleet of boats, to cut and carry off a crop of indigo, to set a village on fire, and to be prepared for single combat or tumultuous *mêlée*, whenever the invasion of a neighbour's boundary or the defence of his own land may tempt the lord of broad acres to violate the law.

Nor is the actual appearance of the country on either side of the road less worthy of remark than the passengers who tramp along it. At this season—the middle or end of November—the surface of the plain in most parts is covered with the second crop of the year. The soil, renovated by the periodical rains, sedulously tilled, and irrigated by artificial means, yields two harvests in the twelvemonth.

Bis gravidos cogunt fœtus, duo tempora messis.

The variety of the crops, with

the oriental foliage of the groves which dot the landscape, may recall to the traveller the exceedingly opposite characteristics of Italy and England, France and Palestine, the banks of the Nile and of the Thames. The farther we proceed from the shores of the Bay of Bengal, the more apparent is the comparative want of rain and the necessity for human means to supply that want. The rice fields are left behind—for rice will flourish only in deep loamy bottoms, or with at least two or three inches of water round its roots: the bamboo, with its graceful and feathery foliage, begins to look sickly or to disappear altogether: the cocoa-nut has long since ceased to be seen: the open reservoir, more than a gunshot in length and breadth, with the high encircling mound overgrown with brushwood, gives place to the wells twenty, thirty, or forty feet deep; at most of these may be seen a pair of industrious bullocks drawing up the bucket, which is to supply the household wants of the husbandman, or under his guidance, and according to the precept of Virgil, 'to murmur hoarsely over the smooth pebbles, and, gushing, to refresh the burning fields.' The streams or rivers which cross the road are fewer in number, and more than half dry. Blades of wheat and barley, carefully weeded, vigorously shoot above the pulverised soil, or in some places are waiting for their first or second instalment of water; higher in stem are seen the coarser crops of jowar and bajra (*Panicum spicatum*), the food of thousands, and, at intervals, sugar-cane, mustard and millet, peas and vetches, oats and pulse. Splendid groves of mango trees, with massive trunks and dark green foliage, impervious even to an Indian sun, relieve the appearance of the dull unvarying level. It is a work of charity, and we may say of religion, for rich and substantial men in this country to sink a well, to lay down a flight of steps to a river or reservoir, to construct a resting-house for the weary, or to plant a grove. Shade and water, it may well be conceived, are two things which, in Upper

India, refused or sparingly given by nature, must be absolutely created or encouraged by man. The least observant traveller will further remark the entire absence of anything like pasture land; plots of sterile or uncultivated land he will see at intervals; but there is no need for him to seek to account for this, as Mr. Campbell says on another topic, by some 'dreadful cause in the misgovernment of the country.' The soil in such places is simply saturated with salt; even brushwood will not grow on it; nor could Manchester or Young India, let loose with all their capital and philanthropy, get any returns from such an ungrateful locality. The absence of all grazing lands in this part of India—it is otherwise in the Punjab—may be explained by the great productiveness of arable land and grain crops, and by the fact that, somehow, the peasants do manage to feed their cattle on the edges of the corn lands, or where the crops have been cut, or by the roadside, —not that this practice is at all conducive to harmony; broken heads and bloody sticks being the constant results of a man's allowing his cattle to stray into a neighbour's field, he thinking no doubt, with Madge Wildfire at Mummer's barn, that the 'blades of wheat' will do 'the puir things nae harm.' There is, then, no pasture land, and no generally recognised system of alternate cropping, or grain, grass, and fallow, as we understand it. Another striking feature is, the entire absence of jungle, forest, or wild animals, occasionally, an antelope may be seen to cross the road, or a flight of wild ducks, or of birds, of the bittern or crane tribe, may wing their way to a marsh; but of those royal animals which are identical with India in the minds of most men, and of their lesser prey, nothing is seen, heard, or known. The jungle has been fairly extirpated by the axe and the plough; it has, we may say, retreated to the bases of the low hills, to the huge tracts at the foot of the snowy range, or to districts added to our dominion at a later period. But here, and especially in the Doab, or Interamnis of the Jumna and the Ganges, there are whole districts, larger than any good

sized English county, in which the oldest inhabitant has not for years seen the print of any animal of the feline tribe larger than a wild cat. The government of the Company has here nobly fulfilled its duty, eradicated jungles, destroyed wild beasts, re-peopled deserts, and created marts.

Those who wish to know anything of the constitution of those celebrated village communities of cultivators, which in forms more or less compact and perfect, till these plains, may find all they can desire in Mr. Campbell's excellent work. *Modern India* will tell them how land is held and transmitted; how the co-existent rights of landlords, of tenant proprietors, and of Government are harmoniously blended and preserved; how revenue is punctually exacted by a judicious mixture of indulgence and firmness; what care is taken to maintain the independence and vitality of these co-parceners by the resolute exclusion of foreign elements tending to discord and litigation; how rival factions can exist in the little world of village politics, and yet regulate instead of shattering the machine; how capital is everywhere strength; how parochial men of office are, in every country, men of importance. There is, perhaps, no country in the world where so minute a record of the various holdings of land is preserved, or where so much reliable information, as to the capabilities of the soil and the substance of the agriculturist, is readily available as in the provinces known familiarly in India as the North-western Provinces, under the Lieutenant-Governor of Agra. Go into that whitewashed building, surrounded with verandahs, the steps of which are crowded with natives, some idle and lounging, some half-asleep, some with long strips of paper in their hands crammed with close Persian writing, some having money to deliver and some money to receive, some with complaints of the undue severity of the native sub-collector, some with reiterated asseverations that the heavens are of brass, and the earth of iron. Go there, we say, confidently, and name any one village amongst the hundreds which you have passed by, and in ten minutes the active native

official who keeps the records of the collectorate—for such is the building—ticketed and arranged on shelves reaching from the floor to the top of the ceiling, will bring out papers that give every information, not merely as to what the village in question pays in the aggregate, and by what particular castes it is inhabited, but as to the exact number of holdings into which it is subdivided, and what is the demand of revenue on account of Government assessed upon each. Nay, if necessary, every field can be pointed out in a map yearly furnished by an official, termed the Putwarree, or village accountant, with the changes that have taken place by death or otherwise during the last twelve-month: further statistics, if needful, are forthcoming, and the inquisitive visitor may satisfy himself as to the amount of litigation connected with the land, the division of the inheritance of a father among four brothers, the expense necessary to sink a well—for irrigation must obviously be considered in fixing the revenue—the kind of soil prevalent, cultivated, culturable, or sterile and irreclaimable; the crops, and fruit or timber trees grown in the locality, the special endowments for charitable or religious purposes, if any; the local manufactures, and the neighbouring markets. To add to this mass of information, a census has lately been taken by the careful and judicious inquiries of the European local authorities and their active local subordinates, who between them have managed to get at details which can be depended on, and without exciting distrust and opposition, have numbered the inmates of every house in whole districts. For it must be understood, that as taxation in India of articles of comfort, convenience, or luxury is unknown, and as the Indian peasant, or landlord, pays literally nothing but his land revenue and a moderate salt-tax, while further taxation is, though not dreaded, sometimes discussed as a possibility—it has hitherto been considered almost impossible to send round a batch of officials to make any requisite inquiries without their being baffled by apathy or assumed stu-

pidity, and perhaps, being met with violence.

When an inquisitive native official, with a brass badge, a reed behind his ear, and an inkhorn in his hand, is seen going the rounds of every house in a village, and making curious inquiries as to the number of its inmates, the population, often quick and intelligent, suddenly become cloudy and dull: the women shriek: the children abscond: some men mutter indignantly at the ill-bred official impertinence which presumes to inquire after a man's womankind: while others, who have a vague dread of some visitation, they know not what, get up a rumour that the *Koompani Bahadur* is going forcibly to convert the natives, to tax their earthen pots and kitchen utensils, to carry off their cattle to feed the army of the Punjab, to sell their wives in slavery to the Emperor of Madras (!), and to send their children to be sacrificed at the altar of a Raja, who lives far away to the south, and who is in want of a whole batch of tender young innocents to appease the anger of some incensed divinities. No matter how absurd the rumour, how monstrous the supposition, how solemn the denial of the hapless official. That these absurdities have arisen, no one knows how, without the slightest foundation, in the teeth of common sense, and in spite of the universal belief that the British government is the poor man's stay, is well known to every officer of experience; and we can ourselves testify to some within our own knowledge. A day afterwards, the whole village may be ashamed of its credulity: the elders may bow down in humiliation before the reproaches of the collector: half the ryots may abscond for very shame: but, at the time, the report, originating sometimes in ignorance and sometimes in malice, runs like fire amongst stubble: words are followed by blows: the quick passions of the peasantry are excited, and the luckless inquirer into Malthusian statistics is glad if he can get away with a whole skin.

W. S. S-K.

MEN AND WOMEN.*

ROBERT BROWNING is a name which will serve the future historian of the English literature of the nineteenth century to point the moral of genius unfaithful to its trust. Endowed by nature with those gifts which, duly cultivated, enable a man to become a fine poet, he has chosen to let them run wild; and what might have been a beautiful garden is but a wilderness overgrown with a rank and riotous vegetation. Writer of plays, of philosophical poems, of dramatic lyrics, he has in each class given evidence of strong natural powers weakened by self-indulgence, by caprice, by hankering after originality, by all the mental vices which are but so many names of vanity and self-seeking. Instead of looking on his gifts of imagination and of intellect as entrusted to him for the benefit of others, and as imposing on him the duty of training their rude forces into a perfect faculty of song, he has just got out of them the utmost personal pleasure that they would yield with the least possible trouble. The new thoughts, the passionate emotions, which make life so rich to men of the poetic nature, he has enjoyed keenly, and they have been to him impulses to express himself in various forms of rhythmical art. But art, except as this mere vehicle and vent for his own intellectual energy, he has neglected; its mechanism is troublesome, its processes imply self-restraint, laborious discipline, and patient exercise of judgment; its principal object is to communicate to others what the artist feels and knows. And Mr. Browning not seeming to care for the enjoyment, or the instruction he could afford his fellow-creatures, but only to ease his own conceiving mind and fervent heart, naturally enough refuses to submit to toil which, after all, would probably lessen the actual pleasure of composition, and by refining his taste, lower his estimate of his own productions. Well, if man was not sent here to help his fellow-man, if men of genius especially were not,

by the mere possession of that genius, emphatically singled out to be the helpers of their kind, this wantonness would be quite intelligible.

It may fairly be questioned whether the pains by which such a poet as Mr. Tennyson, for instance, makes his poems as good and perfect as he can, before offering them to the public, ever meets with general appreciation, inasmuch as such painstaking in a writer demands a corresponding painstaking in the reader. And still more may it be questioned whether the fervid fluency of a writer who pours his full stream of words, careless how much mud is held in deposit by the flood, is not accompanied by a larger amount of gross self-satisfaction than the rigid self-restraint of the writer who checks the rapidity of his current, and lets the mud fall to the bottom before he presents the cup—which should be the cup of healing—to the nations. On the Epicurean theory, there is small doubt that Mr. Browning is right; it is far pleasanter, for a time at least, to do one's work in the way that gives one least trouble. And as for fame, or its counterfeit, popularity, there are silly people enough in English society, who look on this carelessness as the fitting and only garb of genius; who, if a poet will but be slovenly, will applaud his graceful audacity, and if obscure, will worship his profundity. And thus laziness and vanity—the two most fatal forms of selfishness—do their worst, and the cliques are in admiration at one of the saddest sights under God's sky, when the light that came from heaven burns murkier and murkier in a poet's soul; and instead of making God's world more intelligible by unfolding the beauty and meaning of its objects and events with loving care and grateful painstaking, he scrawls down the first rough hints that suggest themselves to him, and will not even take the trouble to make them legible. We blame the man who wastes bodily strength and beauty in laziness or aimless feats, while we

* *Men and Women*. By Robert Browning. Two vols. London: Chapman and Hall. 1855.

are far too lenient to men of high mental power who allow their faculties to decay through want of proper training, or to become distorted through false and inferior aims. We condemn the man who hides his one talent in the earth, and refuses to put it to its uses; what shall we say to him who, possessed of ten talents, wants the self-respect which would dictate their perfect development, and the genuine regard for his fellow-creatures, which would enjoin their strenuous employment.

This may be thought a somewhat harsh and rude tone to adopt towards a man for writing poems disfigured by obscurity, and wanting in the graces of a finished art. If poetical genius were showered upon men and women with unsparing hand—if a man with the capacity for becoming a true poet were of everyday occurrence, one more or less would be very little matter, and the due cultivation of his gifts would chiefly concern himself. It is because such poetical faculties as Mr. Browning had given him by nature are not the ordinary endowment of men—because such faculties rightly employed we believe to be a most precious boon to the nation among which they are exercised, that we are inclined to treat him, not as a whimsical person who chooses to be eccentric in a matter indifferent to the world, and defrauds himself alone by his caprice, but as one who, choosing to make himself a law and idol to himself, defrauds the world at large of what they would be the happier and the wiser for possessing. He commits the crime of a man who, entrusted with the germ of a great scientific discovery, and endowed with faculties to work it out to a clear result, refuses to undergo the labour necessary for this purpose. We believe that Mr. Browning might, had he chosen, have become the interpreter of our modern life to us in dramas that would have recalled the force and clearness of the Elizabethan day. We believe that he could have sung the passions and the thoughts of our time with a lyric intensity which would have purified the rough ore of our life of its prosaic dross, and have reacted on that life to make it

deeper, truer, and more human. He possesses exactly that combination of curious and extended observation of mankind, with a subtle power of analysing motives and a vivid imagination, which is necessary for the great dramatist. He shrinks from no facts, does not pick his path with delicate step along the world's highway, fearful of dirtying his feet, is startled at nothing, peers with scrutinising glance into byeways, alleys, and noisome dens, and what he sees he can record, not with the cold, natural-history voice of a speculator, but the living tones of a man who enters into the human and passionate element in all the varied world of suffering and enjoyment, of virtue and of crime, of good and evil. To fill his mind with the elements of dramas, to enter by sympathy into the lives, characters and conduct of others, has plainly been the business of his life. What we complain of him for is, that he has been satisfied with this; that the stir, and business, and passion of the scene has been all he cared for; that what it all meant has seldom seemed to occur to him as worth asking; that even for its mere dramatic interest he has not cared, except as a passing spectacle, keeping his appetite for excitement on the stretch. That what he saw clearly for a moment he was bound to render as clear to others as language could make it, he seems never to have dreamt; the scrawl that served to jot down his memoranda, the few rough notes that his momentary feeling completed for him, seem generally to have exhausted his interest in the revelations made to him. Not only does he not attempt to solve the moral problems which a wide experience of men presents to him; he will not even take the trouble to write the problems out legibly for others to study. His longest poem, *Sordello*, is so unintelligible from beginning to end, that we once heard an ardent admirer of his, and an accomplished man, acknowledge that only at the third careful reading could one begin to see what the poem at all meant; and that to the last only faint glimmerings of light flitted amid the chasms of black darkness. *Paracelsus* is a grand conception,

utterly abortive, through hasty execution and slipshod verbiage. *Pippa Passes* is a chaos of fine material, through which a grand purpose begins the creative organising movement, but leaves off with the merest hint of what the work might have become had the natural powers of the writer been effectually disciplined. Even of the short dramatic lyrics, scarce one approaches even completeness of conception, and certainly, with one or two exceptions, they are miserably short of attainable perfection in execution. They are too often mere hints, rough sketches, requiring clearer statement of facts, more careful elaboration of both phrase and rhythm. Everywhere alike one finds evidence of power not half put forth, of first thoughts printed instead of best thoughts, a facility of execution aimed at, the right to and faculty of which have not been earned by previous labour. A genius everywhere profuse, striking, vigorous, but which mixes indiscriminately weeds and flowers, utters itself always at random, and as often misses as hits its mark. Such is, in our opinion, the character of the poems which Mr. Browning has hitherto published. If his aim has been simply to prove himself a clever man, he has succeeded; if he has aimed at making his fellow-creatures wiser and happier through the talents bestowed upon him, his success has fallen miserably short of what might have been attained by the simple resolution to speak as intelligibly as he could what he had to say. His new volumes have precisely the same faults in about the same proportion. We could select scarcely one poem from these two volumes—with the exception of a particular class of poems to be specially mentioned—which was not more or less spoiled by the most obvious and easily removable faults, either of conception or execution, or both. Many of them are, as they stand, utterly unintelligible; the incidents to which they refer being neither stated nor deducible from the comment. Mr. Browning may possibly hold the key to these enigmas; or here and there one of Mr. Browning's intimates may guess at the circumstances to which the poems

refer. But this is pure impertinence, to publish poems the interpretation of which is a private occurrence, or a conversation to which the public is not admitted, and of which it hears only so much as has no meaning by itself,—just illustrating the selfish temper and carelessness for the gratification of others which lie at the root of all Mr. Browning's faults. Of course Mr. Browning has a fine reason to give for what we attribute to carelessness and slovenly haste. He tells us that:

Grand, rough old Martin Luther
Bloomed fables, flowers on furze,
The better the unconther:
Do roses stick like burrs?

A question we might answer by another somewhat more to the purpose,—Are burrs loved and prized like roses? If an irritated feeling of having been balked, disappointed, defrauded, be an essential element in the impression poetry should make, Mr. Browning's burrs undoubtedly often attain their success. Only that as the public has the option of submitting to the burr—infliction or not, even this success is partial. Then again there is a fable applied to Keats, of a fisherman on the Tyrian coast, who fished up the murex, of which straightway artificers and handicraftsmen made purple dyes, and dyed silk, and got fame and riches, while the poor fisherman to whom the raw material of the dye was owing got neither.

Mere conchs! not fit for warp or woof!
Till art comes,—comes to pound and squeeze

And clarify,—refines to proof
The liquor filtered by degrees,
While the world stands aloof.

And there's the extract, flaked and fine,
And priced, and saleable at last!
And Hobbs, Nobbs, Stokes and Nokes
combine

To paint the future from the past,
Put blue into their line.

Hobbs hints blue,—straight he turtle
eats.

Nobbs prints blue,—claret crowns his
cup.

Nokes outdares Stokes in azure feats,—
Both gorge. Who fished the murex up?
What porridge had John Keats?

Now, this is both unfair to John Keats, and false in feeling besides. The author of *St. Agnes' Eve* was not deficient in art, whatever the

boy who wrote *Endymion* may have been; and the fame of Keats stands at least as high as his productions justify, and allows a considerable margin over for the promise of only half-developed powers. And the theory itself, that the so-called originator in poetry is defrauded of his fame by the world, which bestows its admiration on those who seize, and elaborate, and refine his imperfect hints, at once unduly exaggerates the powers implied in such originality, and under-rates those of the artist whose genius absorbs, digests, and reproduces, organically recombined, what has been less serviceably employed by the discoverer. Indeed, we are so dependent on those who have preceded us, and those who surround us, that originality in any other sense than that of thorough assimilation and reproduction in fresh forms is somewhat absurd. And to return to Mr. Browning's illustration, we suppose he would not coolly argue that the fisherman who furnished the material of blue paint was really a greater genius than the painter who employed it upon a picture. And with respect to himself we really do not see in what peculiar sense he can justify his own roughness and obscurity by any claim of originality. The passions he describes are familiar,—the characters he draws are not more new than those of any other writer who looks into life for his material. Originality, in our sense of the word, he certainly has; that is, he looks about him with his own eyes, and not through the spectacles of school, or sect, or party; he wanders pretty much at will through God's and the Devil's world, and does not keep himself within four walls, however ample and well furnished. That is the only meaning of originality that is worth anything, and this scarcely excludes necessarily the qualities of the artist by which alone the knowledge gained can be communicated in such a manner as to win the permanent attention of mankind. Keats, his favourite, died almost in his nonage, and yet in the few years he lived, his art grew even more than his genius, if we are reluctantly obliged, for the sake of clear distinctions, to separate

what are but form and substance. Mr. Browning has been before the public twenty years at least, and his art is as awkward and rude and ineffectual now as it was at first. Neither Keats nor Martin Luther will serve his turn for an excuse. He had much better ponder on the fable he has put into Luther's mouth. *Date* and *dabitur* are twins—God has given to him that he might give to others; he has accepted the gift, but refused the labour implied in the condition. It is no question of genius too high and noble for the arts of grammar and rhythm and phrase, but simply of genius allied to a will not resolute enough to earn fairly the renown it seeks, to a vanity seeking by by-ways a royal road to enduring poetic fame. And now enough of prologuing; let us see proof of what has been asserted.

We have charged some of the poems of these volumes with being utterly unintelligible. Will any one venture to solve the riddle of *Women and Roses*? which we quote entire, lest it should be supposed the meaning lurks in some passage omitted:—

I dream of a red-rose tree.
And which of its roses three
Is the dearest rose to me?

Round and round, like a dance of snow
In a dazzling drift, as its guardians, go
Floating the women faded for ages,
Sculptured in stone, on the poet's pages.
Then follow the women fresh and gay,
Living and loving and loved to-day.
Last, in the rear, flee the multitude of
maidens,
Beauties unborn. And all, to one cadence,
They circle their rose on my rose tree.

Dear rose, thy term is reached,
Thy leaf hangs loose and bleached:
Bees pass it unimpeached.

Stay then, stoop, since I cannot climb,
You, great shapes of the antique time!
How shall I fix you, fire you, freeze you,
Break my heart at your feet to please you?
Oh! to possess, and be possessed!
Hearts that beat 'neath each pallid breast!
But once of love, the poetry, the passion,
Drink once and die!—In vain, the same fashion,
They circle their rose on my rose tree.

Dear rose, thy joy's undimmed;
Thy cup is ruby-rimmed,
Thy cup's heart nectar-brimmed.

Deep as drops from a statue's plinth
The bee sucked in by the hyacinth,
So will I bury me while burning,
Quench like him at a plunge my yearning,
Eyes in your eyes, lips on your lips!
Fold me fast where the cincture slips,
Prison all my soul in eternities of pleasure!

Girdle me once! But no—in their old measure

They circle their rose on my rose tree.

Dear rose without a thorn,
Thy bud's the babe unborn:
First streak of a new morn.

Wings, lend wings for the cold, the clear!

What's far conquers what is near.

Roses will bloom nor want beholders,
Sprung from the dust where our own
flesh moulders.

What shall arrive with the cycle's change?

A novel grace and a beauty strange.

I will make an Eve, be the artist that began her,

Shaped her to his mind!—Alas! in like manner

They circle their rose on my rose tree.

Our next evidence shall be a pair of poems, the first of which is in Browning's best style; the second in nearly, though not quite, his worst. It is not, of course, because the first is tender, devoted, and full of a gracious sweetness, while the second represents caprice, affection on the wane, the ungracious side of love and marriage, that the former is to be preferred; but because in the former the images are clear, their symbolic meaning apprehended with no more effort than belongs to poetry of this kind, the rhythm musical, and the phrase natural, and in good taste,—while in the latter the language of things employed to express the sentiment is of the obscurest interpretation; the connexion of the thoughts broken and abrupt; two passages—though the poem is so short—disfigured, the one by inanity, the other by an allusion, the irrelevance of which would shock most persons, if its profanity did not; and the conclusion most lame and impotent. We do not say that a wife might not write such a poem in playful menace to her husband, or by way of serious warning, and prefer in the latter case to veil her serious meaning in a cipher of which her husband held the key; but as written for the public it contrasts

in all the points we have mentioned most disadvantageously with its pendant. We mark in italics the two passages to which we particularly refer above:—

ONE WAY OF LOVE.

All June I bound the rose in sheaves.
Now, rose by rose, I strip the leaves,
And strew them where Pauline may pass.

She will not turn aside? Alas!
Let them lie. Suppose they die?
The chance was they might take her eye.

How many a month I strove to suit

These stubborn fingers to the lute!

To-day I venture all I know.

She will not hear my music? So!

Break the string—fold music's wing.

Suppose Pauline had bade me sing!

My whole life long I learned to love.

This hour my utmost art I prove

And speak my passion.—Heaven or hell?

She will not give me heaven? 'Tis well!

Lose who may—I still can say,

Those who win heaven, lost are they.

ANOTHER WAY OF LOVE.

June was not over,

Though past the full,

And the best of her roses

Had yet to blow,

When a man I know

(But shall not discover,

Since cars are dull,

And time discloses)

Turned him and said with a man's true air,

Half sighing a smile in a yawn, as 'twore,—

'If I tire of your June, will she greatly care?'

Well, Dear, in-doors with you!

True, serene deadness

Tries a man's temper.

What's in the blossom

June wears on her bosom?

Can it clear scores with you?

Sweetness and redness,

Eadem semper!

Go, let me care for it greatly or slightly!

If June mends her bowers now, your hand left unsightly

By plucking their roses,—my June will do rightly.

And after, for pastime,

If June be refulgent

With flowers in completeness,

All petals, no prickles,

Delicious as trickles

Of wine poured at mass-time,—

And choose One indulgent

To redness and sweetness:

Or if, with experience of man and of spider,
 She use my June-lightning, the strong
 insect ridder,
 To stop the fresh spinning,—why, June
 will consider.

If Mr. Browningshowsymptoms of indifference early in his honeymoon, this *Another Way of Love* would have been a very pretty and meaning reproof and warning to him—with the exception of the *sacramental wine* allusion,—just the sort of note in verse a poetical wife might write to her poetical husband; but, *coram populo*, such lover's talk of broken sentences, hints significant to the parties talking and no one else, is almost impertinent. We should not of course lay one such poem as a very heavy charge against any man, but it is a specimen of a style which disfigures the majority of Mr. Browning's shorter poems—a preference for allusive writing which has an air of cleverness and refinement, and ends in being too often simply unmeaning, because it may mean anything or nothing. And that most ineffective conclusion—*why, June will consider*—is just an example of Mr. Browning's favourite plan of writing a poem that, so to speak, leads to nothing, has no end, is but a fragment of versified talk, as if the very essence of art was not to present things completely from a particular point of view. We have in these volumes abundant instances of this most provoking of faults in a writer whose fragments are good enough to interest one,—none more striking than a comparatively long and highly-wrought poem, with the title *Childe Roland to the Dark Tower came*. The poem consists of thirty-four stanzas of six lines each, and is, we suppose, allegorical; but from beginning to end we can discover no hint as to what the allegory means, and find only description preparatory, to some adventure which is to disclose the symbol of the 'dark tower' and its terrible neighbourhood—but the adventure never comes off in the poem, which thus closes:—

There they stood, ranged along the hill-
 sides—met
 To view the last of me, a living frame
 For one more picture! in a sheet of
 flame

I saw them and I knew them all. And
 yet
 Dauntless the slug-horn to my lips I set
 And blew. '*Childe Roland to the
 Dark Tower came.*'

This seems to us very much like making a fool of the public, and all the worse for the striking ability lavished upon the fragment, as if a showman should hang round his caravan-front with the most wonderful pictures of the rarities on view inside, and the public after 'walking up, walking up,' should find nothing behind the front, not even four bare walls. We guess what the fate of the showman would be if a pump or a pond were at hand. Such impatience of the labour necessary to work out fine conceptions, such a resting satisfied with the portico to which a temple naturally belongs, is at least as good an instance of 'indolence which aspires to strive' as the story of *The Statue and the Bust*, one of the best poems, undoubtedly, in these volumes, interesting in itself as a history, and well told in a *terza rima* new, if we mistake not, to the English language, but as usual with Browning, marred by a close, in which a fine moral struggles obscurely through slovenly phraseology, and—its counterpart and cause—thought only half elaborated. The story is of a Grand Duke of Florence, who loved and was loved by the bride of one of his ministers, both resolving to act out their love, and both dallying with this purpose till years flew by, and the lady and her lover grew old and died baffled of their 'life's set prize.' Before this, however, the lady has her bust, in scorn of her feebleness of will, executed by Robbia, and set in the cornice over the window at which she used to watch the Grand Duke pass daily; and the duke has himself, from a similar feeling, cast in bronze, by John of Douay, on horseback, in the square, looking up to the window where his lady-love sat. Mr. Browning fancies the two in their tombs pondering what a gift life was, and sensible they had missed its aim, and thus delivers his moral of their story:—

I hear your reproach—'But delay was
 best,
 For their end was a crime!'—Oh, a
 crime I'll do
 As well, I reply, to serve for a test,

As a virtue golden through and through,
Sufficient to vindicate itself
And prove its worth at a moment's view.
Must a game be played for the sake of
pelf?

Where a button goes, 'twere an epigram
To offer the stamp of the very Guelph.
The true has no value beyond the sham.
As well the counter as coin, I submit,
When your table's a hat, and your prize
a dram.

Stake your counter as boldly every whit,
Venture as truly, use the same skill,
Do your best, whether winning or losing it,
If you choose to play—is my principle!
Let a man contend to the uttermost
For his life's set prize, be it what it will!
The counter our lovers staked was lost
As surely as if it were lawful coin:
And the sin I impute to each frustrate
ghost

Was, the unlit lamp and the ungirt loin,
Though the end in sight was a crime, I
say.

You of the virtue, (we issue join)
How strive you? *De te, fabula!*

Here is the bold morality of a man who refuses to see life through conventional spectacles; but unless one were tolerably familiar with the train of thought that energy of act and force of purpose are the most important elements in character, and that life is given to test these, we should hardly make out Mr. Browning's meaning clearly from the slovenly and careless enunciation of it in these stanzas. Nor ought a poet of Mr. Browning's principles to state thus nakedly what is only a half-truth after all, and which Mr. Browning knows as well as we do to be only a half-truth. But it would have given him some trouble, we suppose, to re-write these concluding stanzas so as to express his meaning less obscurely, and with its proper limitation. So he leaves his word-puzzles to acute people, and his morality to shift for itself: one consequence of which is that he has spoiled the effect of what would otherwise be one of the most complete and striking poems in his collection.

Our main object in this paper is to show how Mr. Browning defrauds himself of sympathy and fame, and his readers of enjoyment, by not doing justice to his own genius,—by wilfulness, caprice, and carelessness. Here is a pair of poems that are short

enough to be quoted largely, the first of which is almost perfect—quite perfect but for an occasional awkwardness of phrase, perhaps mainly due to the frequency and doubling of the rhyme. While the second, conceived as tenderly and as truly, is wholly sacrificed to a metre that is but disjointed prose, and an arrangement of rhymes that baffles ordinary ears to catch,—rhymes that are so to the eye merely, like an occasional unintentional jingling of like sounds in careless prose:—

A WOMAN'S LAST WORD.

Let's contend no more, Love,
Strive nor weep—
All be as before, Love,
—Only sleep!

* * * * *
Be a god and hold me
With a charm—
Be a man and fold me
With thine arm!
Teach me, only teach, Love!
As I ought
I will speak thy speech, Love,
Think thy thought—
Meet, if thou require it,
Both demands,
Laying flesh and spirit
In thy hands!
That shall be to-morrow
Not to-night:
I must bury sorrow
Out of sight.
—Must a little weep, Love,
—Foolish me!
And so fall asleep, Love,
Loved by thee.

IN A YEAR.

Never any more
While I live,
Need I hope to see his face
As before.
Once his love grown chill,
Mine may strive—
Bitterly we re-embrace,
Single still.
Was it something said,
Something done,
Vexed him? was it touch of hand,
Turn of head?
Strange? that very way
Love begun.
I as little understand
Love's decay.
* * * * *
Was it wrong to own,
Being truth?
Why should all the giving prove
His alone?

I had wealth and ease,
 Beauty, youth—
 Since my lover gave me love,
 I gave these.

That was all I meant,
 —To be just,
 And the passion I had raised
 To content.

Since he chose to change
 Gold for dust,
 If I gave him what he praised
 Was it strange?

Would he loved me yet,
 On and on,
 While I found some way undreamed
 —Paid my debt!

Gave more life and more,
 Till, all gone,
 He should smile 'She never seemed
 Mine before.

'What—she felt the while,
 Must I think?
 Love's so different with us men,'
 He should smile.

'Dying for my sake—
 White and pink!
 Can't we touch these bubbles then
 But they break?'

'Dear, the pang is brief.
 Do thy part,
 Have thy pleasure. How perplex
 Grows belief!

Well, this cold clay clod
 Was man's heart.
 Crumble it—and what comes next?
 Is it God?

We say that the man who could write the first of these poems, and did write the second, must be utterly reckless in the employment of his faculties, utterly careless whether his art produce beauty or deformity. More often, however, Mr. Browning's caprice mixes in the same poem the best and the worst, and that is to our thinking a still greater offence. The two first poems of the collection are instances. *Love among the Ruins* is really a description of some such place as Old Sarum, vivid with touches of wonderful pictorial power, but which is continually marred by the sacrifice of meaning and appropriate language to a metre quite unadapted for the subject predominant, though not unadapted for the subject indicated in the title. Talk about the old city and its ruins fills eleven and a half of fourteen stanzas, the love occupies a stanza and a half, and the moral the concluding stanza. How beautiful

a poem Browning might have written in this metre had he almost reversed these proportions, and taken the pains such a metre demands, may be judged from this specimen, in which the love is included:—

And I know, while thus the quiet
 coloured eve

Smiles to leave
 To their folding, all our many-tinkling
 fleece

In such peace,
 And the slopes and rills in undistin-
 guished grey

Melt away—
 That a girl with eager eyes and yellow
 hair

Waits me there
 In the turret, whence the charioteers
 caught soul

For the goal,
 When the king looked, where she looks
 now, breathless, dumb
 Till I come.

But he looked upon the city, every side,
 Far and wide,

All the mountains topped with temples,
 all the glades' Colonnades,
 All the causeys, bridges, aqueducts,—
 and then,

All the men!
 When I do come, she will speak not,
 she will stand,

Either hand
 On my shoulder, give her eyes the first
 embrace

Of my face,
 Ere we rush, ere we extinguish sight
 and speech
 Each on each.

* * * *
 Oh, heart! oh, blood that freezes, blood
 that burns!

Earth's returns
 For whole centuries of folly, noise and
 sin!

Shut them in,
 With their triumphs and their glories
 and the rest.
 Love is best!

The next poem—*A Lover's Quarrel*—is one of our especial favourites, because it is at once so intensely passionate, so *Maud*-like in parts, and so thoroughly modern and domestic. Yet such stanzas as these come in and spoil our pleasure:—

What's in the 'Times?'—a scold
 At the emperor deep and cold;
 He has taken a bride
 To his gruesome side,
 That's as fair as himself is bold:
 There they sit ermine-stoled,
 And she powders her hair with gold.

Could but November come,
 Were the noisy birds struck dumb
 At the warning slash
 Of his driver's lash—
 I would laugh like the valiant Thumb
 Facing the castle glum
 And the giant's fee-faw-fum!

Perhaps Mr. Browning would justify such writing on the ground of its representing fairly the tone of mind depicted; but art's realism is surely not to be confounded with literalness, the artist's business is not to make people speak and look exactly as they would speak and look, with all the accidents of human weakness about them. It is a large subject to discuss, but surely art is not daguerreotyping, even if the literal truth for which we value the sun-picture were attainable by the artist. Mr. Browning seems to us wholly to forget this distinction, and in forgetting it to abdicate altogether the true function of the poet.

The blemishes we have been noticing are blemishes for the most part upon poems of a serious or impassioned cast, and may be classed as faults of conception arising from impatience and feebleness of purpose, producing fragments instead of wholes; and as faults of execution, where a similar dislike of labour and carelessness of perfection produce doggrel. But Mr. Browning is fond of the grotesque for its own sake. Odd phrases, startling rhymes, strange arrangements, sudden transitions of thought, all kinds of eccentricities of style, have a fascination for him, we imagine, apart from the saving of labour accomplished by their means, and he writes whole poems apparently with little other object than to indulge this taste. It may easily be imagined that the writer who cannot keep himself from doggrel in poems intended to convey grave thoughts and tender sentiments, will play antics sufficiently extravagant when his purpose is to set things in the light of a playful or a tragical humour. But Mr. Browning unfortunately wants both wit to furnish the garb of wisdom in her sportive moods, and taste to warn him where the dangerous edge of sense and nonsense runs. He has not feeling enough of con-

gruity to venture safely on a style in which airy grace and ease of movement are the condition of success. He tumbles, like a man who cannot keep his legs, not like a man who has such perfect command of his muscles that he can balance himself in a position of unstable equilibrium. And when he seeks to exhibit, as he sometimes does, the true grotesque, the blending of the tragic and comic, the terrible and the ridiculous, he seems to us, from a want of earnestness of feeling, or habitual carelessness of execution, to fall short at buffoonery. We have specimens of both classes of poems in these volumes. *Old Pictures at Florence* and *Master Hughes of Saxe Gotho* belong to the former; *The Heretic's Tragedy* and *Holy-Cross Day* to the latter. In not one of these are evidences of Mr. Browning's imagination and intellectual capacity wanting—the power to bring realities before his mind, and the power to think about them to some purpose when they are there; but what he sees he scrawls on his canvas with such a rough and ready hand, and what he thinks he expresses in such broken hints and such strange jargon, that the reader has a task to perform in getting through them, quite unnecessary from any profundity natural to the thoughts, or any obscurity to the things themselves, and strikingly illustrating the truth that the labour of a reader is generally in inverse proportion to that of the writer whose works he is studying. Here is a passage in which Mr. Browning is complaining of his ill-luck in finding no buried scrap of any of the early Florentine painters whose praises he is singing, and after a mere tiresome list of names, about as suitable to verse as an auctioneer's catalogue, he goes on:—

I, that have haunted the dim San Spirito,

(Or was it rather the Ognissanti?)
 Stood on the altar-steps, patient and weary too!

Nay, I shall have it yet, *detur amanti!*
 My Koh-i-noor—or (if that's a platitude)

Jewel of Giamschid, the Persian Sofi's eye!

So, in anticipative gratitude,
 What if I take up my harp and prophesy?

When the hour is ripe, and a certain
 dotard
 Pitched, no parcel that needs in-
 voicing,
 To the worst side of the Mont St. Go-
 thard,
 Have, to begin by way of rejoicing,
 None of that shooting the sky (blank
 cartridge),
 No civic guards, all plumes and lac-
 quer,
 Hunting Radetzky's soul like a part-
 ridge
 Over Morello with squib and cracker.
 We'll shoot this time better game and
 bag 'em hot—
 No display at the stone of Dante,
 But a kind of Witan-agemot
 ('Casa Guidi,' quod vidcas ante)
 To ponder Freedom restored to Florence,
 How Art may return that departed
 with her.
 Go, hated house, go trace each of the
 Lorraine's !
 And bring us the days of Orgagna
 hither.
 How we shall prologueise, how we shall
 perorate,
 Say fit things upon art and history—
 Set truth at blood-heat and the false at
 a zero rate,
 Make of the want of the age no mys-
 tery !
 Contrast the fructuous and sterile eras,
 Show, monarchy its uncouth cub
 licks
 Out of the bear's shape to the chi-
 mæra's—
 Pure Art's birth being still the re-
 public's !

Is this the style of thing that
 is to be our latest improvement on
 Whistlecraft, or Beppo? To us it
 appears to be the motley without
 the wit and wisdom it covered; the
 cap and the bells without the teem-
 ing brain and bright eye. Better
 grave dulness than this spasmodic
 folly; better the sober plodding of
 the patient ass along the beaten
 highway of prose than this insane
 kicking up of heels, meaningless
 braying, and sportive breaches of
 asinine manners, in the rich pasture-
 meadow of poetry.

It was remarked above that one
 class of poems was to be excepted
 from the general censure passed upon
 these volumes. Those who are fa-
 miliar with Mr. Browning's previous
 writings will hardly fail to guess
 that we allude to compositions in
 which the exhibition of character is
 effected by a single discourse—so,

liloquy, conversation, or epistle.
 Mr. Browning's faults appear less
 in this form than in any other,
 either because a certain laxity of
 style is not unbefitting the colloquial
 character of the subject, and the
 framework admits readily of con-
 siderable discursiveness, and easy
 passing from topic to topic; or be-
 cause Mr. Browning's forte really
 lies rather in exhibiting the intel-
 lectual and moral characteristics of
 a man or an age, than in giving ex-
 pression to the affections and the
 passions. Then, too, the loose blank
 verse in which these poems are ge-
 nerally written, favours that facility
 of execution which he affects. What-
 ever be the cause or causes, these
 poems certainly appear to us to be
 by far his best. In the collected
 edition of his works we prefer *My
 Last Duchess*, *The Bishop orders his
 Tomb at St. Praxed*, and *The So-
 liloquy of the Spanish Cloister*, to
 most of the others; and in these
 new volumes, *Fra Lippo Lippi*, *The
 Epistle of Karshish*, *How it strikes a
 Contemporary*, *Bishop Blougram's
 Apology*, *Andrea del Sarto*, and
Cleon, give us the highest idea of
 Mr. Browning's great abilities, and
 indicate powers of character-paint-
 ing, and of seizing the points of a
 speculative or historical question,
 that would render him a fine bio-
 grapher or essayist. In fact it is
 only where perfection of form is a
 necessary element in success that
 Mr. Browning fails; and, as we
 have said all along, not from want
 of genius but of art—that is, of
 training, self-restraint, judgment,
 and labour. Unfortunately, to a
 lyric poet, these qualities are
 scarcely less important than genius.
Short and perfect is the standard for
 lyric poetry; the occasional snoozes
 that are allowed to the authors of
 Iliads are unpardonable in Horace
 and Anacreon; and the general
 brightness, intelligence, and imagi-
 nation that atone in a prose writer
 for all kinds of faults of style and
 incompleteness of thought, will go
 very little way to base a poet's per-
 manent reputation. But in these
 character-pieces of Browning's we
 do not ask for more than the vigour
 of a sketch, and that we get. Here,
 for instance, *Fra Lippo Lippi*, caught
 by the police in a very questionable

neighbourhood at night, recounts to the chief of the party his early experience of life, the way he became a monk, and from a monk, who could be taught nothing, a painter, who could paint anything.

Thank you ! my head being crammed, their walls a blank,
Never was such prompt disemburdening.

First, every sort of monk, the black and white,
I drew them, fat and lean : then, folks at church,
From good old gossips waiting to confess

Their cribs of barrel-droppings, candle-ends,—

To the breathless fellow at the altar-foot,

Fresh from his murder, safe and sitting there

With the little children round him in a row

Of admiration, half for his beard and half
For that white anger of his victim's son
Shaking a fist at him with one fierce arm,

Signing himself with the other because of Christ

(Whose sad face on the cross sees only this

After the passion of a thousand years)
Till some poor girl, her apron o'er her head

Which the intense eyes looked through, came at eve

On tip-toe, said a word, dropped in a loaf,

Her pair of ear-rings and a bunch of flowers

The brute took growling, prayed, and then was gone.

I painted all, then cried 'tis ask and have—

Choose, for more's ready !'

* * * *

You be judge !

You speak no Latin more than I, be-like—

However, you're my man, you've seen the world

—The beauty and the wonder and the power,

The shapes of things, their colours, lights and shades,

Changes, surprises,—and God made it all !

—For what ? do you feel thankful, ay or no,

For this fair town's face, yonder river's line,

The mountain round it and the sky above,

Much more the figures of man, woman, child,

These are the frame to ? What's it all about ?

To be passed o'er, despised ? or dwelt upon,

Wondered at ? oh, this last of course, you say.

But why not do as well as say,—paint these

Just as they are, careless what comes of it ?

God's works—paint anyone, and count it crime

To let a truth slip. Don't object, ' His works

Are here already—nature is complete :

Suppose you reproduce her—(which you can't)

There's no advantage ! you must beat her, then.'

For, don't you mark, we're made so that we love

First when we see them painted, things we have passed

Perhaps a hundred times nor cared to see ;
And so they are better, painted—better to us,

Which is the same thing. Art was given for that—

God uses us to help each other so,
Lending our minds out.

We do not think any other of the poems of this class equal on the whole to this, but they are all interesting, and thoroughly well worth reading.

And now, in closing Mr. Browning's volumes we hope neither he nor any of our readers will for a moment mistake the tone and intention of our remarks. If we valued Mr. Browning's abilities at a lower rate, we certainly should have treated his faults with more leniency, and should have had no difficulty in filling our pages with admirable passages, and some few almost perfect poems. Compared with ninety-nine of a hundred volumes of contemporary poetry, these of Mr. Browning's are a treasury of beauty, and sense, and feeling ; and it is just because we feel how great Mr. Browning's capacity is still—though his vices of style have the strength of indurate habits—that we think criticism worth bestowing upon him. There is not more than one poet of the present day whose genius is superior to his. If Mr. Tennyson is not to be brought into comparison with him, it is, however, mainly because he respects himself and respects the public, and is too grateful to his Master for the gifts

he has bestowed upon him to play tricks with himself. He gives the world of his best, and the world honours him, and will go on to honour him increasingly. If Mr. Browning covets his fame and usefulness, he must show the same sensitive artistic conscience, which is after all but acting on the principle that great talents are given men for the glory of God and the good of mankind. And if he wants higher authority for this recommendation than ours, or than his own best sense upon the matter, let him take to heart what England's second greatest dramatist said of her greatest dramatist and poet; and not scorn to follow advice drawn by Ben Jonson from Shakspeare's example. He probably knows the

lines well enough, but they deserve to be constantly repeated, and written in letters of gold round the cornice of every poet's study:—

'Yet must I not give Nature all: thy art,
My gentle Shakspeare, must enjoy a part.
For though the poet's matter Nature be,
His art doth give the fashion; and, that he
Who casts to write a living line, must sweat
(Such as thine are) and strike the second heat
Upon the Muses' anvil; turn the same
(And himself with it) that he thinks to frame;
Or, for the laurel, he may gain a scorn,—
For a good poet's made as well as born:
And such wert thou.'

G. B.—T. C. C.

SCOTCH UNIVERSITY REFORM.*

THE Scotch Universities seem to have enjoyed a higher reputation in the early part of this century than they do at present. Their former fame was due in part to the eminence of individual professors, and in part to the fact of their teaching being more in harmony with the intellectual life of that time than the system of studies then pursued at the English universities. This reputation reflected its lustre on a later period, and the country for a long time remained satisfied with the efficiency of its academic institutions. Of late years however a desire for important reforms has sprung up, both within the universities themselves and outside their walls, among persons who are keenly alive to the necessity of raising the tone of the higher education in Scotland. The theological differences in the country have helped to draw attention to this subject, and one great result has already been gained by the abolition of religious tests, which were formerly imposed upon all professors. The discussions about English University Reform contributed in some degree to rouse a similar spirit in the north; and the agitation about 'Scotch

grievances' has drawn attention to the deficiencies of the universities, at least in the way of endowments. But the practical importance of the subject has been forced upon public attention by the results of the late examination for the Indian Civil Service. The Scotch universities when for the first time brought into competition with the sister institutions of England and Ireland, did not maintain an equal place. Yet the examination was calculated to favour a student who had been successfully trained in a wide range of studies, and in whom those general literary and speculative interests had been developed, which the northern universities are supposed to foster. It has been urged as an excuse for this failure that Scotch candidates were at a disadvantage, owing to the fact that none of the examiners were selected from the northern universities. We do not believe that the result was materially affected by this circumstance. Whatever were the merits or defects of the papers set on English history and literature, on classics, on mental philosophy, &c., they certainly appear to have been quite free from the fault of reflecting the peculiarities of

* *On the Advancement of Learning in Scotland; a Letter to the Right Hon. the Lord Provost and Town Council of Edinburgh*, by John Stuart Blackie, Professor of Greek. Edinburgh, 1855.

any system of teaching. Yet it seems only fair that on a future occasion the Scotch universities should be represented in the examination, as well as those of England and Ireland.

But we think that those have done more wisely who, instead of suggesting excuses for Scotch failure, or trying to throw discredit on the whole principle of examinations, have sought a remedy for the evil in a proposed reform of the universities. The question has been ably and temperately discussed in most of the leading newspapers in Edinburgh. An association has been formed for 'the extension of the universities,' which besides containing the names of some of the most eminent members of the Scotch bar, and of the Scotch collegiate bodies, has received the adhesion of two of the most illustrious men of the present day—Mr. Carlyle and Mr. Macaulay. The association, in its printed circular, calls attention to the Indian examinations, and expressly states, that in the present condition of education it is 'extremely unlikely that young men, who are educated in the universities of Scotland, will be able in general to compete successfully with their rivals from other universities.' The question has moreover been stamped as one of public interest, by being made the subject of a leading article in *The Times*, of Thursday, Nov. 22nd.

We propose briefly to discuss the subject, as we do not entirely agree either with the views announced in the circular of the 'association,' nor altogether with those eloquently and humorously expressed by Professor Blackie, in the pamphlet, the title of which we have prefixed to this article.

But on one point we wish to guard ourselves against misconception. We regard the throwing open of the Indian appointments as a fitting occasion, but not as the main ground or reason for directing attention to the present state of academic teaching in Scotland. If we thought, as some seem to think, that there was any danger of our universities renouncing their true, or at least their ideal office of fostering the speculative intellect of the

country, and sinking into mere training seminaries for the attainment of valuable prizes, we should regard the throwing open of these appointments as a great evil instead of being a great blessing to the cause of education. But the fear that some persons entertain of the success of what is called 'cramming' for examinations, implies an unworthy distrust of the intellectual qualifications of examiners. So long as they are appointed from the *élite* of the different universities in the country, we have full confidence that well-disciplined faculty, originality, and power of mind, good sense, taste, and general culture will tell more in favour of a candidate than accumulated stores of heterogeneous information. The belief in the powers of 'cramming' is chiefly found among persons who have had no experience in university examinations, or in those who, having tried its effects unsuccessfully in their own cases, attribute their rivals' superiority to a more efficient prosecution of the same process. The Scotch universities may look to their chances of obtaining their share of the prizes open to the country by producing better educated students—a result more likely to be obtained by a more thorough system of *teaching*—as distinguished from merely *lecturing on*—the existing branches of study, than by founding new professorial chairs for all the special subjects required by the examination.

Professor Blackie deserves the greatest credit and the warmest thanks of all university reformers, for the boldness with which he tells his countrymen things, which, if true, must be extremely disagreeable to many of his readers. We heartily agree with many of his views and suggestions; we differ from him on some questions, and are inclined to put great stress on certain points not touched by him at all. In the first place, he seems to us to lay too much stress on the advancement of special learning, as being the proper function of a university. We do not sympathize very strongly in his wish to find a qualified 'professor of phlebotomy' in a person 'who will explain to you the whole theory and history of

blood-letting, from the precepts of earliest Egyptian drugmen in pre-Homeric times, to the dietetic protests of Erasistratus of Ceos, in the third century before Christ,' &c. Yet, though regarding well-trained power of mind as more important than learning, we agree with him that it is not creditable to the Scotch universities that 'the few men who have done something to support our national reputation for scholarship and research are not academical men at all.' We believe that his own translation of *Æschylus*, and the writings of Professor Ramsay, of Glasgow, might be mentioned in qualification of this statement; but the general truth must be admitted, that the Scotch universities, whatever they may have done or may be doing by teaching, have of late contributed very little by writing to the advancement of learning and scholarship. Nor have they maintained their ancient reputation by the production of original works on Mental philosophy. The only complete work lately emanating from a Scotch university, that testifies to the world that the countrymen of Hume and Adam Smith have not lost the faculty of abstract speculation that once distinguished them, is *The Institutes of Metaphysic*, by Professor Ferrier, of St. Andrew's. While we do not think that the production of original or standard works is the special function of a university, yet their entire absence is indicative of some want of vigour or enthusiasm on the part of professors. The delight in extending the limits of knowledge, and the impulse to communicate discovery, will not in general be satisfied with the limited audience of a class-room.

Still a university, though failing to promote any special departments of learning, may do its work efficiently by imparting a good general education to its students, and thereby elevating the tone of thought, feeling, and character throughout the country. Do the Scotch universities in this respect satisfy our demands upon them? If we give but a qualified affirmation to this question, we must emphatically state that the cause of partial failure is *not* any want of ability or of con-

scientious labour on the part of the teachers, nor is it the absence of industry, zeal, and attention on the part of a very considerable portion of the students. We must answer, that if there are within the universities a considerable number of students of high attainments, wide and accurate knowledge, and liberal culture, there are no means of publicly ascertaining their existence. While the teaching of the different colleges of Oxford and Cambridge is constantly tested by examinations, in which the pupils of different Tutors compete with one another, and are ranked according to their merits by an independent tribunal of examiners, the teaching of each of the Scotch Professors is tested solely by himself. The number of graduates is small in comparison with that of the students attending the universities: in the examination for degrees, each professor examines his own students on his own subject; he is the sole judge of their attainments and of the success of his own labours. The public may know that a professor is a popular and eloquent lecturer; he may at the same time be a sound, thorough, and successful teacher, but there are really no means of ascertaining this, and no motive, except his own sense of duty and love of his vocation, to induce him to aim at the reality rather than the appearance of good teaching.

Not only is there no adequate test of successful study, but there is also no sufficient encouragement to the student. He can look neither to emolument, nor to recognised honour, nor to a good start in his profession as the reward of his labours. The highest testimony to his merit is a gold medal or a book, generally of showy binding and uninteresting contents,—which is hardly the kind of recognition calculated to make him feel that he has passed beyond the state of a school-boy. There is further little or nothing in the system of the Scotch universities capable of calling forth and directing that concentration of attention, memory, and thought, implied in grasping a subject as a whole, and mastering it minutely in its details, which many hold, and we think wisely, to be the most

useful of all the agencies employed in educating a man's intellect.

But the greatest evil with which the Scotch universities have to contend is one which Professor Blackie most strongly and most justly presses on public attention, viz., that they have to fulfil—and that necessarily with most inadequate success—the functions of preparatory schools. It is by no means uncommon for students to enter the university with no previous knowledge of Greek or mathematics, with little Latin, and that little very inaccurately known. They come up at all ages—from twelve and thirteen to forty, sometimes still later. In some cases the numbers attending the junior classes amount to nearly two hundred students. They are under no kind of discipline when out of the class-room; they remain for six months at college, return to their homes in summer, resume their studies in the following winter, and frequently in this immature state of preparation enter upon the studies of logic and mental philosophy. Of course, this is not a true description of all;—to those students whose parents reside in Edinburgh and Glasgow, an opportunity is afforded of obtaining a good school training, and while attending the college classes they enjoy the advantages of home discipline. But even these students of whom we speak, most frequently enter the universities at an age quite unsuited for professorial teaching and for academic freedom. They would in general make much more progress at school. It is impossible for the most devoted professor to teach Latin or Greek accurately to a large and heterogeneous class of students with the limited control that he possesses over their private studies, and with the limited time that he is able to devote to each individual case. Whatever else may be taught by professorial lectures, or even professorial catechising, the foundations of accurate scholarship must be laid in school training or private reading and tuition. Of what use is it to teach philosophical principles of grammar and philology to lads who do not understand the commonest constructions, or recognise the most ordinary inflexions, or know the

meaning of the simplest words? How is it possible to infuse an enthusiasm for Greek literature into those who can merely blunder through a book or two of Homer and Herodotus with the help of a translation? Even the better students very rarely have read so accurately and extensively as to be capable of any real insight into philological criticism, or into the spirit of Greek literature, history, and philosophy. Professors of the ancient languages never can do the work of schoolmasters adequately, nor can they satisfy their own views of professorial teaching, until they have to deal with students well-trained previously, and able and willing to combine extensive private reading with attendance on college lectures.

We heartily agree with all that Professor Blackie says on this subject, and we believe that no real reform can take place in university teaching until the burgh schools are re-organized and better endowed. We believe, also, that in the larger universities at least sound teaching cannot be imparted to the great mass of the students, unless the labours of the professor be supplemented by those of a tutor or assistant, who may attend to the grammatical drilling of the less advanced students, and may exercise a personal superintendence over the private studies and composition of the better class of scholars.

Two measures the universities might adopt without difficulty, which would be sure to have a most beneficial effect upon the schools. First, they might adopt universally what has been adopted lately in Edinburgh and St. Andrew's—the practice of holding an entrance examination, which all students should be required to pass. At first they might have to content themselves with exacting very little previous knowledge, but the standard might be from year to year considerably raised. This requirement would very soon act in raising the teaching of the schools. It would be regarded by the community among whom he lived as disgraceful in a schoolmaster to have many of his pupils rejected; he would have to exert himself to meet the demands made upon them;

and we should hope also that it would be regarded as disgraceful in the patrons of schools to appoint unqualified persons from any consideration of personal favour or sectarian sympathy. We can understand no ground on which this reform can be opposed, except the vested rights of apathy and indolence. In the second place, the few endowments in the way of entrance bursaries that Scotch students enjoy should be *all* awarded by examination on the subjects of school education—such as Latin, Greek, mathematics, English composition. As a proof of the necessity of some change in the mode of administering the few endowments of the kind, we may mention this fact, that in one of the universities, while the few open bursaries obtained by fair competition do not amount to £10 a-year, there are three bursaries of £90 a-year for nine years, enjoyed by students who would have had no chance of being successful in an open competition. The ground of their good fortune is solely the accident of their *name*. Any comment on this fact would be thrown away on those who hold that the founder of a bursary or fellowship may retain for *all time* the exact disposal of the property that belonged to him in his lifetime; for those who do not believe in such inalienable rights any comment would be superfluous.

In regard to the actual studies pursued within the universities, the ordinary 'curriculum' (as it is called) comprises Latin, Greek, mathematics, logic, rhetoric, moral and natural philosophy. Before considering the propriety of extending the sphere of studies, a few words may be said on the mode in which these different branches of knowledge are taught. In regard to the subjects of mathematics and natural philosophy we do not feel qualified to form an opinion. If we might judge from the very eminent success attained by several Scotch students at Cambridge, we should conclude that these branches of knowledge were not only (as they undoubtedly are) most honourably represented, but were also most efficiently taught in Scotland. The other branches of knowledge are

as honourably represented, but are perhaps less suited to the mode of instruction pursued in the Scotch colleges, and in some measure necessitated by the limited means for procuring books at the disposal of the students.

The education of the student's mind is formed principally by listening to lectures, taking copious notes of them, and reproducing, from day to day, or from week to week, in examinations and written essays, the knowledge thus acquired. In the classical departments the preparation of a short daily lesson is also required in most of the classes, and the students are called up 'to construe,' and are examined in the same way as in a school. Now the system of teaching mainly by lectures is calculated indeed to develop the faculty of attention; and the practice of writing essays from the notes of the professor's lectures may foster a rhetorical fluency of style, and an ingenuity in spinning theories out of words. But there is little in this mode of teaching, unless it be carried on in combination with extensive private reading, calculated to exercise the memory or the judgment, to awaken originality of mind, to train the students to accuracy or concentration of thought, to bring their faculties into contact with living realities, or to impart a true insight into anything. The greatest evil arising from this system is the tendency, so soon acquired, to substitute words for things—to argue about, and to draw conclusions from the terms used by the professor, which, while representing true ideas to him, may be but misty abstractions or empty sounds to the student. The classical student, if he does not read and think for himself, learns, from the ablest prelections of his professor, to translate a difficult passage by rote, to quote lines that he cannot construe from authors that he has never seen, to accumulate in his note-book information and opinions which he never verifies, and to satisfy himself with knowing results when the more results are of little importance, and when their value depends on the process by which they were reached, and the truths with which they are connected. The value of

lectures on literary and philosophical subjects is in proportion to the previous culture and knowledge of the hearer. Their principal use is to communicate impulse; to give life and freshness to a subject; to elevate the feeling and the imagination of the student; to suggest new trains of thought to him; to impart unity to details, and to show the relation of different parts to a whole question—occasionally to bring together information from scattered sources not accessible to him—but they ought never to supersede the self-education derived from books and quiet thought.

We believe, too, that more might be made than at present of the function of examiner vested in the professor, if, besides catechizing the student from day to day on the lesson prepared on the previous night, he were to test his power of mastering a subject or work requiring a continuous effort of mind, method and concentration of thought, the power of insight, and of assimilating the ideas of a higher intellect. If occasional searching examinations took the place of, or were added to the daily catechizing, there is every reason to expect, among other good results, that the long summer vacations would be spent more profitably by the students than at present. Such examinations do exist in some of the universities, chiefly in the classical departments, and many students who have taken part in them look back upon them as much the most improving part of their academic career.

We proceed now to consider the propriety of extending the 'curriculum' of studies, and here we find ourselves at variance with the views propounded by the association for the extension of the universities. We believe that our difference with them rests mainly on this—that the propounders of those views desire to combine the two-fold objects of academic reform (by which we understand reform in the means and appliances of education), and the endowment of speculative studies on their own account. With both objects we sympathize; but the first we think most imperatively demanded at present, and the two ob-

jects may be pursued separately. Why should the endowment of literature necessarily take the form of a professorship, unless where teaching goes along with it? We think there is a chance that public opposition to the latter object may endanger the success of the former, for which public sympathy may otherwise be expected.

The chief practical object proposed by the 'Association for the extension of Scotch Universities,' is the endowment of additional professorships. In considering whether these additional endowments are required, we regard them solely in reference to education. If it is said that the State should support science and literature on their own account, we answer that that is not the question we are at present discussing. We do not wish the practical subject of university reform to be mixed up with a political question of great difficulty and uncertainty. It is a question that does not apply to Scotland alone. London, Manchester, and Dublin have at least as good claims to such endowments as Edinburgh and Glasgow.

The following subjects, then, are specified by the Association as suggested in the meantime for endowment:—

1. Constitutional Law and History.
2. Political Economy.
3. International Law and Diplomacy.
4. English Language and Literature.
5. History of Philosophy, Ancient and Modern.
6. Metaphysics apart from Logic and Ethics.
7. Modern Continental Literature—*Teutonic*.
8. Modern Continental Literature—*Romanic*.
9. Comparative Philology and the Science of Races.
10. History of Art;

all subjects of great interest and importance, and deserving of being represented in the Scotch or any other universities, provided that both pecuniary endowments and the mental capacities of young students were unlimited. Is it proposed that ten new chairs should be founded in each of the Scotch uni-

versities? If not, an act of injustice is committed against those excluded, not only on the ground that public endowments are granted to some and withheld from others, but also because these new chairs, if practically useful, will tend to withdraw the ablest students from the less to the more favoured universities. Perhaps, if convinced that they were imperatively demanded for the higher education of the country, the provincial universities might waive their claims in favour of that of the metropolis. But is there any reason to believe that they will be practically useful for education? Is it proposed that these subjects should be made part of the regular course of study? If not, we have some experience to guide us to the conclusion that they will become something like sinecures for learned and able men, who, though endowed with all the will and power to teach and lecture, may find only bare walls to exercise these faculties upon. We have the instance of the chair of Astronomy in Glasgow, adorned by a man of genius, one of the most eloquent and popular lecturers, and one of the most accomplished gentlemen in Scotland, who, though willing and anxious to teach, is unable to procure a class. In the same university a chair was founded for civil engineering, which seemed to be especially demanded for practical use in a great commercial and manufacturing city. The demand for instruction on this subject proved so small, that it was not thought necessary for the professor even to reside for any period of the year in Glasgow. There already exists a chair of Universal History in Edinburgh, adorned, we believe, by as learned and accomplished a gentleman as is likely to be found to fill any of the ten new chairs. He too is unable to procure a class. Many more such instances might be quoted. And, further, the example of Oxford and Cambridge may serve as a warning not to burden Scotch universities—for the present at least—with professorial chairs, upon which attendance is not imperative on the student.

But is it proposed to make these studies a part of the regular 'curriculum'? Surely not all of them. Some of them we should gladly

welcome as indispensable. The minute study and thorough mastery of some eras of ancient and modern history—a study implying not the mere knowledge of a dry catalogue of facts, acquired from a modern compendium, but an insight into the spirit and life of past times, and a philosophical appreciation of their bearing on civilization, derived, not from *à priori* theories of human nature, but from the inductive comparison of facts—is not only one of the finest exercises both of the understanding and of the imagination, but would be peculiarly serviceable as a counteraction to the rhetorical and what are called the metaphysical tendencies of Scotch education. We should gladly see professorships of history established in all the universities, provided that their object was genuine and thorough teaching, as well as able lecturing and historical speculation and discovery.

But we cannot afford to give up any subject in the existing curriculum; nor is the capacity of ordinary students fitted to master many more. We should not like to see them filling their note-books with more undigested matter, cramping the natural healthy growth of their minds, and leaving themselves no time to think or read, or to enjoy their youth. We should not like to see lads of eighteen puzzling themselves with the question, whether they were to believe in the views of the professor of metaphysics, or of logic, or of ethics, or of the history of philosophy; for we do not understand how the three last subjects can be treated without reference to the first, and we do not see how, in the present state of opinion, there is likely to be agreement on that. Above all, we should feel a moral repugnance at the idea of young men who could not read Italian or German writing essays (from their notes on their professor's lectures) on the genius of Dante, or dashing off criticisms on *Faust* and the *Niebelungen Lied*, with enthusiastic pens, to which the exercises in Ollendorf would present insurmountable difficulties. Political economy is already taught in most of the universities. When the works of Mill, Ricardo, and Adam Smith

can be got from the libraries, a student who has been well trained in other studies will not need a professor specially and entirely devoted to this subject, though he may be, as he now is, assisted in his studies by the occasional lectures and examinations of a professor. It is surely part of the business of the existing professors of mental philosophy to communicate their views on the historical progress and evolution of thought. As regards the claims of English literature, we have sufficient faith in the genial enthusiasm of youth to believe that they will be better served by leaving the students more leisure, than by the eternal din of this new machinery of able and eloquent lecturing.

We believe in short that the endowment of these additional chairs is not imperatively demanded at present, that some of them would, if active, introduce confusion and further division into a system of education, of which one of the great defects is the absence of any combination and subordination of labour;* if inactive, would become cumbersome excrescences. On the other hand, reform in the teaching of the regular branches of education, and additional endowments for developing the energies of the Burgh schools, and for the encouragement of deserving students, and their maintenance for a few years after finishing their academic course, are imperatively demanded.

Our limits will permit us only very briefly to consider what perhaps is the most important part of our subject, viz., the 'outlet' from the universities into the different callings of life. We believe that the proficiency of every student should be tested by a final examination, and that instead of the certificates of *attendance* on the different classes now given by each professor, a certificate of having passed this examination should be the stamp of university recognition. The more proficient students should be encouraged to prepare themselves

for a standard of examination much higher than that passed by ordinary students. To a very limited extent this is done by the universities at present; but it might be carried out far more thoroughly if the *honour* attending success was duly recognised. We do not see why the honour of obtaining a 'first class' in the Scotch universities should not be as much prized in Scotland as similar honours obtained at Oxford and Cambridge are in England. No doubt a stronger stimulus would be given if endowments were attached to such success, and we trust that, if additional endowments are granted, or in any way raised for the Scotch universities, a considerable portion of them may be devoted to this purpose. We believe that the honour attaching to a 'good degree' in the English universities depends mainly on three conditions: firstly, on the high standard of attainment required of the candidates in the different branches of knowledge on which they are examined; secondly, on the number of the candidates and the wide extent of the field from which they are drawn, in consequence of which the merits not only of the candidates themselves, but also of all the colleges within the university, and, in some measure, of all the great schools in the country are tested; and thirdly, on the independence and disinterestedness of the tribunal by which the candidates are examined. If honours obtained in the Scotch universities are to receive similar recognition, the required standard of attainment must be raised, *the different colleges or universities* (for the words are really synonymous in Scotland) *must compete with one another, the candidates must be tested by a tribunal independent of their teachers.* If a student at present obtains first class honours in a Scotch university, his merit is not appreciated, because there is no means of ascertaining its value. A 'first class,' for instance, in one university might, for all the public

* The professors act too much like independent teachers, each tied down to one definite subject, and too little like members of an organized body. It might be difficult to introduce the study of Plato, for instance, into one of the universities, from a feeling that a Professor of Greek was not entitled to discuss philosophy, nor a Professor of Moral Philosophy to read Greek, with his pupils.

can tell, be granted more easily than an ordinary degree in another. No person can know anything whatever of the real proficiency of the candidate except his examiner on each subject, who at present is the same person, by whom he has been instructed on that subject. It is not desired that the professors should necessarily be excluded from the office of examiners for degrees, but that they should be associated in the office with other persons, and that in no case should they be the sole tribunal by which the merits of their own pupils are ascertained.

We shall briefly indicate the advantages likely to arise from bringing the students of the different colleges into competition with one another before an independent tribunal:—the additional publicity given to the results of academic teaching; the stimulus thus applied to the professors, and the necessity imposed on them, both of zealous and efficient teaching, and of keeping pace with the educational progress of their time; the reality of the *honour* which will result to the successful candidates in so wide a competition; the stimulus that the prospect of competing with unknown antagonists will give to the most advanced students in the different colleges; the substitution of a manly for a boyish method of study, from the necessity imposed on the students of *mastering a subject*, instead of *preparing a daily lesson*; of grappling with the materials of education as a whole, instead of being merely immersed from day to day in unmeaning details: the probability that part of the long summer vacations, now often wasted even by the best students, will henceforth be properly employed in private study, to which this final examination will afford an adequate motive and a steady direction: the training in examinations thus supplied, which will give to Scotch students a better chance of competing for Indian appointments, &c., with their English and Irish rivals. Provided that the different universities were willing to lay aside all jealousies of one another, and professors to make some sacrifice of personal dignity in favour of a national good, we cannot see any real objection to the

adoption of this scheme. We have heard such as the following urged:—that the prospect of honour without emolument will not be a sufficient motive for exertion on the part of the students.

We answer (though the whole question of additional endowment is too wide for our present discussion), that we may fairly hope to see some emolument granted to the most successful candidates, sufficient to help them in the first years of professional life, or to support them while prosecuting their further studies, though not sufficient to tempt them to lapse into a life of ease and idleness. But in any case, by the proposed scheme there is nothing withdrawn from such stimulus to exertion as at present exists. Those who are familiar with the excessive ambition with which Scotch students at present strive for trifling honours in their own classes, which are only heard of within their college and in their own homes, might be inclined to fear that the stimulus of concentrating all their efforts on the attainment of an honour, sure to be recognised by the country, and to be accepted as a test of ability and industry in entering on any profession, likely, too, to lead to such appointments as professorial chairs and the best endowed masterships in schools, would have the effect of raising the youthful ambition to an unhealthy pitch. Of the two at least we should be more inclined to apprehend this latter evil.

It has been objected that there would be some difficulty in finding examiners unconnected with the universities. It would undoubtedly be essential to secure a board of examiners who would inspire perfect confidence and respect. But we cannot for a moment doubt that among the professional classes, the men of leisure, and the masters of schools in Scotland, a sufficient number of gentlemen may be found perfectly able and willing to co-operate with such of the professors as might from year to year fill the office of examiners. In a short time examiners would easily be provided out of the most successful candidates of previous years.

We do not know if the objection

has been made, but we fear it may be made, that this scheme of final examination is borrowed* from the Oxford schools or the Cambridge triposes. Now the English and Scotch universities are so very unlike, their characteristic faults and excellences are so diametrically opposite to one another, that we need hardly say that we should regard any attempt to remodel Scotch universities after the pattern of those of England not only as wholly impracticable, but as extremely undesirable. It was a common charge against Oxford reformers that they sought to imitate German and Scotch universities, while they merely sought to supply what was most defective in their own system by the adoption of certain means which common sense indicated, and which they did not choose to reject merely because they existed elsewhere. We admit that such a scheme of final examination is a part of the Oxford system—and is that part of the system to which, in the main, all improvement for the last fifty years is due—an improvement which even the bitterest enemies of the English universities would not deny, if they had any knowledge of what Oxford was before the first examination statute was enacted. The Scotch universities may, if it gives them any pleasure, congratulate themselves on having escaped many of the abuses and obsolete usages prevalent elsewhere. They are especially fortunate in having escaped ecclesiastical ascendancy and intolerance. But we do not think that the desire of being as unlike Oxford as possible can be a sufficient reason for objecting to this measure. At all events while valuable public appointments are, whether wisely or not, given after such examinations as we speak of, the universities which train their sons best in such a system will, *ceteris paribus*, carry off the prizes.

We may briefly advert to one other objection. We have heard it said that the tendency of the teaching of the English universities is to produce a certain uniform type of character, opinions, attainments, and intellectual capacity, allowing no free play to individual bent or genius. We believe that this uniformity is apparent rather than real; and is

not more remarkable than what a stranger would superficially observe among German students, young Scotch advocates, or any other body of young men who were much thrown together and exposed to the same influences. Even if the fact were true, the cause might be sought in the extreme social intimacy existing among the young men at the English universities, and in their comparative isolation from other influences, rather than in the examinations. No one indeed who has had experience in competitive examinations will regard them as a panacea by which the 'emendation of the human intellect' is once for all to be effected, nor as capable of testing the finest and rarest intellectual qualities; still we believe that there will be a general concurrence of opinion among those competent from experience to judge on the subject, that they are the best instrument hitherto discovered for developing, directing, and testing that self-education, which is the only fitting education for men.

There are other questions connected with University Reform in Scotland—such as that of endowments, of academic patronage and government, the connexion between the universities and the learned professions, student life in Scotland, &c., upon which we cannot enter at present. The whole question is fully ripe for discussion; but there is not sufficient agreement of view in the different universities, or among the public at large, to justify immediate action. While anticipating the greatest service to the cause from 'the Association,' and thankfully acknowledging that, but for the energy of its founders, no step would probably have been taken in the matter, we should above all things deprecate any premature legislation founded on the views which they put prominently forward. We doubt if they represent the opinions of any considerable number of those who recognise the necessity of some university reform. One out of the two principal universities of the country seems to stand entirely aloof from the movement. In another university there is a strong feeling of the necessity of reform in the education of the student, but no sympathy with the

proposed addition of so many professorial chairs. The points of agreement and disagreement cannot be fully elicited by the discussion of a public meeting, which is most suitable for the enunciation of views on which no diversity of opinion exists.

It seems to us that in the present state of the question the most natural suggestion to make is the appointment of a commission of inquiry, similar to those which elicited such important evidence and submitted such judicious recommendations in reference to the English universities. It may be objected that two royal commissions have already sent in reports on the subject without leading to any result. But at the time of their appointment there was little interest felt in the question; the public was apathetic, the universities, we believe, were generally antagonistic to the inquiry. The precedent of the English university commissions would afford a ground of confidence, that a similar inquiry would now

lead to practical results. A commission, if composed of persons who would inspire confidence, would at present in many quarters be eagerly welcomed. It would not, we think, be desirable to appoint to the office any persons unconnected with Scotland, nor men of mere political or social eminence not practically acquainted with the difficulties and the wants of a student. Persons of note and mark in the world may be found, who, while in no way merely bookish men, have yet shown that they know by experience the meaning of genuine study. We trust that the gentlemen specified will excuse us if, without authority, we give as instances such names as those of Colonel Mure, Sir David Brewster, and the Dean of the Faculty of Advocates, as sure, from their respective eminence in learning, science, and professional life, to command the confidence of their countrymen, if they were willing and able to accept such an office.*

W. Y. S.

* While complaining of the absence of endowment in the Scotch universities, we omitted to mention the valuable small exhibitions from Glasgow College to Balliol College, Oxford, to which many Scotchmen gratefully acknowledge that they have been indebted for advantages which would otherwise have been beyond their reach. The stimulus given to education by these exceptional endowments is a strong argument in favour of further endowment. The candidates for these appointments are encouraged by the hopes of future distinction to carry on their private reading extensively, and are thus enabled to derive full benefit from the excellent teaching and lectures of their classical professors. But we call these endowments exceptional not only because they are limited to one university, but because they are attainable only by that very small class of students who desire to finish their academic studies at Oxford. Their necessary action is to withdraw young scholars from the Scotch to the English universities. While fully acknowledging the great benefit of these endowments, we desire to see an equal encouragement held out to the much larger class of students in all the universities, who complete their academic course in Scotland.

In leaving the subject, we must again repeat, that, if the Scotch universities fail in affording a thorough education to their students, the cause of failure is not any want of ability or attainment on the part of the professors. In respect of the qualifications of the individual professors, we believe that the Scotch universities would bear comparison with any similar institution in the kingdom. The whole scope of these remarks is to find some means by which the gap between the attainments and capacity of the teachers and those of the taught may be filled up. The reform that is wanted is not in the learning, &c., of the professors, but in the circumstances and condition of the students.



FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY, 1856.

FRIENDS IN COUNCIL ABROAD.

VII.

SCENE. *The Public Gardens near Aix-la-Chapelle. Present—ELLESMERE, DUNSFORD, MILVERTON, MR. MIDHURST, BLANCHE, MILDRED, and the Dog.*

At last they were all seated. MR. MIDHURST, after having offered the softest and most comfortable hillock of moss to each of the young ladies, took it himself. MILDRED endeavoured to place BLANCHE next to ELLESMERE (an old man sees these little things), but the bright girl preferred nestling herself up close to her cousin, and MILDRED was obliged to take the place next to ELLESMERE. They insisted upon my sitting on a log which ELLESMERE called a metaphorical woolsack, and said that he wished every Judge sat upon as hard a bench, as it would make them more intolerant of long speeches from counsel. He hoped, he said, it would have a little of the same effect in the present case. There was then some talk about ivy leaves, bonnets, and other frivolous things, which I need not recount; and, afterwards, ELLESMERE began to speak more seriously.

ELLESMERE.

I really shall get into a great scrape with that good physician, Sir James Kinder, if I allow you, Milverton, to plunge us all into serious discussions while we are abroad. The last thing he said to me was, 'Mind, Milverton must do no work.' Besides, rest is the object of the journey for all of us. Dunsford comes out, if not to rest himself, at least to let his parishioners rest; Mr. Midhurst, to give some rest to the French cooks of the metropolis; myself, to delay the ruin of various families: and why can't you, Milverton, let the wretched public rest? I wish one could put a clog on the mind, such as one sees on some poor animal. By the way, I don't know how it is, but I never see a donkey turned out on a dreary common, with a heavy clog to his hind leg, but I think of a newly married man spending his honeymoon in the country,—so great, as a philosopher would say, are the powers of association. It is not that there is the slightest resemblance in the circumstances, but I suppose that, upon some occasion, when I saw a newly married couple setting off from the paternal mansion, I had just seen an unfortunate donkey with a clog to him, and thus the two things became inseparably connected in my mind. Philosophy explains everything.

DUNSFORD.

And I suppose on the same day when you saw a bachelor in the Albany you had just seen a solitary donkey without a clog, but drearily mooning about the pound.

• ELLESMERE, *with a stage laugh.*

Ha, ha, ha! That is very good, Dunsford, immensely witty for a rector in Hampshire.

MIDHURST.

Man without a companion is dejected: man with a companion is, for the most part, oppressed by incomplete companionship, and miserable—at least with one companion: What might be done by having more I do not know. Perhaps he would be still more miserable—perhaps not. It is a curious question.

ELLESMERE, *sidling up to DUNSFORD and whispering in his ear.*

I have it all now. Joe Smith in disguise—an *Avatar* of the great Joe. How he can be so fat though, having had so many wives, I cannot imagine.

MILVERTON.

No carwiggling of the jury. As you have now finished your conversation on donkeys and matrimony, I will tell you what is the subject upon which I want your earnest consideration.

I had a letter yesterday from the editor of the — *Review*, telling me that there is shortly to be a general election. I do not see any present symptoms of such an event; but editors, of course, know everything, and I suppose it is to be. And what he wants me to do is, to write an article upon the subject, which, he says, may be of some use. But what a subject it is! And then my thoughts upon these matters, and upon all questions connected with official reform, do not take the shape of any system. I am always for improving the things before us, making the best of what we have, relying greatly on individual effort, and not thinking that anything will do away with the necessity for men. You make a plan ever so good, and an unwise man has the working of it, and it comes to nothing; while, out of the uttermost confusion in human affairs, a skilful fellow draws force and nourishment and vitality.

MIDHURST.

I see, Mr. Milverton, you are very much in earnest, and therefore I assure you I will say nothing that is merely playful or paradoxical, or meant only to bring other people's opinions out; but I must honestly tell you my conviction that, to do any good in these matters, you must look very far, and go very deep, and have very little hope of any success. Are not the representatives of the people quite good enough for the people they represent? Look at the insincerity throughout all life—the bad workmanship in all directions; and how are you to expect a great result from such unworthy materials? Look at each one of us, at this present moment—people that wear 'severe shirt-collars' and hard hats, and who live in houses cumbered with laborious absurdity, and dine at stupid ill-contrived dinners, and enjoy the least pleasure at the greatest expense of any people in the world. What right have we to a better House of Commons than we have?

MILVERTON.

You know that I have a large and very varied acquaintance. Amongst others, I have the honour of knowing a few of the great retired scholars—there are still some in England. Well, the other day I went to see one of them, to consult him about a point of science, which bore, however, upon one of the social questions of the day. After answering me as well as he could, and giving me the benefit of his knowledge, he looked at me very mournfully, and said, 'Leonard Milverton, Leonard Milverton, why will you fash yourself about these matters? You can't do any good in them, you can't alter the framework of society. You used to be fond of science, come more often to see me, come and work in my laboratory, we might do great things together. Here you can get positive results. Cease to disquiet yourself about public affairs. Jobbery and inefficiency will have their way, but nature answers only careful and honest questions; and some answer she is sure to give to the men who put such questions.'

MIDHURST.

And you went away quite disheartened, no doubt, as any wise man would be.

MILVERTON.

Then I am a foolish one, for his words only stimulated me the more. I do not believe in these harsh views of mankind. My experience may have been very fortunate, but I have come across excellent men in all professions and employments—men most anxious for the public good, and ready to devote themselves to it. As each year has gone on, instead of finding more worthlessness and corruption in the world, I have been struck at the new veins in society, if I may so express myself, of excellent, hardworking, true men, one comes upon at every turn. Of course we do not go through life without being immensely deceived and played upon, and penetrating into dense masses of scoundrelism that appal us; but, I think if we observe

fairly, and do not suffer ourselves to be cowed by the large blocks of difficulty which lie in our way, or to be bewildered by the jungle of adverse and confused circumstances which civilized life brings up around us, there is plenty of new life and new hope to guide us onwards.

It is a curious thing that the man, in all England, whose duty it is to know most about crime, has been heard to say, that he finds more and more to excuse in men, and thinks better of human nature, even after tracking it through its most perverse and intolerable courses. I suspect that Fouché—that is, if he had any good in him, which could recognise goodness in other men—would have told us the same story. Indeed, I think I have noticed that great writers of fiction, with the subtlety that belongs to genius, have always made their ministers of police and principal detectives good-natured men. It is the man who has seen nothing of life who is intolerant of his fellow men.

ELLESMERE.

I am quite with you, Milverton. The knowledge of men which I have gained in my profession, has made me admire rather than despise mankind. Persevere in trying every kind of improvement. Don't expect too much. Misanthropical people have, in most cases, been made misanthropes by hoping too much; but go on, thinking the best you can of mankind, working the most you can for them, never scolding them because they will not be wise in your way; and, even then, being sure that, think as gently and as lovingly as you can, you have dealt but a scant measure of tolerance to your fellow man. It is a poor, bewildered, deluded, short-lived creature—each one of us is so; but at least, let us think the best of each other.

[I do not know how it was, but at this unexpected speech of ELLESMERE'S, my eyes involuntarily turned to MILDRED VERNON, who was leaning a little forward, and looking at ELLESMERE with an expression of mingled pride and tenderness which I had never seen in her face before. There was something, also, like tears in her eyes, and her beautiful little hands were tightly compressed. After a pause ELLESMERE resumed.]

Do not be afraid, Milverton, of being unsystematic; it was the very thing I was going to pray you to be. If you have any good suggestions to offer, you injure the chance of their being adopted by making them into a system. You alarm people's vanity—you arouse people's dogmatism—you make them afraid of its being said that they are mere copyists, if you work things out too neatly for them, and they should adopt your work. Seek to influence public men, do not presume to guide them.

MILVERTON.

Thank you, my dear Ellesmere, for the aid which I see you will give me. Now I will proceed carefully. I see you are with me, or at least, the majority of you are, in agreeing that there is plenty of worth in the world.

Now comes the question of how we are to bring it to bear upon human affairs.

ELLESMERE.

Enlighten it, enlighten it; it will bring itself to bear.

MILVERTON.

Not exactly, Ellesmere; there wants direction as well as enlightenment. Especially, as it seems to me, do men want to learn how to combine together for good public purposes. I will explain what I mean by taking a particular case. There shall be a number of men in a particular county, or town, anxious to have a worthy representative, but they do not know the art of combining, and have never thought of acting together. The time for action comes—they are without a distinct plan or a definite object. Meanwhile men's private interests are always ready to act, and so the men of worth and public spirit are overcome by want of readiness proceeding from want of combination, and their influence is lost in the general mass. One great evil, which is a cause of this, is the shyness of Englishmen, and the fear they have of their best motives being misinterpreted.

ELLESMERE.

Here would come in enlightenment, my good fellow. If the generality of men saw what a serious thing it is to choose a man to think and act for them—if they took as much pains in choosing their members as in choosing their counsel learned in the law, they would not leave to chance or to the ready movements of self-interest the working in those matters which an imperative duty assigns to themselves.

MILVERTON.

I am glad to see how thoroughly you are penetrated with the importance of the choice of men. But you talk of counsel learned in the law; why, man, if our people only took as much pains in choosing their representatives as in buying their horses, we should have such a Parliament as had never before been seen. This is not my theory, but belongs to that strange and quaint personage, William, Marquis of Newcastle. He applies his saying to great monarchs in their choice of officers; but I should wish to give it a wider application. It was my friend Doyle, who, knowing my interest in the subject—I mean in the choice of men, not of horses—sent me an extract from the Marquis's work. When we get home, remind me to show you the passage, it is a very droll one.*

ELLESMERE.

Now, stop, Mr. Midhurst; don't utter that feeble joke, which I see is trembling on your lips, about donkeys: express your misanthropy in some other way.

MILVERTON.

It has often surprised me that persons in great affairs are not more anxious to choose wise agents from, what I may call, a family feeling in the matter. What a just and beautiful object of ambition it is to leave a successor to yourself—some one to whom you are a father, as it were, in official or Parliamentary life, or in the conduct of any great affairs. Not to be largely missed when he must quit the scene should be the object of every great man.

MIDHURST.

You will find out that I am right when I am for ever commenting on bad workmanship. A high sense of art—a great love of the work done and to be done, would insure a careful choice of agents.

MILVERTON.

Yes, and I go beyond the present, and say, that no man loves his work deeply who does not wish to see it well handled long after he is gathered to his fathers. Now, to insure this, he must always be making preparations for the future. He must always be watching, instructing, and furthering the younger men about him. The great statesmen of our age have been singularly remiss as regards this duty. Observe how unwilling they are to trust even their minor bills in the hands of the younger members of Parliament. There is no time in my life when I would have been a Lord of the Treasury, or a Lord of the Admiralty, or have held any of those lesser offices, simply because I should have felt I was not allowed scope enough. And yet, I am well aware of the necessity of acting with a party, and being reasonably dutiful and submissive to the heads of that party.

DUNSFORD.

I was pleased to hear, Milverton, that you were not to be coaxed or

* "Si les Grands Monarques étoient aussy soigneux de connoître la capacité des hommes pour les charges qu'ils leur commettent, comme les bons Cavaliers sont soigneux d'approprier chaque cheval à ce à quoi la nature l'a créé, les Roys seroient mieux servis qu'ils ne sont, & nous ne verrions pas tant de confusions, qui surpassent celles de Babel, arriver dans les Etats par des personnes qui ne sont pas capables de leurs charges. Celui qui est propre à être Evêque, n'est pas propre à être Général d'Armée; & celui qui est propre à être Secrétaire d'Etat, ne l'est pas à être Garde des Sceaux: Parceque la conscience d'un Secrétaire d'Etat pourroit être un peu large pour un Garde des Sceaux, qui garde la conscience du Roy & de la République."—*Méthode et Invention nouvelle de dresser les Cheraux*, par le très noble, haut, et très puissant Prince, Guillaume, Marquis et Comte de Newcastle, &c. &c. Seconde édition: à Londres: MDCCXXXVII. Livre i. chap. 1., p. 17.

flattered by that learned man (though I love learned men), into giving yourself up to science, and that you were not discouraged by his morbid views on social subjects.

MILVERTON.

I won't say that they were morbid. But, to tell you the truth, all the talking in the world on that subject would not have much effect upon me. I always have taken the greatest interest in public affairs, and intend always to do so. Besides, I am the father of a family—of a large family.

ELLESMERE.

Well, for the life of me, I cannot see what that has to do with the question. We are accustomed to very remote and subtle views occasionally from this crafty philosopher, but I really am puzzled to know what he means by that last remark. I thought that prudent fathers of families were apt to attend to their own private affairs chiefly. I always picture a good father of a family to be a sort of Louis Philippe man, and have thought myself rather witty when I have said, 'Let us always pray to be ruled over by a bad father of a family.'

MILVERTON.

You see an over care for the family did not answer in Louis Philippe's case, even for his family. But now look at the matter very seriously. I am going to say something which, though it is the vilest common-place, might, if it went into the hearts of men, immensely increase their interest in the public service. Look at the instability of human affairs. Consider—

ELLESMERE.

Yes, yes, yes. Take all that for granted. We might as well have a preachment from one of those little manuscripts in a black leather case, which Dunsford carries about with him when he is at home.

MILVERTON.

You must hear me. I shall preach on. I say, you may do what you like in your private capacity to uphold and further your children, but nothing can be done with any sense of security. The state of the law alone, in any civilized country, is enough to make any man shudder when he tries to think of what may become of his family. I often fancy to myself, if a man could but once in his life, for some five minutes, foresee, in a vision, the long-line of his descendants, probably not by any means crowned like those of Banquo—I say, if he could see the beggar brats, and miserable squalid beings which some of them will most likely become, he would assuredly take a much deeper interest in public affairs than he does now. He would see that he was not doing the best for these descendants when he put by this week's two pounds ten to last week's two pounds five, and so, as he thought, was rendering them independent of the world. Pursuing this train of thought, I think to myself that if one could improve London in the least, one would, perhaps, be doing more for one's descendants—directly and absolutely more—than by very prudent husbandry, all of which may be so easily and ironically defeated by a little muddle in a few obscure words found in an out-of-the-way part of a forgotten will or marriage settlement. There was a man who had some notions upon financial affairs generally, and the circulating medium in particular; and of all birds in the air and fishes in the sea, whom should he choose to enlighten by letter week after week but our friend Carlyle. 'Ah, sir,' said the philosopher to me, 'what's the good of all the money in the world—tons of gold, sir, when the richest man in London can't get, for love or money, a single glass of good water?' This was before some of the water companies had made their recent great improvements; which, however, are but a beginning of what must be done in that way. But there is a great deal of depth in Carlyle's saying. What is the good of money being plentiful in a community which, by general ill-management, prevents itself from enjoying some of the first elements of beautiful and wholesome living? Preserve, as far as you can, good air, plenty of light, large open spaces in great towns, tolerable laws, freedom, manliness, and hope for your descendants, and let them fight their own battle as well as they can. Whether you like it or not, you cannot do much for them—at least you

cannot insure that your work for them will last. Perhaps it is one of the magnificent designs of Providence that only that work which has some touch of unselfishness in it, shall be free from complete decay and bid most defiance to the rapid vicissitudes of fortune.

MIDHURST.

While we are speaking of duty and of a conscientious use of our privileges, we must not forget that the choice of men is immensely difficult. We have very little opportunity in this short life of thoroughly observing each other, and of making up our minds what individual men are fitted for.

ELLESMERE.

Well, we must only do the best we can. If men were sincerely anxious to choose a good man, any man chosen would be sincerely anxious to make himself the right man. There is an immense enlightenment in honest intention; it is an education in itself. [*Here MILDRED clapped her hands; ELLESMERE smiled.*]

MILVERTON.

Then I think we must not fear to address the highest motives even to the lowest classes of people. We must show them what a fine thing it is to be well governed; we must show them that, rightly understood, it is health for the sick and knowledge for the ignorant. It is upon the suffering classes that ill-government is always worked out. Now, it may be a vain thing to say, but I do believe I could convince a fierce democratic mob of the importance of raising the salaries of several of the principal officers of government.

ELLESMERE.

Their salaries are ludicrous.

MILVERTON.

Yes. See what you want from a first-rate official man. You want the whole of his time, the best of his thought, and you require him to be a man of such capacity that he would have succeeded amply in any other occupation or profession.

ELLESMERE.

What should I say, for instance, to a minister who asked me to quit my profession for an office of £1200 or £1500 a year? And yet I see that such salaries are attached to offices demanding far higher qualifications than I can presume to think are to be found in me.

MILVERTON.

I have, however, a view to other things in my wish for the increase of the salaries of some of the principal public men—other things, I mean, than their own efficiency. There are but two ways in which you find out anything about individual character—seeing a man in society or in business. If you leave the choice of agents in the hands of men whose incomes do not enable them to enter largely into society, you greatly fetter their powers of usefulness, and restrict the field of observation by means of which they are to choose fit agents. It is a fact distinctly within my observation, that some of the best appointments have been made by those public men who have been most social in their habits, and thus have learnt most about the younger men rising up around them. Moreover, by means of social intercourse that estrangement between different classes, which is a serious mischief in England, may be got over; and the upper official men would play a considerable part in this good work, if it were possible for them to do so.

To men like yourselves, who know something of the world, I need hardly dilate upon this subject, but I feel so confident that I have a great deal to say that is convincing as regards my view of the subject, that I should not fear to address a London mob, and endeavour to persuade them that the salaries of the chief officers of police were lamentably inadequate, and that it would be well for them (*i. e.* the mob) to be governed and restrained by the best men who could be found, liberally remunerated.

ELLESMERE.

You are a bold fellow, Milverton. You do not fear brickbats?

MILVERTON.

Not I. Englishmen never throw brickbats at the man who tells them truth; or at least they soon cease to throw brickbats. I will tell you what happened to my brother, Walter Milverton. Shortly after the introduction of the Reform Bill he went down to contest a rabid borough in the north. They were the sort of fellows there who delight to shout 'Sponge out National Debt,' and to make other remarks, showing an equal appreciation of political economy and national honesty. However, he is a thoroughly bold fellow; and, despite of brickbats, and other comments of an unpleasant nature on his oratory, he contrived to make these men listen to him, and to persuade them to become infinitely less rabid. I believe he set up the National Debt with them before he quitted the town. It is true that he is unusually well qualified to address a public assemblage upon such matters; but, after all, such qualifications are not so rare as the willingness to use them is. This, by the way, brings me to another point, which, if I write at all about the coming elections, I shall dwell upon. We are apt to dilate upon the indifferent choice often made by representative bodies. Is there not something to be said about the way in which fit candidates hold back? Is there not a certain delicacy, somewhat misplaced, in the educated men of this country? I know very well the great objection that all careful thinkers must have —

ELLESMERE.

— to rush into the atmosphere of extreme assertion.

MILVERTON.

Yes—to put themselves forward in a position where they will have, as they think, to pledge themselves upon all manner of questions.

These feelings of delicacy and reticence may, however, be carried too far. And, besides, if constituencies were dealt frankly with, and candidates, without concealing their present opinions, carefully left room for the further consideration of great questions, and for the modification of their opinions, I believe that pledges would not often be unjustly demanded from them. If the intellectual men of any country should complain that they have not their fair weight—as I suppose they would in this country, and with some justice,—they must consider whether they take the fair means to get their weight felt and appreciated.

I believe it to be a great disadvantage for a nation when its senate is largely composed of men who have but little knowledge of the past, and who are ever children in politics because they believe the present question before them to be the only thing that could, should, or ought to agitate mankind. But if the learned, the studious, and the accomplished keep away from popular assemblies, and leave the field to rougher and coarser men, all I can say is, that these learned and accomplished persons do not accommodate themselves to free institutions, and must take the consequences.

ELLESMERE.

This applies, of course, to men of station and some fortune. There is a large part of the talent of the country which must be sought for and found out—the scientific part for instance—and the 'in-door statesmen,' as your friend Henry Taylor well designates them.

MILVERTON.

Certainly, my dear Ellesmere. Scientific men are not half enough made use of by our government; and other eminent persons are either not caught at all, or are caught too late. Now I will give an instance that may astonish you, but which is, nevertheless, a good instance. Take our friend Carlyle. When I was quite a youth, and he just in the vigour of early manhood, I remember one thing that much struck me about him was that he would make an excellent man of business.

ELLESMERE.

I find it difficult to realize that.

MILVERTON.

It is true, though; and those who know him intimately will confirm

what I say. Such a man as that I should have caught immediately if I had been a statesman, and had seen any way of catching him. If I had failed in making him a good 'in-door statesman,' I should have left him a still better and abler writer than he is now.

Returning again, however, to scientific men. Imagine the unwisdom of a nation that suffers itself to be half poisoned by its drugs,* cheated in its food, and swindled in all directions, when, for some fifteen or twenty thousand a year, it could organize a most efficient body of scientific men, who would look after its medicines, watch its food, test its artificial light—no slight matter that—and, in fact, protect it from all manner of impostures and delusions against which it is now as helpless as a little child.

MIDHURST.

I must say a word now. Do not these impostures show how base is the groundwork of society in which such things are possible as the adulteration of food and drugs?

MILVERTON.

It is very, very bad, but still not quite so bad as you may fancy. Even those people who are most actively concerned in the matter are scarcely aware of the mischief they are doing. They do not mind consuming the adulterated things themselves; they do not appreciate the immense evils they are creating by this adulteration; it has become a trick of trade, and familiarity with the practice has taken off the just perception of the wrongfulness.

ELLESMERE.

More enlightenment, more enlightenment. We come back, after all, to the necessity for that. But, Milverton, you must own that we have more reason for hope now than we have had for a long time, from our newly-constituted Board of Health.

MILVERTON.

Yes. After great 'labours, dangers, and sufferings,' to use a phrase of Paley's, something has been attained there. But for that something to be developed into large and useful action, the public must be prepared to make considerable sacrifices of money, and, what is far more difficult to get than money, time and thought. It is quite outrageous that upon some foolish or disgraceful matter of personal altercation you can be sure of a full House, while any Sanitary or Public Works Bill is clucked into a distant corner of the session, as if it were rather a deplorable and dirty object than otherwise.

ELLESMERE.

Do not expect too much, Milverton. Do not expect that any popular assemblage will ever nicely appreciate the just weight of the measures brought before them. You are asking men to be too wise. And, as regards party altercations, human nature likes a row. We are like a set of public schoolboys—good fellows enough in our way, but we enjoy a pitched battle now and then, and to see men's passions have their full swing. It is a great drama, my friend.

MILVERTON.

Well, I believe I was pressing a point too far.

But now I want to put before you another matter which I think of great importance. If I cannot write this article that the editor wants, we will get Dunsford to send him the heads of our conversation, to see if they would be of any use to him, and therefore I mention everything that comes into my head. A great distinction appears to me requisite to be drawn between the things that can be accomplished by individual effort, or by combined effort, without governmental aid, and those things for the public service which absolutely require the interference of the whole community as expressed in its legislature. We often mix up the two branches of

* Mr. Milverton's words receive a fearful corroboration, as it seems to me, by the evidence in a criminal trial that is now pending. 'Dr. Rees and myself examined some antimony, and, as is mostly the case in commercial antimony, we found arsenic there.'—*Evidence of Dr. Taylor in the Rugeley case.*



things, and get into sad confusion thereby. You look puzzled. There is nothing like taking individual instances. Let us take, for example, the public baths and washhouses. What a boon they have been to the public. Now, that was wholly gained by private effort. My estimable friend, John Bullar, had a great deal to do with it. But if you will consider the matter, you will easily see that it was one that could be undertaken by private persons.

On the other hand, take the question of the sewerage of London, and you see at once that it is an imperial question. You cannot move three steps in it without something like absolute power.

ELLESMERE.

I could even bear this despotic power to be centred in one man—the Lord High Dictator of Sewers.

MILVERTON.

Then again, there are other questions which require, or at least would bear, an admixture of private labour and imperial interference. Measures to prevent the adulteration of food and medicine are of this class. A great deal may be done by private effort, but to consummate the good, the sanction and the aid of the legislature must be demanded. These distinctions are not pedantic; they come at once into active life. I remember myself wasting a lot of energy in a matter of drainage which, if I had known the ways of the world better, I should have seen could only have been accomplished by the despotic power of state interference.

But what is a far more important result from these distinctions is, that when they are once recognised, people become so much more tolerant of state interference in those cases in which they perceive that it is absolutely necessary.

ELLESMERE.

I am, of course, for our doing everything we can to promote the election of serviceable men; but when you have got together your parliament of perfect people, Milverton, the difficulty will ever be to make them work well together. You must know I think rather highly of the present House. Of course it does not, by any means, come up to what you choose to picture to yourself as a possible House of Commons; and as for my friend Mr. Midhurst there, the sagacity which he exercises in finding truffles in unexpected places, would of course shine out in finding fit men to represent us in Parliament. You and he, therefore, have a right, or think you have, to speak slightly of the present House; but I have observed of every Parliament in which I have sat, that it is willing and ready to listen to any good sense that may be offered to it. What I find to blame in it, is the manner of conducting business. And then you must really recollect how difficult it is to get on with any business in which more than one person is concerned. Milverton has all his life been preaching about the difficulty of conjoint action, and inventing methods—sometimes practical, sometimes the reverse—for getting over this difficulty.

MILVERTON.

Yes, I am penetrated with a sense of this difficulty; for, though you mock me by the title of a philosopher, by which you mean anything but a practical man, I am always striving to make opinions converge, and to get at practical results.

Many years ago there appeared a farce, of which I have totally forgotten the name, although I remember one song in it. The scene, I think, was in the West Indies. A furious planter entered,—the slaves had, I suppose, been dawdling about and pretending to work; and the planter commences by singing—

One thing is certain: nothing done,

Nothing done,

Nothing done:

One thing is certain, nothing done.

The air to which these words were written remains in my mind, and how often at Boards of Directors, in Commissions, when attending at the

House of Commons, have I found myself humming the words in a low voice,—

One thing is certain: nothing done,
Nothing done,
Nothing done:
One thing is certain, nothing done.

ELLESMERE.

It is deuced easy to be critical—

DUNSFORD.

So I have always told you, Ellesmere.

ELLESMERE.

—but a harder problem has never been set before men, than how to work in bodies, and so to gain the advantage of common sense without losing or blurring directness of purpose.

MILVERTON.

By the way, Ellesmere, may I ask you a personal question?

ELLESMERE.

Oh, as many as you please, my dear fellow, provided you don't ask me anything which would render me amenable to more taxes, or make me speak disrespectfully of tithes.

MILVERTON.

I have always been exceedingly curious to know how men who do a great deal of work get through their labours. It is a question I have ventured to put, even after a slight acquaintance, to editors of newspapers, judges, chancellors, managers of theatres, great merchants, extensive authors, masters of Trinity, and all other men eminent for work. Now I want to know how you do your work? I am well aware that, though you pretend to ridicule learned men, you have gone on acquiring all manner of learning since you left Collego. You have had a great deal of business: you have seen a great deal of society. This is not to be done without method. Now, what is your method?

ELLESMERE.

Well, I don't mind telling you.

I get up early, but not immoderately so: I allow the day to air itself a little before John Ellesmere makes its acquaintance. I wake, however, very early, and, to use an expression of Sir Walter Scott's, that is my 'simmering time.' My perceptions are never so clear as then. I make up my mind about difficulties, and arrange my plans for the day. One of the first things I do, when I come down, is to make a few notes on a strip of paper, of the things to be done, if possible, in the course of the day. Not many times however in my life have I quite fulfilled my programme, and at a critical period in the day—say about two o'clock—I throw overboard several things,—I cut them out of my programme.

MILVERTON.

You do not wait till the end of the day to do so?

ELLESMERE.

No. What I cut out generally forms the basis of the notes for the next day.

MILVERTON.

Your plan is a very sensible one. Has it ever occurred to you that the House of Commons, of which you are so distinguished a member, might also adopt some method with regard to its work?

ELLESMERE.

Oh dear me, what a fool I am not to have seen all along what you were aiming at, and not to know that you were only going to make use of me 'to point a moral, or adorn a tale.' For the moment, I really believed that you cared about me, and were curious about my doings. To the end of my life I shall be a dupe to these philosophers.

MILVERTON.

The recess should be the simmering time for statesmen; and I would

that they were stricter even than you in their programme, and that at least they adopted your excellent plan of making up their minds, while it was yet mid-day in the Session, as to what measures they would throw overboard. The affluence of bills prevents and suffocates good legislation.

ELLESMERE.

A crushing aphorism ; and, for once, there is some truth in such a thing.

MILVERTON.

If I were a statesman, I would take infinite pains during the recess with the measures that I was about to bring in ; but I would stick to them. Sometimes I would refuse altogether to alter them ; I would not let my work be 'a mush of concession,' to use a phrase of Mr. Emerson's. Beforehand—before I had framed my bill, I would listen to everybody, invite all men's opinions, submit my work to the most knowing men in that department of affairs in which I was working ; but when I had once brought in my bill I should be disposed to abide by it. You shall have that, or you shall have nothing—at least from me.

ELLESMERE.

The children of old maids and bachelors are generally very well-educated, and never turn out ill at college. In like manner the bills of imaginary members of Parliament, who legislate in their libraries, sitting in cosy arm chairs, are never perplexed by troublesome amendments. But, indeed, you do point at a great evil. Of course it would not always do to be so strict and unyielding as you fancy you would be, but I must admit there is far too much yielding.

MILVERTON.

And conciliation becomes confusion.

ELLESMERE.

Worse than that,—your excellent friend, the City Officer of Health, writing one of his little notes to me last session about a bill which affected his sanitary affairs, said, 'If these amendments and mutilations are permitted, they will ensure the impotentiation of the bill.' It was as true as possible, and could not have been better expressed.

MILVERTON.

A long word now and then, when it is exactly the right word, is very valuable.

ELLESMERE.

There is one thing which, while we are talking in a scattered manner,—now about the elections of Parliament, now about the movements in official life—I want you to keep in mind. It is a thing which forced itself upon my observation in my short official experience—namely, that it would be very requisite for you people who desire reform, to detect, if you can, where the delay and the hinderance takes place. It seemed to me, that there was often some obscure and semi-irresponsible person who formed, as it were, a hitch in official affairs. He must be looked to. He is very often an able person ; I am not going to say anything against him ; but I think it would be exceedingly desirable that his influence should be known, and his responsibility defined. A word to the wise is sufficient.

MIDHURST.

I still think that you may be directing too much of your efforts to the summit of the pyramid, and neglecting the base. Let improvement creep upwards.

MILVERTON.

There is something in what you say ; but this improvement must be directed from above. Now, we have been talking a great deal about truth in matters of politics and business. The movement that there has been of late years in the arts—in architecture—in decoration—has been towards truth and meaning, and will have a great effect upon what are called the serious affairs of the world. The world may come to be better governed when houses are better built. Such a maxim as that of Pugin's, 'Let the construction be seen,' is full of truth ; and, when once acted upon, will not be confined to architecture only.

ELLESMERE.

Ah, I think we see the influence of your friend, Mr. Ruskin, in that last remark.

MILVERTON.

Well, I am not going to subscribe to everything that Mr. Ruskin has said, but whatever I have read of his has made me think—has made me ever afterwards look more earnestly and more sincerely at men's work; but I like him personally, because I found him so hearty and useful in actual work on one occasion, where I saw him tested.

ELLESMERE.

There we have the essence of the Milvertonian nature. You pretend to be a very just fellow, and balance this and that, and take in the world hugely; but I observe you will never allow anybody to be attacked who has once aided you. What a dangerous man you would have been if you had been a great king, or a very powerful personage. How the 'king's friends' would have been silently advanced. How a man would have found himself suddenly rising into power because, years ago, he furthered what were known to be the king's views on any question. He himself might long have forgotten the matter, but in that sleepless memory of yours his name would have been down with so many white marks against it. Of course a man who is so mindful of benefits is equally mindful of injuries. For my own part, if I had thoroughly offended you, I should come at once and ask what I had to pay—what I had to suffer? If you wished to have my head off, I should say it had better be done at once—far better than to have a fellow quietly dogging one's footsteps for years, resolved to have the head some day or other, and never abating one jot of that resolution.

MILVERTON.

You have been so good, Ellesmere, for the last half-hour, and have rendered us so much assistance, that you have a right to break out a little now. Only I must remark, in answer to your accusation about my partizanship, that we have not time in this busy and confused life to be doing abstract justice upon all our friends. I am for holding together as much as we can, and I always intend to make the best battle I can for those who fight with me. Turn some day to some papers of De Quincy's, about the action of parties in England, which he looks upon, if I recollect rightly, as a balance of forces. His views on that subject will explain to you many of those things which you note down in me as prejudices; and one likes to shelter oneself behind the large shield of such an admirable writer.

[Here MILVERTON walked away, saying he would like to take a turn or two, and consider what he should say next for DUNSFORD to report to the able Editor. Fixer got up, yawned a little, stretched himself, and prepared slowly to follow his master. BLANCHE asked whether she might go too. He said she might come with him if she promised that her conversation should be one continued and brilliant 'flash of silence.' The dog wagged his tail approvingly at this addition to the party, and they all three walked off together.]

ELLESMERE.

Now that Milverton and his two principal friends are gone (I have never been so much loved, by the way, before or since, as by a little terrier dog I had when I was a boy, of the name of Vixen), I must tell you a good story about him, that I did not venture to tell in his presence. It is a little thing, but will amuse you who know the man well. Many years ago, in the palmy days of the Whigs, I was asked to one of their great houses; I scarcely know why I was asked, except that I was then thought a promising young man whose opinions were not quite settled. It was a splendid house—one of the six or seven houses in London where you can give a party of several hundred people, without any risk of their being suffocated. The place swarmed with poets, philosophers, orators, and statesmen. There was the burly and noble figure of Sydney Smith, the delicate and graceful Tommy Moore, and the dignified presence

of Wordsworth, who, sedate and serene, surveyed the crowd as if they were trees. The bland and discreet Sir Robert (the party was not confined to Whigs, but some of the chief men on the opposite side were present too) was gazing about with his deeply thoughtful eyes and dry shrewd smile, and looked as if he was saying to himself, with characteristic caution, 'Whatever embarrassment it may hereafter entail upon me, I am not going to deny that this is an agreeable party;' while Lord John, in his stately little way, stalked through the crowd as if he had full confidence in the British Constitution, and felt certain that it (as his peculiar and attached friend) would carry him through any difficulty. Mr. Hallam looked about him in his resolute manner, as if he was prepared to give the justest and most honest criticism upon any human affairs that might occur now, or might have happened in the Middle Ages. Further on, the future historian of England had a small circle around him, who listened enchained and enchanted by his marvellous talk; while that most pleasant companion, Mr. Monckton Milnes, moved about from group to group, enlivening everybody that came in his way. I was a very obscure and unnoticed personage at the time, and knew only a few of the young men there. At last I espied Milverton, sitting on a sofa, of course, with a stout gentleman of not very aristocratic appearance. We interchanged greetings, but I saw that Milverton was not to be seduced from the side of his portly friend. He must be some very important personage, said I to myself. Soon afterwards I brought two or three of my young acquaintances to look at him in the distance. Nobody knew him, but they thought he had a German countenance, or, as they tersely expressed it, 'a Teutonic cut of the gib.' A new ambassador was expected from Prussia—a great celebrity; perhaps this was the ambassador. Some one boldly declared it must be Humboldt, especially when a beautiful woman of the highest rank passed by the pair, and on the stout gentleman's being introduced to her, made him a most gracious bow. There was something, however, an indefinable something of condescension, as it seemed to me, in the bow, and my curiosity was still more aroused. Besides I wanted to get Milverton to talk to. Presently they got up and walked into the picture gallery, and while the supposed ambassador was lost in admiration before some large staring modern picture, I took Milverton aside for a moment, and said 'Who is your fat friend?' 'A most worthy man,' he replied; 'an excellent fellow, Mr. Brick, the new member for ——. He is the only man in the House of Commons, I believe, who thoroughly understands our Water Rates Bill. I have great hopes that he will speak upon it; and, being an independent member, he will be listened to. Of course he will, he knows so much about the subject.'

Now the beauty of the story is, that you may depend upon it that it was not as a matter of business that Milverton did this, but that of all the crowd there, Brick was the man who, for the moment, interested Milverton. More facts were to be poured into the wretched Brick's mind, in order that 'our Water Rates Bill' might be better argued. Other men might follow after Wordsworth, but to Milverton, Brick was a sonnet in himself. Milverton was wrapt up in the possible poetry of good water for Lambeth.

I got off into a quiet corner to have a huge laugh by myself, and was found by one of the wisest and least jocose of my acquaintance, going into inexplicable guffaws.

DUNSFORD.

The worthy Mr. Brick fares ill amongst you in this story.

ELLESMERE.

By no means. Only you must admit he is not exactly the sort of person that, with poets and orators and philosophers present, a young man would naturally attach himself to. Since I have been in the House of Commons I have made his acquaintance, and have found him to be a first-rate man for mastering details. Milverton had got hold of the right pig by the ear. But it is a delicious instance, is it not, of our friend's prosaic perti-

nacity? Rightly is he followed by that grim bull-dog, Fixer. I suspect they were brothers in a former state of existence, but Milverton happens to have emerged into humanity first.

MIDHURST.

Hush. Here they come.

MILVERTON.

Ellesmere, you must not be ready to complain of being bored. If we are to do any good we must go over some of the old topics. First, with regard to elections. What a thing it would be to keep down election expenses! I have nothing to say upon that head, but what we have talked about over and over again. We must have no such things as hustings expenses. In every town a permanent hustings should be built, and until it is built, the expense of a temporary one should be defrayed by the town.

ELLESMERE.

'A Daniel! A Daniel come to judgment.' I assure you I have been mulcted pretty considerably in my 'legitimate expenses.'

MIDHURST.

How much?

ELLESMERE.

Between four and five hundred pounds. Our hustings expenses were £130; but I believe that is very little.

MIDHURST.

They ought not to have been a hundred and thirty pence. It is an outlay which should fall upon the country, and not upon the candidate.

MILVERTON.

This plan of having a permanent building would give a nice field, by the way, for architects to do something new. Our small towns in England are sadly deficient in public buildings. The building might also be connected with a public library and reading room. At any rate, candidates must not be put to any expense that can be prevented. The expression 'legitimate expenses' must be banished. What a blessing it is to get a good man to serve us as a representative. How much obliged we ought to be to him. We must save him every trouble and expense that we can.

Then, my dear Dunsford, if you write to this Editor, get him to dwell upon, or to make his writer dwell upon, the waste of honours that has taken place in our time, and indeed since the commencement of the Georgian era. No: waste is not the word,—insufficient use, and yet immense abuse of honours. Let him show that honours are part of the capital of government, which ought never to be misapplied or neglected. Sometimes, when I see how they are given, so that all people with a sense of humour smile when they read of the thing in the papers, I feel very sad at such a waste of good material. I do not believe that in the United Kingdom, taking in the islands Jersey, Guernsey, Alderney, and Sark, there is anybody who has a more abounding love of fun and humour than I have. But really to confer some distinction on a chance alderman, and leave some of the greatest men of our time unnoticed and undecorated, seems to me carrying a mediocre joke too far.

ELLESMERE.

Yes; and when a joke is prolonged through a century, it is apt to lose the first element of jocosity—surprise.

MILVERTON.

Well, then, if the Editor intends to work the subject about the choice of men, he will find a very remarkable passage in Mr. Lewes's *Life of Goethe* which will be of use to him. I can't recollect it exactly, but it occurs in what Mr. Lewes calls the Weimar period, I think; and is in laudation of the Duke's discernment. Goethe intimates that like recognises like, and that a great man will, as a matter of course, be

surrounded by great men.* That saying of the great Unpronounceable, as I call him, will be rather a snub to those men in power who declare they can never find fit agents. You know you were all inclined to take this line against me the other day, but I put you down very decidedly, and I am afraid a little rudely. That is all that it occurs to me to add just at present.

DUNSFORD.

I am sure I have been an admirable judge, and have sat upon this not very soft or smooth log with an imperturbability that deserves applause from the Court below. And now I am going to make only one remark, which is, that I was delighted to see that both of you, Ellesmere and Milverton, agreed in putting men above systems, and that you did not talk to us in the way that Doctrinaires—that is the word I believe—are apt to discuss matters.

ELLESMERE.

No, no; we leave doctrine to you. There is a wicked friend of mine who says, 'Theology is the twilight of the human mind.' Our doings are for the garish day.

MILVERTON.

No system can prevent the influence, or do away with the responsibility, of persons in their individual capacity. It is to great persons, after all, that we must look for the soundest improvements. All systems are but machinery: they cannot design anew, and cannot adapt themselves to new circumstances. A great man is in himself a system—a living system.

ELLESMERE.

I am delighted, my dear Milverton, at any improvement, or attempts at improvement, in laws or offices or governments; but the old idea always comes back upon me which I have expressed to you over and over again, when we have had these conversations, what can all these improvements accomplish in smoothing away the real difficulties of human life? They are like the delicate attentions you pay to a man who lies tortured with a fever. You smoothe the pillow, and bring in fresh flowers, and shade off the light with affectionate care, and he is suffering all the while a raging pain which scarcely admits of any consciousness about trifles—a raging democratic pain, which reduces all men nearly to a level.

• MILDRED.

Pain is a subject upon which we women may venture to speak, I believe. It does not seem to me that, except in rare cases, these delicate attentions are unheeded.

MILVERTON.

No, Milly is quite right. Your metaphor, Ellesmere, breaks down. Besides, I have always told you we may have life made less squalid—less absurd, even if it were to be equally miserable,—not that I believe it will

* The passage referred to by Milverton must be the following, from the Duke's manifesto in answer to complaints at Goethe's appointment:—'In such a case I shall attend to nothing but the degree of confidence I can repose in the person of my choice. The public opinion which perhaps censures the admission of Dr. Goethe to my council without having passed through the previous steps of Amtmann, Professor, Kammerrath, or Regierungsrath, produces no effect on my own judgment. The world forms its opinion on prejudices; but I watch and work—as every man must who wishes to do his duty—not to make a noise, not to attract the applause of the world, but to justify my conduct to God and my conscience.

'Assuredly we may echo M. Dufmont's sentiment, that 'the prince who, at nineteen, wrote those words, was no ordinary man.' He had not only the eye to see greatness, he had also the strong will to guide his conduct according to his views, untrammelled by routine and formulas. 'Say what you will, it is only like can recognise like, and a prince of great capacity will always recognise and cherish greatness in his servants.' People saw that the Duke was resolved. Murmurs were silenced, or only percolated the gossip of private circles, till other subjects buried them, as all gossip is buried.—*Life and Works of Goethe*, vol. i., book iv., chap. 3.

remain so. That man does not suffer quite so much, who knows several of the beautiful things that have been said, in all ages, about the particular misery he is suffering under.

ELLESMERE.

What a literary view of the question! Moreover, it is erroneous. The sensibility which has made the man more keenly appreciate these beautiful things, lays him open to keener misery in enduring them. But if we talk till doomsday we shall never agree upon these points.

MILVERTON.

I must give you an odd illustration of my view of the subject. You say 'remove squalidity, diminish abject misery; and still, notwithstanding all you can do, the main bulk of the misery remains.' But then I say, look how differently it may be presented to us. Now comes my illustration. I was once at a large theatre. The scene was to represent a room which the direst poverty had long made a home of. There stalked in a wretched man, and after him a wretched woman, who, in moving tones, with 'tears in their voices,' and with dignified gestures, bewailed their unhappy lot. He was a great actor, she a great actress, and they performed their parts to admiration. But I thought within myself, poverty cannot be represented in a theatre. The stage is too large for it. The misery which a man can bemoan over, striding up and down a large unoccupied space, and having room to think how miserable he is, is not the most abject misery. No: it is the squeezed up, crowded, squalid, half-suffocated wretchedness (which is never alone) that gives to humanity its saddest aspect. You will answer me—I see it already in your looks—that the people who suffer in this way do not know it, that they have not our feelings; and my reply would be, 'so much the worse.' One of Bacon's deepest sayings is about the lie which sinketh into a man.* So the poverty and the misery which sink into a man, and become as it were part of his nature, are surely the worst forms of poverty and misery. It cannot be a little thing to get a man out of that, or to take it out of him. It removes him into a higher order of being, and his suffering into a thing of higher essence.

DUNSFORD.

We must be careful, Milverton, that we do not overlook religion.

MILVERTON. •

That remark of yours gives me a better illustration than the one I have used. If I could not remove a poor man's misery, and diminish his temptations, I should still be glad that he had a great cathedral, where, alone, and with some beauty and with some space about him, he might mourn and pray.

MIDHURST.

I am partly of Sir John Ellesmere's way of thinking; but I maintain that Mr. Milverton is apt to hope too much from statesmanship and official reform and governmental action, whereas it is the little things in life that make it beautiful—and comfortable.

DUNSFORD.

You are not just to Milverton. No man cares more about these little things.

MIDHURST.

You will all deride me, I know, and think me a very sensual man; but I wish Mr. Milverton would address his anxious mind a little more to the dinners of the people. [*We all laughed, except Mr. MIDHURST, who indulged in his little pleasant smile.*] There are probably five million four hundred thousand dinners cooked in the United Kingdom every day. I do not care so much what becomes of the odd four hundred thousand dinners of the upper classes, but a little improvement in the cooking of the remaining five million would be a great comfort to my mind. I have

* 'But it is not the lie that passeth through the mind, but the lie that sinketh in and setteth in it, that doth the hurt.'—*Essays—Of Truth.*

travelled over a large part of the world, and have nowhere seen so wasteful a neglect of good things as in England.

ELLESMERE.

How Lord Ashburton's movement about 'common things' must delight Mr. Midhurst.

MILVERTON.

It delights me, I know. Lord Ashburton is one of those men peculiar to England. I may be wrong, but I believe there are no such persons in any other European state; and with us they are not to be found amongst lords only. I know several Lord Ashburtons low down in life.

ELLESMERE.

What do you mean?

MILVERTON.

Why I mean persons who have no political ambition—who do not want to be prime ministers, or commissioners, or vestrymen, or beadles, but who have an abiding care for the public good; and, being almost free from vanity or interested ends, are very valuable in giving due weight to any public personage whom they discern to have a real interest in the public good. There is a great deal of nonsense talked in England about political adventurers, and many persons think a man cannot be a good politician who has not five thousand three hundred a year; but the truth is, your political adventurer, who may be a rich or may be a poor man, is a horrible creature—a fellow playing at cup and ball with the most interesting affairs of mankind, and whose speech or whose silence, in great crises even, is regulated by his own little vanity, or his own diseased lust of power.

ELLESMERE.

Be careful, be careful, Milverton, of what you say on this head. It is the fear of being called an adventurer that keeps many a good and wise man away from politics,—many a man whom you of all persons would delight to see in that sphere. You must not ignore ambition either; it is a fine thing in its way.

However, I must interchange a few compliments with my dinner-loving friend to the left—(Oh! by the way, I have such a story to tell you of a hunt we have had after truffles, only that is neither here nor there, for the present): I agree with him that even a little improvement in these five million dinners would be worth a good many of Milverton's projected reforms.

MILVERTON.

You do not see that the improvement in the dinners would distinctly follow from such reforms.

BLANCHE.

You must improve us first, before you can have better dinners.

ELLESMERE.

Improve you, indeed! Let us keep within the bounds of possibility. I suppose, though, we might teach you to bake and to brew a little better,—and some of you, the most intelligent and docile, might be taught how to light a fire properly; but as to any great alteration of you, that is beyond our power. Many a gaby has married a woman whom he knew to be altogether unsuitable to him, but whom he thought he was gradually to mould into a perfect wife. Of course it ended by her influencing him far more than he influenced her. Women are more complete creatures, at least, less incomplete than we are. They are less affected by education, or by the want of it. By the way, this talking about men and women reminds me of something I have been longing to say during the whole of this morning's discussion. Mr. Midhurst objects to Milverton's great hopes for mankind from laws, and statesmanship, and other fine-sounding things, and obstinately brings him back to common life,—to dinners. I wish to bring him back to domestic life. You know, my dear philosopher, polish up the rest of human affairs as cleverly as you may, you cannot get over domestic misery. Will anybody ever love any other body at the right

time in the right way? There is more misery in the Court of Love than in the Court of Chancery.

MILVERTON.

Ah! that is the great topic in the world, but it is, perhaps, the last that admits of discussion. I often think that every man who has ever been in love must feel that nothing has yet been said worthy of the subject. The feelings of the commonest man have carried him beyond the words of poets, orators, and philosophers.

ELLESMERE.

Yes, I suspect you men of words are rather at fault there. I am going to say something by way of a panegyric of love, which will probably carry it higher than any saying upon that subject which has been uttered since the world began. Yes, young ladies, you may look ever so incredulously; but when men shall see me, be-wigged and be-gowned, walking up and down Westminster Hall, and one or two anxious-looking gentlemen with blue bags trotting after me, they will point me out and say, 'That is the great Sir John Ellesmere, who has said more in favour of love than all the troubadours that ever warbled;' whereupon some of the persons so addressed will make the remark—that he does not look like a warbling 'party.' But, indeed, we all know how difficult it is to judge from appearances.

MILVERTON.

Make haste to say your great saying—let us have it at once, man.

ELLESMERE.

The imperishable, inexhaustible, unapproachable nature of love is shown in this—that all the millions of stupid love stories that have been written have not one whit abated the immortal interest that there is in the rudest and stupidest love story. All the rest of the wretched thing may be the most dismal twaddle, but you can't help feeling a little interest, when you have once taken up the book, as to whether Arabella will ultimately relent in favour of Augustus; and whether that wicked creature, man or woman, who is keeping them apart, will not soon be disposed of, somehow.

And yet, having had some experience in law,—in divorce cases, for instance,—I have all the time shrewd suspicions that Augustus and Arabella may not hit it off so very successfully when there is no wicked creature to prevent their being 'happy ever afterwards.' Still, while I am reading the novel, how I hate the wicked mischief-maker.

In earnest—is it not grand to see the indestructible nature of Love? Write so foolishly about anything else, and see what will happen. Try it upon Theology, and see if twilight does not soon deepen into absolute darkness. Have I not beaten all the troubadours in Provence? [*While he had been speaking, BLANCHE had quietly got up and come behind him. She had taken off her own head-dress of ivory, and now suddenly put it upon his head.*]

DUNSFORD.

And see, you are crowned by the fair fingers of beauty! We will carry you back in triumph to the *Grand Monarque*.

ELLESMERE.

I deserve to be: I have uttered 'a great dictum about love. Now, when you, Milverton, have anything to say about the government of men and the conduct of affairs, see how careful you are obliged to be. You have to think long and earnestly about it, and then you have to watch patiently, perhaps for years, before you can get a good opportunity of saying it. You have to set it with care and dexterity, to introduce it with the proper garniture, and even then to be perfectly satisfied if a few only of your readers find it not very dull. But it is far otherwise, as I have just shown you, with the loves of Augustus and Arabella. They may be told at any time and in any place, and the narrator may be half asleep, like an Arab story-teller, who is telling for the thousandth time some common legend about Leila and Mohammed. He may be drowsy enough over the hot embers and the good cheer provided by his swarthy hosts, but they sit round in eager listening attitudes, with their dark eyes greedily fixed

upon him, inquiring for more, so that he has not the cruelty to go to sleep when so many human beings are passionately drinking in the well-worn words which only add to his drowsiness.

BLANCHE.

I should like to hear what Cousin Leonard would say of love. It is not likely that so grave a man has thought much about so foolish a thing. But his big books tell him everything, I think. I often fancy I hear them talking together in the night.

MILVERTON.

Why, beauty, I think that love is the only thing that shows us the possibilities in human nature. I believe it was given us for the same purpose that the sight of the infinite involutions of starry worlds was given. Knowing what one human being can feel for another, when in love, seeing the inventive and undying tolerance which love gives, one can imagine what it would be if some feeling of the same kind were to pervade the whole race, and men exercised the best of their powers in discerning and developing what was lovely in all those about them. It would create a universe of loveliness.

MIDHURST.

It would. How absolutely true are those commonplace lines in Tibullus.

*Illam, quidquid agit, quoquo vestigia movit,
Componit furtim subsequiturque decor.
Seu solvit crines ; fuis decet esse capillis :
Seu comit ; comitis est veneranda comis.
Urit, seu Tyria voluit procedere palli :
Urit seu nivea candida veste venit.*

ELLESMERE.

'Whether she wears a bonnet that is like a coal-scuttle, or whether she claps on a little platter that is attached to the back of her head ; whether, gracefully, she trails after her in the muddy streets an ample sweep of flowing drapery, or whether, succinct and neat, she trips along in Bloomer costume, she is equally fascinating, equally tiresome, and equally disposed to look in at all the haberdashers' shops.' Oh ! what a painstaking and accurate translator is lost in me.

MILVERTON.

Rousseau has said, to my mind, one or two of the best things about love,—I cannot recollect them exactly, and I merely saw them in quotation, but it struck me when I read them,—If this is a bad fellow, as they say he is, at any rate he has had the most delicate and exquisite notions of love. Of course without the exact words they are nothing.

BLANCHE.

Pray, Leonard, let us have them.

MILVERTON.

Well, my pet, they were very slight simple things. It was merely that he made out that the height of love was in an exquisite companionship. That if, for instance, you were in love with a man—I am not sure that you ever will be ; not many people are to that height of affection—you will never be dull with him. You will be in the most eloquent company with him, even when he speaks not. You will have almost the freedom of solitude, with all the joys of companionship.

ELLESMERE.

Forgive me for interrupting, but I suspect you are describing a man's love, and not a woman's. I believe that when we are fond of any of these bewildering creatures, it is pleasure enough to see them move about the room.

MILVERTON.

And variety enough in the change of lights and shadows which, in quick succession, fall upon their beautiful selves and the folds of their drapery as they glide about.

MILDRED.

Very prettily said, gentlemen ; but these beautiful figures must be dumb, I suppose, or nearly so.

MILVERTON.

No; by no means. Whatever they utter then is equally and unaccountably delightful.

ELLESMERE.

Oh yes: their nonsense is as grateful to our ears as a baby's cooing to its mother's—as unintelligible perhaps, but not the less delectable.

Stop a minute, though. I believe I am rushing into unmeaning generalities. I wont pledge myself to say that all these felicities happen in general. It is only when one is in love with that rare creation, a pleasant woman. There are plenty of loving women, graceful women, good domestic women, the women who make the heroines in novels, who do not venture to talk or act much, but who, the author tells us, are very loveable, and about whom he throws a charming halo of dainty insipidity. I do not mean any of these, but a pleasant woman, one of those delightful appreciative creatures who, whether they are beautiful or not, are charming when young, most agreeable and companionable when middle-aged, and exquisitely pleasant even when they are old women.

MILVERTON.

I do not intend to be bound by Ellesmere's rather captious classification of women. The lover always finds in the society of his beloved something of that pleasure which Ellesmere has so admirably described, and which he wishes to confine to the society of those whom he calls pleasant women.

MIDHURST.

Any way, this pleasure wont last long, and that's a comfort,—at least to us, who know nothing about the 'exquisite companionship.'

MILVERTON.

Ah, you malign human nature. It will last long; it will outlast all that we generally mean when we talk of love; and this perfect companionship—a rare blessing, I admit—is the highest thing this world, or, as I suspect, any world can give,—I mean in the relation to one another of created beings. Nay, the companionship will be so sweet, that you may seek for solitude, and quit even the object of your love, in order to think over the happiness which there is in being with it. That last thought is one, too, which, I believe, we owe to that strange and sensitive Frenchman. Innumerable men, however, must have felt the thing which he so beautifully describes.

ELLESMERE.

The fairies, if they listen to our conversation (and sometimes I think they do, for bits of our talk get out unaccountably into the world), must at least admit that we are fellows of some variety. Now we imagine a perfect member of Parliament (not an easy creature to imagine); then we dip down into a drain; then we ascend into a little cookery; lastly, having exhausted all the serious topics of life, we rush into the ludicrous ones, and begin to talk of love. By the way, that certainly was a good idea of Rousseau, or Milverton, or whoever invented it, about going away from agreeable society in order to think over the charms of it. [*A loud aside.*] I wonder whether that boy has quite finished his bubble blowing. [*A loud.*] Accordingly, I shall now walk back to the *Grand Monarque*, and meditate, as I go along, upon all your perfections. Fixer appears to wish to go too; probably because he wishes to think in solitude over the loveliness of Mrs. F.

[*So saying, ELLESMERE strode away towards the town. We remained a little time and talked a little about Charlemagne, as in duty bound, while we were looking down upon the old town where he was born and where he died. We all agreed, in the course of our conversation, that ELLESMERE had never appeared to so much advantage. I fancied that MILDRED's hand, which was in mine (I have known the girl from a child), gave me an affectionate pressure when I first made the remark about ELLESMERE, to which all the company assented.*]

MACAULAY'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.*

THE success of Mr. Macaulay's *History of England* is probably without a parallel in the annals of literature: nor will any candid critic assert it to be undeserved. To have produced two volumes of unusual size upon a subject which the great mass of the reading public might have been expected to turn from, at the very outset, as special and scientific:—to have by his skilful management disarmed this prejudice, and caused almost every reader to long for a continuation of his work:—after an interval of six years, to find the interest still unabated, and the expectation even increased;—and then to publish two still larger volumes on a still drier portion of the subject, and to find them received with even increased applause:—these are certainly triumphs as rare as they are honourable to him who has been able to achieve them. This result could indeed only be expected from a combination of many causes which are not likely often to occur, with many qualifications which are seldom found united in one person. Without a certain peculiar aptness, both of the time and the matter, and an equally peculiar fitness in the author, it could not have been produced; but these conditions being amply fulfilled, the success of the effort can be no cause for surprise.

The general and ever widening spread of liberal education; the admission of large classes to the functions of political life, from which they had long been jealously excluded; the final settlement of many once fiercely-contested questions; lastly, the quiet which is apt to follow great political struggles, and allows men to study the past instead of being merely absorbed by the business of the present, have, within the last few years, given a great impulse to historical writing and reading. Those infallible tests, the publishers' catalogues, supply all the evidence on this point that can be required. Good or bad, wise or foolish, to be hailed or to be deplored, a new phase of literary activity has

revealed itself; works making at all events some pretension to the name of histories, have to a great extent driven books of mere fiction out of the market: purveyors of what used, not very long since, to be called light literature, are now become purveyors of light history; not indeed with any very notable improvement in the article produced. But this does not prevent them from being widely read and generally popular; and Mr. Macaulay consequently finds a public far more extensive than the fit audience but few, which he might have found had he brought out his work a very few years ago.

Again, the subject which Mr. Macaulay has treated is in reality one of the greatest interest. He has selected for illustration that dark and melancholy period in which our actual political constitution had birth, with most of the characteristic features which it still bears; to which more or less every politician looks back for the first settlement of many great principles, and the gradual development of those institutions with which he has daily to do. Yet nevertheless this very period, a just appreciation of which was so necessary, had until now been so much overclouded by mists of passion, and rendered so dim and vague by the multiplicity of shifting details, that it seemed almost impossible to obtain a clear view of its peculiarities. Of all the various movements which mark the onward progress of the English Revolution, none were more important than those which bear the impress of William of Orange and of Anne: they were, from a variety of causes, also the most dark and doubtful, a labyrinth to which there seemed no clue. Without agreeing in all Mr. Macaulay's conclusions, we must confess that one of these stages now lies far more intelligible and comparatively clear before our eyes: and we look forward with much hope and confidence to the next.

If circumstances like those which

* *The History of England, from the Accession of James the Second.* By the Right Honourable Thomas Babington Macaulay. Vols. III. and IV. London: Longman and Co. 1855.

we have indicated favoured the undertaking at this time, it was still necessary that it should be entrusted to a person possessing many peculiar qualifications for the task: and we think that Mr. Macaulay does possess some of those qualifications in a very high degree. During a large portion of a life which is not yet by any means a long one, he has retained unimpaired the respect and admiration of a numerous body of friends, personal and political: he possesses all the prestige of a brilliant university career; and even fellows of colleges who may occasionally shake their heads over his political heresies, still record with pride the trophies of the senate-house and schools, and remember with pleasure the generous social intercourse of the combination-room. He can feel for the ejected fellows of Magdalen and the degradation of a great university, because no one knows better than himself what bonds of friendship are knit within those venerable precincts. He has preserved in their integrity the political principles which he deliberately adopted in his youth; and having once attached himself to a party, has done it good service in the House of Commons, in the Cabinet, in the official Bureau, and in that wider sphere which he has long been in the habit of charming with his pen. In this school he has become familiar with the tactics of our legislative assemblies, and the modes by means of which Ministries contrive to deal with false or indiscreet friends and open enemies. And, thus fitted and prepared for his task, he has thrown himself with great energy and industry upon the mass of materials which accumulated under his hands.

All who are well acquainted with the literature of the period will agree with us, that Mr. Macaulay's industry is perfectly untiring. It is not to be imagined that they will adopt all his views, or even admit that he has in all cases made the best use of his materials. But no one will deny that there are very few living authors who would have laboured so extensively, or to whom so much would have been unhesitatingly revealed by those who are the depositaries of important secrets.

And we frankly confess, we believe that there are also very few living authors who could have made a better use, on the whole, of these stores of information. For there are here two essential requisites, without either one of which the other might have failed of success. The first of these is, indeed, a most extensive knowledge of facts, isolated in themselves, and often unintelligible till collated and combined with a great number of similarly isolated details. The next is a *coup-d'ail*, capable of arranging and co-ordinating such facts,—a power rarely attained, save through the discipline of active life. Without his exemplary industry, Mr. Macaulay's experience of public life would not have availed him much; but without his knowledge of the House of Commons and the Cabinet, it is equally certain that his knowledge of details would not have saved him from confusion. It is in this happy combination of qualifications that we believe we must seek the explanation of much of his success. For without being at all insensible to certain attractive peculiarities of style for which he has long been remarkable, we think we should do both him and his readers wrong were we to think these the charm by which he subduces them. We are rather disposed to think that a very great part of his authority is derived from the general conviction that he knows and can tell the truth respecting events which many have given up in despair; and that his position as a public man has secured him the power to do this. We are not at all thick-and-thin admirers either of his manner of relating his story or of his style, but we are well assured that he is in earnest in what he says. In many eyes, indeed, he must appear a thorough-going partisan; and to his honour, we will cheerfully admit that he is by no means open to the accusation of lukewarm-heartedness; he is a thorough hater, if ever there was one,—at least on paper; and we are afraid that his thorough devotion to his friends does not always allow him to see all their actions in the light in which they appear to less ardent judges. But earnestness and conviction are

charms of themselves, and the very essence of eloquence. He will find many readers who are disinclined to go along with him as far as he himself would hurry them; but not many, we think, who will close his fourth volume without the full persuasion that, right or wrong, he means and feels what he says: and this will be, to generous minds, recommendation enough to secure a generous hearing. We can hardly doubt that he sometimes deceives himself, but we are very sure that he does so unconsciously,—and much more, that he has no intention to deceive his reader, or suspicion that he is doing so.

The very nature of the materials with which the Historian of the Revolution has to deal, is full of danger and seduction to one who throws his whole soul upon one side in that fierce quarrel. The sources of modern differ essentially from those of ancient history, and in nothing more than this,—that it is exceedingly difficult to disengage them from the atmosphere of passion which refracts and distorts so many objects. Since all men write and all men print, it has become a serious undertaking to discriminate between truth and falsehood; to understand from what point of view this man or that contemplated a given event; to divine with certainty why a pamphleteer shaped his printed case in the exact form in which we read it, or a politician deliberately lied to his friend in a private letter. Between diplomatic dispatches, which it is hoped may be intercepted, or circular letters intended to be communicated, and secret instructions guarded by cyphers, there is a world-wide difference: but often only the one set, often only the other, have survived. A report containing defective or totally erroneous information may be in our hands: the correction, which followed perhaps by the next post, may be lost. Yet these, and such as these, are the authorities upon the proper use of which modern history depends: and even the most industrious inquirer may sometimes find himself deserted by them. When a large proportion of our materials consists of violent statements, spread abroad at a time of

great excitement, to defend the acts of a faction or blacken the character of their enemies: when the extremes of fear and hatred stimulate men to a reckless war of calumnious libels: when the calmest can hardly reason without exaggeration, and the loudest and most vehement is the most likely to be heard: then, indeed, there is great danger lest the investigator of a later age should be hurried somewhat beyond the bounds of a just appreciation. And to this danger he is particularly liable if he be himself strongly biased towards one of the contending sides. In this danger we believe Mr. Macaulay to stand, and we are convinced that he has sometimes fallen into extravagances which we must regret, from paying too much deference to men who could hardly be expected to write without extravagance. Unquestionably great allowances must be made in such a case. Under even these circumstances we ought to be satisfied with our author, if his work evidently proves that he has spared no pains and declined no labour which might lead to the discovery of the truth, and has given himself the largest number of chances possible of forming a just induction. In this respect, Mr. Macaulay unquestionably exceeds all previous historians of the period which he intends to illustrate. Probably no man before himself has waded through such a *slough* of materials now long and deservedly forgotten, or condemned himself to familiarity with a literature which has been so unanimously devoted to oblivion. Nothing comes amiss to him, from the perversity of the silliest Non-juror to the ravings of the wildest Cameronian. He has sought in the most heterogeneous chaos of print and manuscript for indexes to the tone and temper of parties whose feud was to the death, to the exaggerated hopes and groundless terrors of multitudes agitated by the most unreasonable, the most unjustifiable passions. And let it be remembered that, he has also produced for the first time a great deal of evidence which was entirely new to the public: that he has ransacked archives which had previously been neglected, and hunted out correspondence

which was either imperfectly known or not known at all. We could indeed have wished that some of this evidence had been given more at length; because, with the most unfeigned respect for Mr. Macaulay, we are not always quite certain that we should coincide with him had we more than his own version of the contents of a document, or the few lines which perhaps he quotes from it. This is especially the case with William's letters to the Pensionary Heinsius, respecting his relations to the various princes of the empire; which, as cited by Mr. Macaulay, do not give us at all a favourable view of his hero's character (*vide* vol. iv. p. 261). In short, we cannot help hoping that William did not express himself quite in the mode adopted by his historian, but that the latter has a little exaggerated what the former said. Mr. Macaulay must pardon, and ought to thank, us for suspecting on this occasion his zeal for William to have made him a little more unreasonable than William himself.

Before the appearance of these two volumes, we more than once heard doubts expressed, whether they would be as interesting, as amusing, as attractive in short, as the preceding two. Some persons, it seemed, could not be persuaded that, without a Western rebellion and a bloody circuit, a trial of the bishops and a landing in Torbay, Mr. Macaulay would be able to produce those effects which the world of readers has accustomed itself to expect from him. Glencoe and Fenwick's case would no doubt supply canvas for some brilliant painting, perhaps occasion for some skilful special pleading: there was Londonderry, to be sure, and Killiecrankie; but on the whole, the first years of William's reign were so dull, it was said, that even Mr. Macaulay would find it difficult to make anything out of them. Whether objectors of this class have found their anticipations confirmed, we have not cared to inquire. To us these third and fourth volumes appear to be in many respects greatly superior to the first two: they are obviously written with much greater care, and show

that the author has taken a useful lesson from the criticism to which his earlier chapters were submitted. Not but what that criticism has produced here and there other consequences which were less expected: some of which indeed are almost laughable. The attempt, for instance, to clear William Penn's character has resulted not only in bringing down upon him some 'swashing blows' of gigantic dimensions, but in producing a rough onslaught upon George Fox himself, which is not entirely without justification, in the wild extravagance of the man. But setting aside these pet gladiatorial exhibitions, we find very much that is wisely, gravely, and justly treated in this work. A good deal of it is necessarily devoted to subjects which have for many years occupied the author's mind, and which from their nature can be sufficiently detached from the influence of mere personal feelings. The development of great constitutional questions was in fact to be described: and with all their bearings Mr. Macaulay has long been singularly familiar. However fiercely they may have been debated a hundred and seventy years ago, they are now sufficiently understood by men of all parties to leave but little room for acrimonious treatment. Sensible Whigs do not differ now-a-days much from sensible Tories with respect to them; and therefore, in the dealing with these questions, Mr. Macaulay, both as a lawyer and historian, appears to much more advantage than when heaping his coals of fire upon the heads of obstinate Jacobites and dreamy Non-jurors. This we from the first anticipated: we further expected, and as it now appears with justice, that much light would be thrown upon the intrigues which have made the Scottish history of this period a mass of most inextricable confusion. After making every deduction for some faults which it is impossible not to see, we still think the two volumes under review full of grave, serious matter, treated for the most part in a grave, earnest, and worthy manner, and often leaving little or nothing more to be said upon the subjects of which they treat.

The conquest had been accom-

plished without a blow; James had fled, deserting his subjects and his army, and William and Mary reigned. But with this apparently culminating point of their fortunes commenced, in reality, the most anxious and difficult part of their career. Skilfully and justly has Mr. Macaulay pointed out the many shoals and quicksands that beset their course: the extreme difficulty there was in reuniting all the scattered elements of government which a terrible revolution had dispersed. The union of parties, in truth irreconcilable, had put the Prince of Orange upon the throne; but it had dissolved even in the moment of success, and the bitterness of faction rendered any government by a union of parties almost impossible. How was the king to guide himself between powerful masses, whose tendencies were in diametrically opposite directions? Was he to disappoint and humiliate the Whigs in their hour of triumph—his and their triumph? or was he to secure them in his interests by sacrificing the Cavaliers and the Church to their revenge? Were Clarendon and Nottingham to fall, that the manes of Russell and Sidney might have rest? Was the advent of a prince who had come to put down a persecutor, to be the inauguration of a new persecution? And even could these difficulties be got over, to whom were the different departments of government to be entrusted?—where were statesmen to be found, honest at once and experienced, well affected and capable of conducting the public business,—above all, of restoring efficiency to the various public establishments, which had been ruined by a long course of mismanagement, but would inevitably and at once be called upon to supply the means of meeting a civil if not a foreign war? And how would the king, educated in Calvinistic doctrines and habits, be able to conciliate the High Church, still so popular in England, without relinquishing his cherished ideas of toleration, which were unpopular with all parties? All these questions were full of obvious difficulty; yet on any one of them his fate might depend; and to them was added the certainty of other serious

complications, in each of the three kingdoms which he meant to rule. In England, it was sure that the party which had incited and gained the most by his invasion, would not lose the opportunity afforded by their triumph, of reviewing and settling in their own way the terms of the relation between the Crown and the nation; and that limitations of the royal power would be proposed which were little likely to be more to his taste than that of his father-in-law or grandfather.

An armed resistance as assuredly awaited him in Ireland, where Tyrconnell had already called the Celtic population to rise *en masse*, and exterminate the intrusive Protestant Anglo-Saxon. Without submitting to great sacrifices, he could not expect the selfish politicians of Scotland to join his side, and give him the crown of their proud and ancient kingdom. Above all, it must be clear to him that the great European coalition against France, of which he was indeed the soul, but without whose aid it was impossible for him to maintain himself, would be considerably endangered by any check to his success or secure government in this country: nay, might be much weakened should his affairs here require his frequent or long absences from their armies and councils.

To several of these points Mr. Macaulay addresses himself with great success. The first three chapters of the third volume are devoted respectively to England, Ireland, and Scotland, at the moment when the Convention handed the crown of the first kingdom to the Prince and Princess of Orange, and contain an elaborate account of the principal parties and persons who were at once called upon to take an active part in the future settlement of these islands. A fourth chapter, which should in a similar manner have explained the relations with the continent of Europe, is, we much regret to say, entirely wanting: nor, from the beginning to the end of the work, is this want attempted to be made good.

As might be expected, Mr. Macaulay evinces a thorough acquaintance with the views and aims, the hopes and disappointments of the

leading English politicians; and sketches with a powerful hand the struggles of the different parties, and the skilful management of William, in his anxiety to avail himself of talent, integrity, and patriotism, wherever he might find those qualities, and in his determination to avoid the condition of being the king only of a faction. Talent no doubt was there in abundance, and resolution too: but integrity and patriotism are among the rarer virtues at all times, and never perhaps were they less common than at that time among those whom skill and experience placed at the head of contending parties. Although we think that our author, in his zeal for William, colours the rest of his picture a little *en noir*, we admit that the difficulties were very great, the chiefs very factious, the parties very unmanageable, and the king very prudent and wise. It certainly was a time which called for many compromises, and many such were made: but, on the whole, our gratitude is due to those who did succeed in mastering the discordant and tempestuous elements, and reducing them to order. We think that William's own position among the always embittered and often unprincipled people with whom he had to deal, is well and clearly pointed out: and we can go a long way with his enthusiastic eulogist, in his praise of the firmness, coolness, and judgment which the king displayed under circumstances which so severely taxed every energy of his wearied mind. That he was personally unpopular, and much by his own fault, cannot be denied: and even Mr. Macaulay admits this, though perhaps not to the due extent. We believe that this unpopularity attended him wherever he went, and was not wholly dependent upon his novel position in England. Though his selfish rudeness may have been aggravated by this, and was naturally most offensive to the people with whom he was brought into the nearest contact, it was strongly manifested elsewhere: and several of the German princes, who entertained a high reverence for his character as a ruler, were anything but edified by his manners as a man. But still

those were not times for choosing a king on account of his courtesy. Other qualities there were which the emergency imperatively required, and these William possessed in abundance. Even obstinacy, which in other times might have been a fatal vice, was in his circumstances often a virtue. Popular or not, he was an absolute necessity of the situation; the choice lay between him, a Republic, and a Restoration; and the nation rallied round him, as they did afterwards round a much more offensive and less gifted prince, upon the recurrence of a similar difficulty.

The great Parliamentary struggles which followed immediately his accession are justly dwelt upon in very great detail. They are in fact, for our generation, the most instructive events of the period; and in the present situation of Europe it is impossible to say how soon they may become important precedents; indeed, this use of the work is one cause of its popularity in more than one foreign country. The Houses (more especially the Commons) were now beginning to assume the position which they have since maintained in our modified polity. They had to put their hand to that last work which was to be the completion of a revolution whose commencement dated at least from ninety years before, and in such a way that henceforward no revolution should be necessary or possible. And although they were very far from foreseeing all the ultimate consequences of their own acts, it must be confessed that the fabric which they with so much difficulty reared was a noble specimen of political architecture.

How the Convention by a bold act of autonomy became a Parliament, and as such proceeded to settle many points which required immediate attention, is carefully described;—how they abolished hearth-money, from the days of William the Conqueror the most justly unpopular of taxes;—by what accident men who agreed in nothing but in their detestation of standing armies, were driven to pass a Mutiny Bill, without which no standing army can exist;—how the leaders of a revolution on behalf of liberty were

compelled to suspend the Habeas Corpus Act within a few months of its successful termination; this, and much more, is excellently set forth in the first chapter of the third volume. And so are the measures which were devised for the regulation of the Church and its distracted affairs. Perhaps no part of the work better deserves to be read than the whole history of the Toleration and Comprehension Bills, and the Act to Relieve Dissenters from the Operation of the Test Act; one of these it is well known did, two did not, pass. We quite agree with our author, that many who have been taught to look upon the Toleration Bill as the great charter of religious liberty, will learn with surprise and disappointment what was the real nature of that celebrated statute. It was far indeed from accomplishing all that ardent upholders of the great doctrine, 'That no man ought to labour under political disabilities by reason of his religious belief,' have at all times desired; far from doing all that William himself would gladly have done. But it placed dissenters from the Church in a position which was infinitely better than that which they had held, and put an end for ever to a great deal of undeserved hardship. We may be permitted also to rejoice that it supplied a precedent which could be acted upon in a future time, when altered circumstances had disposed men's minds to gentler dealing with our dissenting fellow-subjects. Mr. Macaulay's remarks upon this law deserve to be quoted:—

The Toleration Act approaches very near to the idea of a great English law. To a jurist versed in the theory of legislation, but not intimately acquainted with the temper of the sects and parties into which the nation was divided at the time of the Revolution, that Act would seem to be a mere chaos of absurdities and contradictions. It will not bear to be tried by sound general principles. Nay, it will not bear to be tried by any principle, sound or unsound. The sound principle is, that mere theological error ought not to be punished by the civil magistrate. This principle the Toleration Act not only does not recognise, but positively disclaims. Not a single one of the cruel laws enacted against nonconformists by the Tudors or the Stuarts is repealed. Persecution

continues to be the general rule: toleration is the exception. Nor is this all. The freedom which is given to conscience is given in the most capricious manner.

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These are some of the obvious faults which must strike every person who examines the Toleration Act by that standard of just reason which is the same in all countries and all ages. But these very faults may appear to be merits, when we take into consideration the passions and prejudices of those for whom the Toleration Act was framed. This law, abounding with contradictions which every smatterer in political philosophy can detect, did what a law framed by the utmost skill of the greatest masters of political philosophy might have failed to do. That the provisions which have been recapitulated are cumbersome, puerile, inconsistent with each other, inconsistent with the true theory of religious liberty, must be acknowledged. All that can be said in their defence is this, that they removed a vast mass of evil without shocking a vast mass of prejudice; that they put an end at once and for ever, without one division in either House of Parliament, without one riot in the streets, with scarcely one audible murmur even from the classes most deeply tainted with bigotry, to a persecution which had raged during four generations, which had broken innumerable hearts, which had made innumerable firesides desolate, which had filled the prisons with men of whom the world was not worthy, which had driven thousands of those honest, diligent, and God-fearing yeomen and artisans who are the true strength of a nation, to seek a refuge beyond the ocean, among the wigwags of red Indians and the lairs of panthers. Such a defence, however weak it may appear to some shallow speculators, will probably be thought complete by statesmen.

The history of the Comprehension Bill and Test Act is very interesting and most amusingly written, although the graver judges of historical style will perhaps find some cause of offence in the humorous manner in which Mr. Macaulay sets forth the views both of orthodox churchmen and well-fed dissenting rabbis. We do not ourselves like this artifice of our author; but we willingly excuse it, in consideration of the vigorous view which he gives of the different parties, and the wise principle which lies at the foundation of his judgment.

Apart from slight outbreaks of personal feeling, which, however, always show themselves under forms borrowed from the literature of the period of which he treats, Mr. Macaulay gives just views of those great church questions with which, both in point of time and principle, that of the Non-jurors is closely connected. His results are, in truth, nearly always our own; he is mostly right in his conclusions; but we are too often led to wish that another manner had been selected to recommend them to his readers. We do not doubt that what we object to is in a great measure the effect of Mr. Macaulay's selecting the very language of contemporary satirists and dramatists to express his own meaning, and of his thus identifying himself too much—perhaps more than he himself knows—with the passions of the time he describes, and whose exaggerations he endorses. The principles of the Non-jurors were unquestionably extravagant and mischievous; the doctrines of Filmer atrocious; the conduct of Sancroft most childish, if not worse; that of Turner in the highest degree criminal. But nevertheless, we think the Non-jurors, wrong-headed, weak, factious as they were, have not been treated with perfect fairness. They were justly deprived of their benefices; but is it so clear that they are justly sneered and laughed at now, for suffering rather than sinning? How would it have been had James returned, and Fowler or Stillingfleet also become Non-jurors?

Much more to our taste is the description of Ireland under the administration of Tyrconnel. The measures of that iniquitous satrap to root out the Saxon and Protestant race; the condition of the people and the barbarians; the conduct of those who, having gone through a long course of training to barbarism, had become worse barbarians than their teachers,—all is admirably described, and gives evidence of a thorough study of singularly difficult social conditions. This is the case throughout the work with the events in Ireland, and for this we are under great obligations to our author; for these events, and the contemporaneous struggles in

Scotland, have been hitherto very imperfectly understood. Both these countries have been most carefully studied, and nowhere is Mr. Macaulay's style so grave and pure, as in the chapters in which he deals with the events to which their peculiar circumstances gave rise. Here is a passage which contains in itself the key to a whole terrible history,—a history of which we have not yet lived to see the end. It describes the relative position of the English and Irish in Ireland at the close of 1688.

Thus the civil power had, in the space of a few months, been transferred from the Saxon to the Celtic population. The transfer of the military power had been not less complete. The army, which under the command of Ormond had been the chief safeguard of the English ascendancy, had ceased to exist. Whole regiments had been dissolved and reconstructed. Six thousand Protestant veterans, deprived of their bread, were brooding in retirement over their wrongs, or had crossed the sea and joined the standard of William. Their place was supplied by men who had long suffered oppression, and who, finding themselves suddenly transformed from slaves into masters, were impatient to pay back, with accumulated usury, the heavy debt of injuries and insults. The new soldiers, it was said, never passed an Englishman without cursing him and calling him by some foul name. They were the terror of every Protestant innkeeper; for from the moment when they came under his roof, they ate and drank everything: they paid for nothing; and by their rude swaggering they scared more respectable guests from his door. * * *

On which side the first blow was struck, was a question which Williamites and Jacobites afterwards debated with much asperity. But no question could be more idle. History must do to both parties the justice which neither has ever done to the other, and must admit that both had fair pleas and cruel provocations. Both had been placed, by a fate for which neither was answerable, in such a situation that, human nature being what it is, they could not but regard each other with enmity. During three years the government which might have reconciled them had systematically employed its whole power for the purpose of inflaming their enmity to madness. It was now impossible to establish in Ireland a just and beneficent government, a government which should know no distinction of race or of sect,

a government which, while strictly respecting the rights guaranteed by law to the new land-owners, should alleviate by a judicious liberality the misfortunes of the ancient gentry. Such a government James might have established in the days of his power. But the opportunity had passed away: compromise had become impossible: the two infuriated castes were alike convinced that it was necessary to oppress or to be oppressed, and that there could be no safety but in victory, vengeance, and dominion. They agreed only in spurning out of the way every mediator who sought to reconcile them.

After seeing some of their most flourishing settlements destroyed, and finding no longer any security in their own houses, the English population gradually drew together in one or two great masses. The fury of these men may be imagined: ruined, driven from the spots which they alone had made cultivable, subjected to a race which they had insulted, and doubting of life, liberty, and honour, they naturally met in a frame of mind which becomes heroic from its very nearness to despair. Whether the King of England could help them, they knew not; but they could help themselves, and they did. The siege, defence, and relief of Londonderry, one of the grandest episodes in any national history, is told by Mr. Macaulay with all the enthusiasm which it deserves: it is one of the finest passages in his work, and none the less for his having drawn very largely upon the contemporary narratives. Nothing, on the other hand, can be better than the whole analysis of King James's position, between his English and Irish advisers, and French allies, military and diplomatic. Never have we before been enabled so clearly to discern the hopelessness of a cause which was to be maintained by such auxiliaries. And yet, even here, we doubt whether Mr. Macaulay has not drawn the figure of James too unfavourably. Surely some allowance must be made for a man placed in such circumstances, and unquestionably labouring under the deepest of all conceivable disappointments. It is perfectly clear that James had been led to believe that his appearance in Ireland would produce a great movement among his par-

tisans in England and Scotland; had this really taken place, his position would have been very different. But between the French, who meant to use him in order to make Ireland a French province, and the native Irish, who demanded the proscription of all the English in Ireland, there was nothing but ruin and despair. In truth, he was deceived or betrayed on every side. The English, upon whom he relied, did not rise in his favour; the events of Scotland, which might have retrieved his cause, turned also against it; and the check to his arms at Londonderry, Newton Butler, and other places, rendered even his stay in Ireland no longer safe. We think that, under all these circumstances, he would have been justified in returning to France before the battle of the Boyne had rendered even his personal security doubtful.

Mr. Macaulay has shown very justly how different was the state of affairs in Scotland and Ireland. The last country, William had taken possession of as a matter of course when he took possession of England. But King of Scotland he could not be till a Scottish Convention or Parliament called him to the throne. Recent publications have thrown a great deal of new light upon the objects and intrigues of the Scotch statesmen at this time, and these have been carefully used, as well as the old and well-known materials. They present, indeed, a melancholy picture of political depravity, but we cannot doubt that it is a true one. We believe that Mr. Macaulay has given a just account, in all essential particulars, of what took place in the Scottish Parliament, before and after the members accepted William as their king. It is difficult for us to speak with temper of the church quarrels in Scotland, and we are almost tempted to go all lengths with our author, who certainly lays the rod with great vigour, both upon Presbyterians and Cameronians; but it is a question which lies so deeply-rooted in the hearts of all Scotchmen, that we absolutely decline to enter upon it, and admire Mr. Macaulay's courage for doing so. But one remark we must allow ourselves upon a subject which has

evidently a great hold upon his feelings—the use of torture in Scotland (vol. iii. 289, &c). It has been continually referred to in his former volumes, and is so in several places in these; always as it should be, with indignation and horror. But we doubt very much whether it would have been so easy a thing to abolish it in 1689, or that the Parliament of that day is to blame for not having done so. It was no peculiar practice of Scotland, but prevailed in France and Germany, everywhere, in short, where the customs of the Roman law had been adopted. It was illegal in England only because the Roman law had never been suffered here, and it is to this that Fortescue alludes in the passage to which Mr. Macaulay refers. But we cannot believe that he has put the right construction upon the words used in the ‘Claim of Right.’ In this, the use of torture, *without evidence, or in ordinary cases*, is declared to be illegal, and from these words it is inferred, ‘the use of the torture, therefore, where there was strong evidence, and where the crime was extraordinary, was, by the plainest implication, declared to be according to law.’ Surely this means no more than it meant elsewhere, viz., that in certain well-known cases, and at a certain stage of the process, torture might be applied, but not by any means at the mere discretion of the judges. There was, we presume, in Scotland, a preliminary inquiry, whether the case fell under the category or not. It is probable that the Estates could not have abolished it without at the same time revising their whole system of law, which was not to be expected from them.

From the intrigues of the Lowlanders and the baffled plans of Dundee and Balcarres, Mr. Macaulay hurries us to the glens and mountains of the Gaelic clans. Here was an opportunity for revealing in poetic description,—and it has not been lost. Throughout all his history we have had occasion to observe how very much Mr. Macaulay has lain under the influence of Sir W. Scott: it peeped out in his account of the relations between Saxon and Norman; in his cha-

racter of the Puritans; in his torture chamber of the Council; and we must say that it reveals itself fully and indisputably in his picture of the clans. We will not, however, blame this, since it has helped us to a number of most brilliant pages. Nor can we doubt that the judgment which is drawn respecting these mountaineers is a true one. They were at feud among themselves; they spoiled the Lowlanders, and were hated by them: they liked cattle-stealing better than weaving, sporting and fishing better than field labour (in which, by the by, they were hardly to blame, seeing that without blackcock and salmon they must generally have gone supperless to bed); they adored their chiefs or petty princes, and cared not who called himself king in London or Edinburgh. Their politics turned neither on Whig nor Tory grounds: if Mac Callum More was Williamite, Lochiel and Glengarry mounted the white cockade; if he supported the House of Hanover, they were in arms for the Pretender. This is all very ably shown, and very ably applied to explain the fate of Dundee’s expedition, and all the subsequent events of the Highland insurrection.

It is quite impossible for us in the space allotted to our remarks to follow our author through the many interesting subjects which he brings before us. But this is of little consequence: the book is in every man’s hands, and all its beauties have long been familiar. We leave therefore the plots and intrigues; the parliamentary struggles; the East India Company’s monopoly; the great monetary reform; even the brilliant and ingenious defence of a National Debt, to other hands. We say again, that often while we admire and wonder, we lament that so much beauty should be disfigured by such ungentle passion. Even Mary’s death and William’s sorrow must be passed over; nor can we follow Mr. Macaulay to the field, assist at his lively descriptions of battles and sieges, La Hogue, and Mons, and Namur, and Landen. Our space is small, and we hasten to what, perhaps, will not find elsewhere so much attention as we are disposed to bestow upon it.

We have passed very rapidly over the English part of William's story, partly because it would have been impossible, within our limits, to follow his historian in detail; partly because these portions of the work are certain to receive ample justice from our contemporaries; but still more, because we feel anxious to call attention to the large field of action which he leaves well-nigh untouched. We mean, of course, the foreign policy of William. Mr. Macaulay tells us more than once that the king was his own foreign secretary: he justifies this, not only upon the acquiescence of the wisest politicians of the time, but upon grounds which are in themselves amply sufficient. Now, if William's true greatness lay in the manner in which he framed and upheld the coalition against Lewis; if this was pre-eminently his own work, one in which a share of honour could not be claimed by any Englishman; has not Mr. Macaulay done injustice to his hero in letting us know so little of the difficulties which were to be overcome, and the means by which success was attained? Must we not naturally be anxious to know what obstacles were to be removed, what conflicting interests reconciled, by the man who took upon himself to consolidate and wield so vast a power? Here, however, Mr. Macaulay leaves us nearly in the dark, contenting himself with a few sentences here and there, of a very indefinite and general character, laudatory of William, abusive of his allies, particularly the Princes of the Empire, but conveying either no clear impression at all, or a very unfair one.

This is much to be regretted on many accounts, and, in the opinion of all good judges, will seriously detract from the value of his work. From the social position which he holds, Mr. Macaulay would, without doubt, have been enabled to obtain the most valuable materials for a history of the German share in these events, had he willed it. What is not readily accessible to others, could have been so to him, the Minister who had assisted in ruling this great country, the historian already so well known in all literary circles abroad. What the Saxon archivist

might have refused the Hessian, or the Hanoverian the Prussian, would (at all events in very great measure) have been placed at the service of one who stood so entirely aloof from all petty national jealousy. But there is not only not the slightest trace in his book of his having attempted to collect such information as might thus have been obtained, but even of his having thought it worth while to consult more than a single German author. We must say that the history of a Prince who only became what he was by acting with the combined forces of Northern Europe, seems to us very defective, when nearly all mention of the largest part of Northern Europe is entirely passed over in silence, or slightly let down with a shrug and a sneer. It is all very well for Mr. Macaulay to do his best for the exaltation of William, but it is too much to ask us on this account to set down every one else: to be unjust to all his contemporaries, merely for the sake of being more than just to him. We must prelude to what we have to say on this subject in Mr. Macaulay's own strains. After speaking of the difficulties which arose from the side of Sweden and Denmark, two states which were not very nearly interested in the issue of the contest, on merely political grounds, but had their maritime position and trade to defend, and had to this end projected a so-called *tiers parti*, or third party, he proceeds thus with respect to the German princes:—

Meanwhile the coalition, which the Third Party on one side and the Pope on the other were trying to dissolve, was in no small danger of falling to pieces from mere rottenness. Two of the allied powers, and two only, were hearty in the common cause; England drawing after her the other British kingdoms; and Holland drawing after her the other Batavian commonwealths. England and Holland were indeed torn by internal factions, and were separated from each other by mutual jealousies and antipathies; but both were fully resolved not to submit to French domination; and both were ready to bear their share, and more than their share, of the charges of the contest. Most of the members of the confederacy were not nations, but men—an Emperor, a King, Electors, Dukes; and of these

men there was scarcely one whose whole soul was in the struggle, scarcely one who did not hang back, who did not find some excuse for omitting to fulfil his engagements, who did not expect to be hired to defend his own rights and interests against the common enemy. But the war was the war of the people of England and of the people of Holland. Had it not been so, the burdens which it made necessary would not have been borne by either England or Holland during a single year. When William said that he would rather die sword in hand than humble himself before France, he expressed what was felt not by himself alone, but by two great communities of which he was the first magistrate. With those two communities unhappily other states had little sympathy. Indeed those two communities were regarded by other states as rich, plain-dealing, generous dupes are regarded by needy sharpers. England and Holland were wealthy, and they were zealous. Their wealth excited the cupidity of the whole alliance; and to that wealth their zeal was the key. They were persecuted with sordid importunity by all their confederates, from Cæsar, who, in the pride of his solitary dignity, would not honour King William with the title of majesty, down to the smallest Margrave, who could see his whole principality from the cracked windows of the mean and ruinous old house which he called his palace. It was not enough that England and Holland furnished much more than their contingents to the war by land, and bore unassisted the whole charge of the war by sea. They were beset by a crowd of illustrious mendicants, some rude, some obsequious, but all indefatigable and insatiable. One prince came mumping to them annually, with a lamentable story about his distresses. A more sturdy beggar threatened to join the Third Party, and to make a separate peace with France, if his demands were not granted. Every sovereign, too, had his ministers and favourites; and these ministers and favourites were perpetually hinting that France was willing to pay them for detaching their masters from the coalition, and that it would be prudent in England and Holland to outbid France. Yet the embarrassment caused by the rapacity of the allied courts was scarcely greater than the embarrassment caused by their ambition and their pride. This prince had set his heart on some childish distinction—a title or a cross—and would do nothing for the common cause till his wishes were accomplished. That prince chose to fancy that he had been slighted, and

would not stir till reparation had been made to him. The Duke of Brunswick-Lunenburg would not furnish a battalion for the defence of Germany unless he was made an Elector. The Elector of Brandenburg declared that he was as hostile as he had ever been to France; but he had been ill-used by the Spanish Government; and he therefore would not suffer his soldiers to be employed in the defence of the Spanish Netherlands. He was willing to bear his share of the war, but it must be in his own way; he must have the command of a distinct army; and he must be stationed between the Rhine and the Meuse. The Elector of Saxony complained that bad winter-quarters had been assigned to his troops; he therefore recalled them just when they should have been preparing to take the field, but very coolly offered to send them back if England and Holland would give him four hundred thousand rix dollars.

To keep the German Princes steady was no easy task; but it was accomplished. Money was distributed among them; much less indeed than they asked, but much more than they had any decent pretence for asking. With the Elector of Saxony a composition was made. He had, together with a strong appetite for subsidies, a great desire to be a member of the most select and illustrious orders of knighthood. It seems that instead of the four hundred thousand rix-dollars, which he had demanded, he consented to accept one hundred thousand and the garter. His prime minister, Schöning, the most covetous and perfidious of mankind, was secured by a pension. For the Duke of Brunswick-Lunenburg, William, not without difficulty, procured the long-desired title of Elector of Hanover. By such means as these, the breaches which had divided the coalition were so skillfully repaired that it appeared still to present a firm front to the enemy.

There is so extraordinary a mingling of fact and misrepresentation in this whole passage, that it is only conceivable upon the supposition of Mr. Macaulay's having misunderstood and exaggerated William's own expressions—expressions unguarded, perhaps, in themselves; or of William's having entirely shut his eyes to the reciprocal claims of his allies and himself. Who, we should like to know, were *all* these Margraves, the smallest of whom possessed so small an estate and such cracked windows? How many Margraves were there in Europe

then — sovereign princes, having troops to let out at hire for a consideration? For that any one else should make any claim at all is impossible. Surely the Margrave of Baden-Durlach, better known as Prince Louis of Baden, is not the prince who is meant here. 'One prince came mumping annually.' Was this the Duke of Lorraine or the Elector of the Palatinate? As for the 'sturdy beggars' who threatened to join the Third Party, and their ministers and favourites, we will speak anon. The other assertions we take verbatim: '*This prince had set his heart on some childish distinction*,' &c. Of course this alludes to the same thing as we find referred to a little further on (p. 265):

With the Elector of Saxony a composition was made. He had, together with a strong appetite for subsidies, a great desire to be a member of the most select and illustrious orders of knighthood. It seems that, instead of the 400,000 rix-dollars which he had demanded, he consented to accept 100,000 and the garter. His prime minister Schöning, the most covetous and perfidious of mankind, was secured by a pension.

We fear that our account will not quite bear out Mr. Macaulay in this sweeping censure. The facts of the case are these. The new Elector of Saxony agreed to furnish 12,000 men to act against France, on condition of receiving 400,000 crowns (about £100,000) for supplies and outfit, which expenses were to be divided among the confederates. The share paid by the King was 100,000; by the States, 50,000; by Brandenburg, Brunswick, and Hesse (circle of Lower Saxony), 50,000; and the remaining 200,000 by the Emperor and the town of Frankfurt.* There were great jealousies between the Elector and Prince Louis of Baden, which, however, seem to have begun rather with the latter than the former; and attempts were made to send the Saxons to fight for the Emperor in Hungary, a service which, on political and

sanitary grounds, was unpopular with all the German princes. Finally, the Elector took the command of his own contingent on the Rhine, served with the troops of the Landgrave in the affair of Zwingenburg, and afterwards with the Margrave's army in the fortified camp of Flein. What he might further have done cannot be judged, as he died a few months later. Now, with regard to the Garter, it would have been only natural to expect that it would be sent to the new Elector shortly after his accession, as it had been to the new Elector of Brandenburg shortly after his.† But Mr. Macaulay is still more unjust to John George, inasmuch as there is good reason to believe that his anxiety for it was first set on foot by William, or the States, or both, and that he was excited purposely to the vanity which is here laid to his charge in so contemptuous a manner. On discussing what presents should be made to the Saxon ministers, on the Elector's joining the Allies, it was proposed by Baron van Heeckeren, the States' ambassador, that the Grand Chamberlain should have 4000 dollars. Colt thus reports a conversation with him to Mr. Secretary Blathwayt:—

He of himself named 4000 dollars as a present to the Grand Chamberlain, for that he had given him (v. H.) great assistance, and had been very instrumental in making the Elector so desirous of the Garter, and doing so much honour at the receiving the order.‡

So that on this count we fear Mr. Macaulay has not at all made out his case. Nor is he one whit more fortunate with regard to Schöning. 'He,' says Mr. Macaulay, 'was the most covetous and perfidious of men,' which character is most probably taken verbatim from Dohna. Not having our own copy at hand, we cannot verify our suspicion. But if so, we beg to say that we do not look for an impartial testimony in such a case from a gentleman who was nearly connected in blood both with William and the Elector

* Colt to Blathwayt, Feb. 2nd, 1692-3, O. S. Stepney to Blathwayt, Feb. 22nd, 1695.

† Frederick succeeded his father April 29th, 1688, and received the Garter Feb. 1st, 1689-90. John George succeeded Sept. 12th, 1691, and received his in January, 1692-3.

‡ Colt to Blathwayt, Feb. 21st, 1692-3, O. S.

of Brandenburg. Schöning was probably neither much better nor much worse than his neighbours, but he was unquestionably in the French interest, and adverse to William, which of course is enough. But being 'covetous,' we presume, 'Schöning was secured by a pension.' We are obliged to deny again. Schöning was secured by being kidnapped. He was arrested by the Emperor's orders in the night of June 18th, 1692, at Töpliz, whither he had retired to take the baths,* and was first confined in the fortress of Brunn, in Moravia, afterwards in other fortresses, for nearly three years, and had nothing whatever to do with his master's joining the Allies in 1693. The Elector could scarcely ever be persuaded that this flagrant violation of right, and insult to himself, had not been committed at William's direct instigation, which, to this very day, is firmly believed in Saxony, though we do not doubt unjustly. But if the King did not cause, he took every advantage of, the arrest. The following instructions from Blathwayt to Stepney, were dispatched from Loo, October 8th, 1693:—

But to give a satisfactory answer at present to your question concerning Schöning, and what the Baron Bennebourg pretends to have heard from Sir W. Colt, I may assure you that Sir William would not use so unadvised an expression to draw upon his Majesty and himself the ill-will of the Elector of Saxony. But the truth is, the court of Vienna has been always willing to turn the odium of that business upon his Majesty, who, you may aver, had no hand in the seizure; while at the same time his release would be as unacceptable to his Majesty and the States as to the Emperor himself, which you are therefore to hinder privately, as much as lies in your power, without owning, at least to the Elector or his court, that his Majesty or the States do any ways concern themselves with Schöning.

This was throughout one of the most serious stumblingblocks in all the negotiations with Saxony, as may easily be seen from all Sir W. Colt's

and Mr. Stepney's correspondence; nor did the Elector rest till he had obtained the deliverance of his field-marshal and minister.† Hans Adam von Schöning died a few months after his release, at Dresden, in possession of all his honours, in 1696.

We proceed to the Dukes of Brunswick. 'The Duke of Brunswick-Lüneburg, &c. . . ' Of this we hear afterwards: 'For the Duke of Brunswick-Lüneburg, William, not without difficulty, procured the long-desired title of Elector of Hanover.' How long this title had been desired we do not know, and no one does. Even Spittler, the best historian of Hanover, is unable to say when the idea of becoming an electorate was first entertained at that court, or by whom it was first suggested: he wavers between the Duchess Sophia and the French ambassador, who might have proposed it to embroil Hanover with Zell or Brandenburg.‡ It was, however, fully known to Sir W. Colt in August, 1689,§ and was mooted at Augsburg in September of that year, at the election of Joseph, King of the Romans. It was therefore very probably entertained before November, 1688, and also very probably then no secret to William, Prince of Orange. It certainly seems odd that William should make so much difficulty about a step for Ernest Augustus, after himself commissioning Burnet to move the eventual succession on the English throne for the Elector's wife, only a year before.

We do not mean to deny that William bestirred himself earnestly for his friend, or that Bentinck negotiated vigorously at Vienna. But we are still disposed to think that the dignity was not given so much to the importunities of the English court, as to the great offers made by the ducal house itself. This we know, that Bentinck got nothing settled with Count Stratmann; but that Baron Otto von Grote carried the point at once, as well he might

* *Theatrum Europæum*, vol. xiv. p. 311.

† A very fair account of Schöning may be found in *Zedler's Universal Lexicon*. *Dohna's Memoirs* are by no means of that rarity which Mr. Macaulay supposes. We purchased our own copy at the price marked in a common German sale catalogue for the sum of 13½d. English.

‡ *Geschichte Han.* ii. 355.

§ Colt to Blathwayt, *Han.* Aug. 6th, 1689.

with such a treaty as the following in his pocket, and which was so favourable to 'Cæsar' as to outweigh the opposition of three electors, and nearly all the German princely families. The price paid for the electoral hat was as follows:

The houses of Zell and Hanover, and Austria, were mutually to support each other at all diets and conventions of the empire, and always to vote alike, except in cases where religion, the national or private rights of the contracting princes were concerned. The readmission of Bohemia, in favour of the Emperor, was to be supported by Zell and Hanover; the vote of the new electorate was to be given for ever at elections for King of the Romans, to 'Cæsar's' eldest son. For the Turkish war then waging, the Dukes were to give 500,000 rix dollars, and 6000 men to serve in Hungary, besides despatching between 2000 and 3000 to the Rhine against the French; and in the war against this power, Hanover pledged itself to stand by the Emperor to the last. In case of any war with the Empire, the Dukes were to give, over and above their contingent, 144,000 rix dollars yearly, or to set 2000 men on foot; in any war of the Emperor, not affecting the Empire, in Hungary or elsewhere, the contingent might be withdrawn, but the other services were to remain the same. For this the house of Zell-Hanover was to receive the electoral dignity, and Austria engaged, in case of need, to assist it with 4000 men.

Now, we cannot but think that the Dukes, even if William did help them, did a good deal to help themselves. From Mr. Macaulay's way of stating the case, his readers might be induced to believe that William very generously gave himself a great amount of gratuitous trouble to put an electoral hat on their heads, and that they owed it entirely to him. Our readers must judge between our view of the case and Mr. Macaulay's. We beg, however, to say, that our view is that also of Frederick the Great. We have no room to quote his opinion, but it may be found in the

Mem. de Brandenb., vol. i. p. 100. Moreover, when we bear in mind that the Duke of Zell was one of the very few princes who were made privy to William's designs on England, and gave him substantial aid, we shall think that the family of Brunswick-Lüneburg had some claims upon him personally. And, after all, Ernest Augustus got merely a titular dignity; nor was it till his son, George Louis, succeeded to the English throne, and could speak out in a way not to be misunderstood, that the ninth Elector was admitted to all the rights and privileges attached to his title. If William did really anything to obtain these for him at an earlier period, he did not succeed at Frankfurt or Regensburg.

As for the new Elector of Brandenburg (afterwards Frederick I., King of Prussia), he also meets with hard treatment at Mr. Macaulay's hands. He, too, had been privy to the attempt on England (his father having thought it necessary to communicate it to him), and was, perhaps, above all other princes of his time, zealous in support of the Protestant cause. We shall not deny that, even as early as 1693, his desire to change his electoral hat into a crown had been whispered at Vienna,* and that this may have added to his zeal for the alliance. He was now expected to send several thousands of the best troops in Europe to join the army on the Rhine,—men who, under his great father, had given the Swedes their bloody overthrow at Fehrbellin, and he is surely to be pardoned for wishing to command them. He did so, and did good service with them before Kaisersworth and Bonn. One need not perhaps attach too much importance to the language of compliment, but when Lexington, who was sent to congratulate him, assured him, in a solemn reception, that, next to the king, the English looked upon him as the saviour of their cause, we may be excused for thinking that the envoy did not mean to make the prince he was addressing, as well as himself, the laughingstock of Europe.

The truth very properly is, that

* Colt to Southwell. Wolfenbüttel, January 3, 1693.

William, being his own foreign secretary at a time when he had quite enough to do to take care of his affairs at home, was very often wearied and overwhelmed with his work, and gave vent to his feelings in his correspondence with Heinsius in a manner neither complimentary nor just to his confederates. For from some expressions in the above-quoted passage of Mr. Macaulay, it should seem that the king looked upon his cause as entirely the same as theirs. We are not at all sure that this was really the case, whatever the king might have persuaded himself. And when we consider the whole state of North Germany, we really think that many of the princes might very reasonably entertain doubts on the subject. At the close of the most frightful war that had ever raged in Germany, the country found itself thrown back for more than a century. Princes and people had alike been ruined. Ranke, in his *History of Prussia* (vol. i. p. 56), tells us—

A painful picture of the times is presented by a set of tables, drawn up in the seventeenth century, containing a comparison of the number of houses, of which, in the good old times, each city in the March (of Brandenburg) was composed, with that which was left standing at the close of the thirty years' war. In many cities one-half, in some two-thirds, in a few even five-sixths of the houses had been destroyed. The suburbs of Berlin no longer existed, and within its walls the houses had diminished at least one-fourth. The city contained only three hundred burghers.

In the principality of Lüneburg only the names and traditions remain to mark the sites of upwards of three hundred villages. That war had been carried on by 'Cæsar' against the princes of Germany, by the Catholic League against the Protestants. It had been ended by the Peace of Westphalia; but that had not prevented the House of Austria from pursuing its own aims at the expense of the princes and the reformed faith. Another war succeeded, which was closed by the treaty of Nimeguen: and hardly was the parchment dry, ere the princes were again called to throw

themselves into that struggle which was to end in the delusive peace of Ryswick. In the meanwhile, France, perfectly alive to the interest she had in weakening the House of Austria, had entertained on the whole amicable relations with the German Houses. To Lorraine and the Palatinate, no doubt, she pretended claims which were inadmissible, and enforced them after a fashion that was barbarous and detestable. But with Brandenburg and Saxony, with Zell and Wolfenbüttel, with Hesse and even Wirtemberg and Bavaria, she had remained on the terms of a generous friend and protector. She aided them with subsidies, pensioned them and their ministers, if you like, and even the great Elector himself took money, till France, in 1686, refused to pay it any longer.* In 1688 a force of Brandenburgers followed William of Orange into England. But there were other causes at work which made it no light matter for the most of these princes to deprive themselves of their forces, or the means of arming. All had quarrels and jealousies of their own. Denmark had its views upon Gottorp, and Sweden took part as a matter of course against Denmark. Sweden in turn was jealously watched by Brandenburg, which was well assured that sooner or later a blow would be struck to recover Pomerania. Hanover and Zell had their quarrel with electoral Saxony about the reversion to the duchy of Lauenburg, which was pretended to also by Anhalt, and the ducal Saxon Houses, and Denmark took part against Zell and Hanover. Wolfenbüttel had also its quarrel with Hanover; nor would Brandenburg rest while this neighbour advanced in power and dignity. Meanwhile, all looked on with dismay, while the House of Austria was extending its private possessions to the eastward, and would very probably have thought that France, with Spain and the Indies, —even had that suspicion crossed their minds—would be less dangerous to them than Austria with the same dependencies, added to Bohemia, Hungary, and Transyl-

* *Mém. de Br. Œuvres de Fréd. i. 88.*

vania. Cressett wrote once to Lexington:—‘The German princes say the House of Austria is already as dangerous to them and their liberty as the House of Bourbon. Your lordship will think this odd language, but ’tis what I hear every day* to induce these people to give up their conflicting interests, to unite them against France, and to break through the bonds in which they were linked with her, was unquestionably a great deed, and a glorious policy. But it was a result which was not to be obtained without a corresponding sacrifice. Is it so very unreasonable to suppose that what we see clearly now was not quite so obvious to the actors in these events themselves, that they were by no means sure that it was safe for them to trust to William’s life and secure possession of the English throne? That they were very reluctant to draw down upon themselves the anger of France, which had long been a friend and benefactor? Or that they were indisposed to support the Emperor, who was no friend of theirs, against a rival who was sure to give him full employment in Turkey, without in the least violating the holy ground, which their contingents must have marched, of course, to defend? And now, if by the formation of a compact league with the Northern Powers, they could have secured their own positions as neutrals, and left England, with the House of Austria and the States, to settle her own quarrel with France, would it have been really so unwise a course of policy? We must confess it seems to us, that the plan of a *Tiers-parti* was by no means so profligate a matter, however annoying it might be. We are firmly convinced that it was a great good that these ideas did not prevail, and that in spite of difficulties the grand alliance did come to pass. But we are also inclined to think that some compensation was due to the princes for relinquishing this line of policy. In the first place, it could hardly be expected that they should give up their best men, without some assurance of good quarters and of sup-

port: nor can it be shown that extravagant supplies were demanded for this service. It could not for a moment be imagined that people who were always on the verge of hostilities would disarm, without a guarantee that no rival should take advantage of their defenceless condition. It is not much to be wondered at that they should seek the interposition of a powerful mediator to settle their mutual difficulties, without submitting them to the interference of the *curia*, which they steadily kept at arm’s length wherever they could. William may very likely have been greatly bored by all this, but still he was the very person most deeply interested in the game, and at the close of it drew by far the largest share of the stakes. From Mr. Macaulay’s account of the matter, it would really seem as if he felt towards William something of what he tells us D’Avaux felt towards Lewis:—

Indeed, he appears to have taken it for granted that not only Frenchmen, but all human beings, owed a natural allegiance to the House of Bourbon, and that whoever hesitated to sacrifice the happiness and freedom of his own native country to the glory of that House, was a traitor.

Very high as our admiration for William is, it will not stretch quite so far as this. Not that we are at all disposed to underrate the difficulties which were to be overcome in bringing the great result about. We have stated some, but there were others of no trifling magnitude. It was not nearly enough to wean the princes from the idea of a French Protectorate; the host of their dependents, who had long been in the pay and interests of France, were also to be brought over. It seems now to us very shocking that the ministers and servants of one power should be systematically pensioners of another, whose interests might possibly, at some time or another, be the opposite of their own master’s. But the morality of those days was not the morality of ours, nor did the continental courts stand alone in their infamy. Indeed, we may perhaps consider it as a mitigating

* *Lexington Papers*, p. 73.

circumstance, when we learn that these pensions were openly given, and with the connivance of the master himself.* But to satisfy all these persons, favours, decorations, and above all money, was required; and money was one of the things which William could not very well afford, and did not at all like to give. Nor indeed were decorations very plentiful in his hands. He did however what he could; and if a Garter or two could help to bring twenty thousand good soldiers to his side, we shall assuredly not grumble that they were bestowed. But we may perhaps best show what straits he was reduced to, by sketching slightly the secret negotiations at the court of Saxony, with which Mr. Macaulay has already made merry. We shall display a picture of the social condition of those days, which may not be altogether uninteresting. As for Schöning, we have sufficiently shown how he was disposed of. But the principal person who was to be conciliated before the Elector, John George the Fourth, could be considered firm, was Magdalena Sybilla von Neidschütz. This young lady—the lady, as she is always called in the correspondence of Colt with Blathwayt,† occupied the place of *maitresse en titre*, which, in emulation of the French custom, had become a fashionable, nay, an indispensable, appendage to a court.‡ In this case, however, it is unquestionable that a most tender affection subsisted, at least on the part of the Elector: a fatal one, indeed, for he died of small-pox, caught because he would not remove from her bedside when she was attacked by that disease, under which she sank, only a few days before him. To secure the favour of this ‘lady,’ Colt writes, ‘a present will be necessary:’ and much discussion ensues about its amount, about how much the King is to give, how much the States-General, how much the Dukes of Brunswick. Sometimes V. Heck-

eren proposes 4000 rix dollars for the States: sometimes Colt fears he shall be obliged to give 6000 or more for the King: sometimes he presumes the Duke of Zell and the Elector of Hanover will club together to make up 4000 more; from which Mr. Macaulay may see that the English and Dutch were not the only parties to the alliance whose purses were put in requisition for general purposes, and service secret or otherwise. The Emperor, indeed, gave no money, nor would it have been wise to ask for any; for Leopold, with all his bigotry and dullness, was a good moral man, and particularly disliked all affairs of this kind. On a later occasion he flatly refused to make Magdalena Sybilla a princess, with the indignant growl, ‘What, Princess! what, Princess! Electoral Saxony has got princesses enough in his own excellent wife!’ for we regret to say that John George was all this while the husband of a Prussian royal lady. However, on this occasion the Emperor was so driven by the importunities of his allies, that he did consent to make the ‘lady’ Countess of Rochlitz, the name under which she is best known in history. The patent by which she obtained the dignity of a Reichsgräfin, with an augmentation of arms, to descend to her children, and *their* issue lawfully begotten, is dated February 4th, 1693, two days after the alliance between Saxony and the Emperor had been duly signed. Robethson says that the Countess got 40,000 rix dollars for her service in securing the Elector, which is unquestionably an exaggeration; she may possibly have received about 15,000 to 16,000, of which William contributed 6000, or £1500. Colt congratulated himself on having saved the King about £500 of the sum allowed by his Majesty for this service; and it is probable enough that he was enabled to do this by a piece of ingenious diplomacy, which we shall allow him to tell in his own words.

* Bülow, *Geh. Geschichten*, &c., vol. iii. p. 74.

† This curious correspondence is in the British Museum. MSS. Add. 1807—1809.

‡ So much so that Frederick the First, King of Prussia, bestowed it upon the wife of his chamberlain, Kolb, Count of Wurtemberg, although there is very little reason to believe that she ever enjoyed anything more than the title and the power.

On the 7th of February, 1692-3 O. S., he writes home—

I have gained much credit by desiring to have the lady's picture for the *Queen*. I durst not ask it for his Majesty, for he (*i.e.* the Elector) had one day, in a passion, told her that, by her earnestness in pressing, and the expressions she used of the King, that she loved him, though she had never seen him. The painting is not very good, but 'tis like her, and I will send it by the herald to my Lord Portland. This little affair hath likewise obliged her highly, in so much that she gives me great hopes of good success; and I fail not to give assurances to her, that she will have a grateful return as soon as the Treaty is concluded, for without her assistance there would have been nothing to do now.

One would like to see this picture: in which of the royal palaces is it?*

This does not, however, appear to have been all the honour done her for her service, for after the Treaty was signed, and the Elector took the field, 'the lady,' although in a delicate situation, accompanied him, and held her *couches* at Frankfurt. The daughter which she bore, we are told, was held at the font by the English resident, and the Duke of Saxony (the Elector's brother Frederick Augustus, afterwards King of Poland), and in compliment to her royal sponsors, received the names of Wilhelmine Marie Fredericke. Thus were things managed in those days, when people were not 'nice.' Whether similar means were adopted to win the Countesses of Platen and Wartemburg, Mdle. von Viereck, and the rest of them, we do not know: but must not forget to add that a plentiful distribution of money was made to three or four ministers at three or four several courts, to which the Princes of Zell and Hanover paid also their due quota.†

We have occupied so much space in discussing Mr. Macaulay's views respecting the formation of the Grand Alliance, that we have left ourselves none for the examination of his account of its dissolution, by the ne-

gotiations at Ryswick. We must say, however, that we are nearly as much at issue with him here as in the first instance. We do not yet clearly see how William was justified in making a separate peace for himself, Spain, and the States, and leaving the Emperor and the Princes in the lurch. These last he at any rate had dragged into the war, and owed them some protection. We fear also that here Mr. Macaulay's ludicrous description of the cumbrous ceremonial observed by the plenipotentiaries, is principally aimed to draw off attention from the main fact,—that a second, secret negotiation was set on foot between Portland and Boufflers, to which all the Allies were not made parties. We are well aware how little Don Carlos was to be depended upon, how exhausted England had become, and how necessary a secure and honourable peace then was for all Europe. But we think a better one might have been extorted from France, had England and the States remained firm to their engagements. The Peace of Ryswick secured William as king in England, and is therefore of course a good peace in Mr. Macaulay's eyes. It obtained some advantages for our commerce, and the restoration of the principality of Orange to the *status quo* at the Peace of Nimeguen; and it stipulated various advantages for Holland. All these were good points in it; but one was certainly forgotten—the security of the Protestants in the Empire. In the instructions given to the English Ministers, an article appeared, *viz.*, the re-enactment of the Edict of Nantes. This no doubt could not have been extorted purely and simply, and was hardly expected to be so; but still much might have been done for the Reformers. To leave these to the mercy of the Emperor, was to desert them entirely; and especially when the French, emboldened by the withdrawal of England and Holland, claimed that in the lands restored to the Empire no change should be made *in eccle-*

* If not a miniature, it was probably in *pastel*, a favourite style of painting at that time in Dresden.

† The best account of the Countess of Rochlitz is found in the above-cited book of Bülau; but, like Mr. Macaulay, we have taken some 'touches' from the correspondence of the period.

siasticis; in other words, in the Palatinate and elsewhere the intrusive Catholics should remain in possession of the churches. We have Mr. Macaulay's own assurance that this point of religion, or even toleration, made no part of the conferences between Portland and Boufflers. We hope Mr. Macaulay will tell us, in his next volume, whether, even at this moment, some vague visions of the Partition Treaty had flitted before William's eyes, and whether these had anything to do with his present relations to Cæsar.

We have spoken very frankly in reviewing this work, neither withholding praise nor blame, as we thought it deserved it. Admiring it, on the whole, as much as any of its admirers, we cannot but regret

the one error which pervades it,—viz., the striving to exalt William at the expense of every one with whom he is brought into contact. We have read it ourselves with delight; we know that thousands have read it with delight, and believe that thousands more will continue to do so. But for all that, we cannot accept it as a *fair* account of the times of William III., or as unshakeable authority for the great events of that period. Even if we doubt and waver while we read of events familiarly known to us in our home policy, how can we do less than protest against the distortion of view which presents our foreign relations in so untrue a light, and, for the sake of displaying one giant, peoples all Europe with pigmies?

J. M. K.

LADAK AND TIBET.*

WE last year drew attention to the extensive and important acquisition of territory which the Russians had lately effected at the expense of the Celestial Empire, by the appropriation of the river Amoor, and the Manchourian Khanats bordering upon Siberia. We at the same time pointed out that the immediate consequence of this aggression would be to make the Chinese Government cultivate the friendship and seek the assistance of Great Britain. This anticipation has proved to be correct, for in the course of the last twelve months a British consular agent has on two occasions been admitted into the interior of the empire. We were not then aware that the Czar had also declared Mongolia to be a portion of his empire, nor that his admiral, Panutin, since wrecked on the coast of Japan, had extorted from Corea, a state which is tributary to China, the cession of a sea-port, and other pri-

vileges. The knowledge of these aggressions leaves no doubt that if the British Government were to hold out the hand of friendship to the Chinese sovereign, and to offer him its countenance and support on the coast, there would be no difficulty in inducing him to raise the Mongols and the Manchou Tartars against the Russians, and to cut off the retreat of their forces on the banks of the Amoor.

According to the intelligence lately received, it appears that the Chinese have now to deal with another enemy, for the Gorkhas, finding no outlet for their warlike dispositions on the side of British India, have taken advantage of the civil war to invade Tibet with a force which is said to amount to 100,000 men, for the purpose of avenging their past defeats, and recovering with interest the territories which the Chinese took from them after their unsuccessful inroad in

* *Ladak, Physical, Statistical, and Historical.* With Notices of the surrounding Countries. By Alexander Cunningham, Brevet-Major, Bengal Engineers. London: Allen and Co.

Himalayan Journals; or, Notes of a Naturalist in Bengal, the Sikkim and Nepaul Himalayas; the Khasia Mountains, &c. By Joseph Dalton Hooker, M.D., R.N., F.R.S. London: John Murray.

Western Himalaya and Tibet. A Narrative of a Journey through the Mountains of Northern India during the years 1847-8. By Thomas Thomson, M.D., F.L.S., Assistant-Surgeon, Bengal Army. London: Reeve and Co.

1792. It is beyond a doubt that the numbers of the invading army are grossly exaggerated, and we should imagine that it cannot possibly consist of more than four bodies of from five to ten thousand men each. Although some petty border offences, alleged to have been committed by the Chinese guards on the frontier, may serve as a pretext for the war, they are by no means its real cause, for the warlike preparations of the Nepauleso have been very active for some years past, and more especially so since the return of their general and prime minister, Jung Behadur,* from England, in 1850; and it is more than probable that the principal object of his mission was to ascertain in what light such an expedition would be regarded by the English Government.

Up to this time we have possessed but little information which could be depended on respecting Tibet and its means of defence, and it is fortunate that Major Cunningham has not contented himself with merely describing the inhabitants and the natural features of Ladak, but has also given us an account of the Sikh conquest of that country in 1834, as well as of the disastrous invasion of Great Tibet, where the Gorkhas are now plundering, by Zorawar Sing, the general of Maharaja Gulab Sing, in 1841. He has thus enabled us to estimate the dangers of the undertaking in which the Nepauleso are engaged.

If they should content themselves with the plunder of the monasteries of Lhasa, and be satisfied with the acquisition of some thinly-peopled districts immediately adjoining their own country, it is probable that they may return safe and successful from their mountain campaign. But a hundred victories will not enable them to maintain extended conquests amongst a people who are thoroughly contented with their condition, and attached to their present rulers by the bonds of religion, as well as by those of good government. As the invaders will find themselves in the most elevated region of the earth, where food is always scarce, and where they will be cut off from all

their resources by passes of not less than sixteen or eighteen thousand feet, we should not be surprised to hear of their total destruction. The elevation of Lhasa, the Tibetan capital, is not less than 11,000 feet, and the old idea that the country is an extensive table-land, has been completely exploded by Humboldt, in his *Asie Centrale*,† in which he represents the Chinese geographers as describing all parts of Tibet as extremely mountainous; and the correctness of their statements is fully confirmed by the observations of Dr. Thomson and Dr. Hooker, as well as by those of Captain Strachey.

It is difficult to imagine what arguments the Nepauleso Envoy can have used to persuade the British Government that a Gorkha invasion of Tibet could be otherwise than injurious* to the political and commercial interests of India, more especially as only nine years ago the authorities at Calcutta took energetic measures to prevent a similar attempt on the part of the Sikh ruler of Kashmir. They were convinced that such an occurrence would stop at once the importation of shawl wool into our territories, and put an end to the commerce of our hill states with Tibet, at the same time that it would have embarrassed our relations with the Chinese emperor, as his celestial majesty might have been unable to distinguish between the rulers of India and the rulers of Kashmir. In fact, it was for the purpose of preventing any danger of this kind that Cunningham and Agnew were sent, in August, 1846, to ascertain the ancient boundaries between Tibet and Ladak, although they were ordered at the same time to lay down the boundary between the British territories and those of Maharaja Gulab Sing. On this occasion they carried with them a letter from the Governor-General to the Chinese governor of Lhasa, which they delivered to the authorities on the frontier, by whom they were informed that an answer could not be obtained for a whole year; an assertion almost warranted by the fact that the distance from Lé

* 'The great warrior.'

† Vol. I., page 12.

to Lhasa, 1350 miles, is rarely accomplished under four months and a half. Early in 1847, however, it was understood that the Chinese envoys had reached Garo,* near the head of the Indus, and Major Cunningham, Captain Strachey, and Dr. Thomson were sent to confer with them, and to lay down the boundaries.

Ladak is the most westerly country occupied by the Tibetan race, who profess the Buddhist faith. On the north it is divided by the Karakoram Mountains from the Chinese district of Kotan. To the east and south-east are the Chinese districts of Rudok and Chumerti; and to the south are Lahul and Spiti, now attached to British India. To the west lie Kashmir and Balti; the former separated by the western Himalaya, and the latter by an imaginary line drawn from the mouth of the Dras River to the sources of the Nubra. The mean length of the country is 200 miles, and its mean breadth 150. Its most extraordinary feature is the parallelism of its mountain ranges, which stretch through the country from south-east to north-west. Its general aspect is one of extreme barrenness, but there are fertile tracts near the rivers, covered with luxuriant crops, and many picturesque monasteries, from which the chant of human voices ascends on high in daily prayer and praise. The yellow plains along the Indus are covered with flocks of the shawl-wool goat, and all the principal thoroughfares of the country are dotted with numerous flocks of sheep, laden with the merchandize of China and of India. It is one of the most elevated regions of the earth. Its valleys lie along the head waters of the Indus, the Sutlej, and the Chenab. The climate is the most singular in the world—burning heat by day is succeeded by piercing cold at night, and everything is parched by the extreme dryness of the air. The rarefied atmosphere offers but little impediment to the sun's rays, which during a short summer are sufficient to ripen barley at an elevation of

15,000 feet, although the temperature falls below the freezing point every night. The plains between 16,000 and 17,000 feet above the sea are covered with wild asses, and immense flocks of domestic goats and sheep; while the slopes of the hills up to 19,000 feet abound with marmots and hares. Such is the extreme dryness of the atmosphere that no rain falls, and but little snow; and both meat and fruit are cured by more exposure to the air. The higher peaks of the western Himalaya, although inferior to Kinchinjunga and Dhwabagiri, in the eastern part of the range, which rise to the enormous height of 28,000 feet, reach to an elevation superior to that of the Andes, Nanda Devi having an altitude of 25,749 feet. The river system of Ladak consists of the Chenab, the Sutlej, and the three great mountain feeders of the Indus, the Singgéhhu, or Indus proper, the Shayok and the Sanskar rivers. The Indus, like the Sutlej, the Gogra, and the Brahmaputra, springs from the lofty mountains around the Holy Lake of Manasarovara. Its source, which has hitherto been wrapped in mystery, Major Cunningham places in north latitude $31^{\circ} 20'$, and east longitude $80^{\circ} 30'$, at an estimated height of 17,000 feet. Its course is about 2000 miles, in the first half of which it falls 16,000 feet. Its upper waters are occasionally dammed up by glaciers, and in several instances terrible inundations have occurred when the pent-up waters have at length burst through their icy barriers. Major Cunningham describes a most frightful catastrophe of this kind which occurred in June, 1841, when the collected waters of nearly six months rushed with overwhelming violence down the narrow valley of the Shayok, sweeping everything before them. Houses and trees, men and women, horses and oxen, sheep and goats, were carried away at once; and all the alluvial flats in the bed of the river, which had been irrigated with laborious care, were destroyed in a moment. At two o'clock in the afternoon the wave of inun-

* This place has become an important mart for the interchange of the productions of India and China.

dation passed the village of Chulung, on the western boundary of Chorbad. Two days afterwards, at exactly the same hour, the flood swept by Torbela, a distance of 550 miles, its motion being at the rate of 11'4583 miles per hour, or 16'81 feet per second.

The devastating effects of this terrible flood were still quite fresh in 1847. At Tertse, one of the widest parts of the valley, they could be traced to a height of more than twenty feet above the stream, where twigs and straws were massed together in lines two or three feet broad, upwards of half-a-mile from the present channel of the river. But the most striking effect of the flood was the entire absence of trees in the valley of the Shayok, while the lateral valley of Nubra was full of trees 200 years old. Major Cunningham quotes the following account of the inundation at Torbela, which was received by Major James Abbott from an eye-witness:—

At about 2 p.m. a murmuring sound was heard from the north-east, amongst the mountains, which increased until it attracted universal attention, and we began to exclaim, 'What is this murmur? Is it the sound of cannon in the distance? Is Gandgarh bellowing? Is it thunder?' Suddenly some one cried out, 'The river's come.' And I looked and perceived that all the dry channels were already filled, and that the river was racing down furiously in an absolute wall of mud, for it had not at all the colour or appearance of water. They who saw it in time easily escaped. They who did not were inevitably lost. It was a horrible mess of foul water, carcases of soldiers, peasants, war-steeds, camels, prostitutes, tents, mules, asses, trees, and household furniture, in short every item of existence jumbled together in one ruin; for Raja Gulab Sing's army was encamped in the bed of the Indus, at Kulai, three kos above Torbela, in check of Painda Khan. Part of the force was at that moment in hot pursuit, or the ruin would have been wider. The rest ran, some to large trees, which were soon uprooted and borne away, others to rocks, which were speedily buried beneath the waters. Only they escaped who took at once to the mountain side. About 500 of these troops were at once swept to destruction. The mischief was immense. Hundreds of acres of arable

land were licked up and carried away by the waters. The whole of the Sisutrees which adorned the river's bank, the famous Burgot-tree of many stems, time out of mind the chosen bivouac of travellers, were all lost in an instant.*

The ruin caused by this awful inundation is so vast (says Major James Abbott) that it will take hundreds if not thousands of years to repair the mischief of that terrible hour. The revenue of Torbela has dwindled in consequence from 20,000 rupees to 5000. Chach has been sown with barren sand. The timber for which the Indus has been celebrated since the days of Alexander until this disaster, is so utterly gone, that I vainly strove throughout Huzara to procure a Sisutree for the repair of the field-artillery carriages. To make some poor amends, the river sprinkled gold-dust over the barren soil, so that the washings for several successive years were farmed at four times their ordinary rent.

Major Cunningham estimates the accumulated waters at 20,000,000,000 of cubic feet!

About eighty years earlier a similar catastrophe was caused by the 'hundred channelled' Sutlej, owing to the shoulder of a vast mountain giving way, and falling down from a great height into the river. Major Cunningham tells us that the slip took place at midnight on the 10th Nov. 1762, near the hot springs of Seoni, about twenty miles north by west from Simla, where the river is confined between precipitous cliffs, which rise several thousand feet above the stream. The narrow channel was instantly choked with a vast mass of rock, earth, and rubbish to a height of more than 400 feet. Below the barrier the bed of the river became dry for forty days, and above it the waters accumulated until they rose 400 feet opposite Bhagi, while the effect of the obstruction was felt as high up the river as Rampur, a distance of sixty miles. At length the accumulated waters began to pour over the obstructing barrier: the masses of loose earth and stones were speedily cut up in all directions, until they yielded to the pressure of the mighty body of water, and the long-imprisoned river bursting its fetters, rushed headlong down its rocky channel in

one vast wave from fifty to more than one hundred feet in height. In its progress it destroyed the lower town of Bilaspur, which it passed at the rate of fifteen miles an hour, and when it reached the plains it was carried by its own impetus into a new course, nor was it until the rise of the river in the following June that the last remains of the once mighty barrier were swept away by the swollen river.

The lakes of this region are, with few exceptions, landlocked; and consequently, says Major Cunningham, they are salt or brackish. Is it not possible that this deduction may lead us to the conclusion that the brackishness of inland seas and lakes, as for instance in the case of the Caspian and the Aral, is by no means owing to their having, at some distant period, formed a part of the ocean, but that their saltiness is in proportion to the time which has elapsed since their waters ceasing to have an outfall, have escaped by evaporation only? Might not further observations on this subject enable our geologists to fix with some degree of accuracy the periods of those mighty cataclysms which appear to have occurred in all parts of the world, and which, combined with the subterranean fires which cause the elevation and depression of the earth's crust, have given to its surface its present form? What marvellous changes must have occurred in the Himalayan region since the time when its lakes, situated in a temperate climate, poured their sweet waters to the ocean! Yet this must once have been the case, for on the borders of the now diminutive salt lakes, fresh-water shells of species still existing in milder climates, but not found in the few remaining fresh-water lakes of Ladak, are deposited in great abundance, while beach-marks and beds of fine-clay on the mountain-sides point out the great extent of these sheets of water in former times.

It is remarkable that the elevated regions of the Himalaya, which teem with animal life, have been

fixed upon by many of the ablest men as the primeval seat of the human race; and their conjectures are marvellously confirmed by the fact that nearly all the domestic animals are here to be found in a state of nature, while the grains, fruits, and vegetables which are most valued by man have flourished in Tibet from the earliest times.

The wild animals are leopards, bears, wolves, foxes, dogs, horses, asses, the *Yak*, or long-haired bull, the *Shu*, or Tibetan stag, the musk deer, the goat, the shawl-wool goat, three kinds of sheep, two varieties of the hare, rabbits, marmots and weasels;* while the peacock, and the jungle fowl, which is the original stock from which our domestic fowls are descended, flourish at the foot of the mountains. The *Yak*, the tail of which furnishes the Indian *Chaori*, when tamed is a valuable beast of burden, and is often crossed with the common kine. The tame sheep are the tall black-faced *Huniya*, which is chiefly used for the transport of merchandize, and by means of which nearly the whole commerce of the mountains is carried on,† and the *Purik*, a pretty diminutive animal about the size of a Southdown lamb at six months old, which gives two lambs within twelve months, and is shorn twice in the year. Its flesh is excellent, and it is kept principally for food. Moorcroft says that in the fineness and weight of its fleece and in the flavour of its mutton it is equal to any race hitherto discovered.

Major Cunningham tells us that—

Moorcroft was so impressed with the value of this breed, that he collected a small flock for transmission to England, but unfortunately just as he was leaving Ladak the whole flock of sixty-seven was carried off by the chief of Hasora.‡ It was his opinion that the British cottager might keep three of these sheep with more ease than he now supports a cur-dog; and that every small farmer might maintain fifteen or twenty of them without any extra expense, as they would be entirely supported on that kind of produce which now runs wholly to waste, or is thrown out on the dung-hill. The *Purik* sheep will eat crumbs

* The unicorn is still declared to exist in the northern part of Tibet.

† The ordinary load of these sheep varies from 24 to 32 lbs.

‡ *Transactions of the Royal Asiatic Society*, Vol. I., page 49; and *Travels*, Vol. I., page 316.

and parings of all kinds. Apricot skins, turnip-peelings, pea-shells, and tea-leaves are eagerly picked up by this domestic animal, which, as Moorcroft has also noticed, will not disdain to nibble a bone. It will also eat grass, straw, chaff, and leaves. I brought a small flock of twenty from the Purik district to Simla, from whence they were despatched to England by the Governor-General. The Court of Directors presented them to Prince Albert, by whom they were first exhibited at the Zoological Gardens, and afterwards distributed to different persons interested in the breeding of sheep.

The crops of Ladak consist of wheat and buckwheat, which are found up to the height of 13,000 feet; peas and mustard, which extend up to 13,500; and barley and turnips, which grow at 15,000. The fruits are apples, apricots, walnuts, mulberries, gooseberries, currants, and grapes; and it is worthy of notice that the diminutive grape which takes its name from Corinth, and which is regarded in Europe as a distinct species formed by a freak of nature in one of the Greek islands, is found in Tibet growing on the same vine with the larger fruit.

The people of Tibet,* although slightly mixed with the Hindu race, belong to the same stock as the Chinese and the Mongols. They must be brave, for in spite of their inexperience in war, the disciplined Sikhs had considerable difficulty in subduing them; and 15,000 Ladakis, out of a population of 165,000 persons, are said to have fallen in the struggle against the invaders.

They are very fond of a spirited game called *Polo*, which is in fact hockey, played on horseback, and is well calculated for the display of boldness and activity. It is participated in by all classes, and the winning of a goal is loudly cheered by the successful party. The game was once common in India under the name of *Chaogan*, and the old grounds in which it was formerly played are still to be found near every large town in the Punjab hills.

The practice of polyandry prevails amongst the Ladakis, but it is strictly

confined to brothers—each family of brothers having one wife in common; this system however prevails only amongst the poorer classes, for the rich, as in all Eastern countries, generally have two or three wives, according to their wealth. In some districts the bodies of the dead are burned, but in the lofty districts of Rukchu and Chang-thang, where fuel is scarce, they are exposed on hills to be eaten by vultures and wild beasts. In Great Tibet the bodies of the dead are cut into small pieces by professional corpse-butchers, and given to the dogs. This is called the 'terrestrial funeral.' The bones, after being bruised in a mortar with parched corn, are made into balls, and thrown to the 'dogs and vultures. This is the 'celestial funeral,' and these are the most fortunate modes of disposing of the dead.

The Gyalpo* or Sovereign of Ladak formerly paid a small tribute to the Chinese authorities at Lhasa, but after Ranjit Sing's conquest of Kashmir he paid tribute to the governor of that province. When Moorcroft was in Ladak in 1822, the dread of a Sikh invasion induced the Gyalpo to tender his allegiance through him to the British Government. The anticipated invasion did not occur until 1834, when Zorawar Sing, the Vazir of Raja Gulab Sing, took possession of the western provinces of Suru and Dras, and the proffer of allegiance was again made by the reigning sovereign to Dr. Henderson, who was at that time travelling through Ladak under the name of Ismail Khan, and who, notwithstanding his Mussulman disguise, was speedily recognised as a British officer. He however had crossed the frontier in spite of a positive prohibition, and dared not undertake to make a communication to the Governor-General, which would have exposed his violation of orders. Unable to obtain British aid, the Ladakis met Zorawar Sing at the head of the Suru valley with 5000 men. They were defeated by the Sikhs, but they afterwards contrived to oppose them successfully for some time with a force of 22,000

* Major Cunningham says that '*Bhotiya* is their Hindu name. The Tibetans call themselves *Botpa*, *Bod-pa*. The name is most probably derived from their profession of Buddhism, *Bauddha* being the designation of a Buddhist.

men. This army was at last scattered, and a series of truces, outbreaks, and petty struggles, lasted till 1838, when Zorawar Sing returned to Jammu, after placing a new sovereign on the throne, exacting the expenses of the war, and fixing an annual tribute. His next exploit was the conquest of Balti, which he entered in 1840, and in spite of his troops being caught in the snow, and suffering terribly from cold and hunger, he succeeded in taking Skardo, where he also established a new ruler, who agreed to pay tribute. In the month of May, 1841, he invaded Great Tibet. After advancing up the valley of the Indus, and plundering the monasteries of Hanlé and Tashgong, the districts of Rudok and Garo submitted to him without a struggle, and he established his head-quarters in the holy district of Lake Manasarovara. His lieutenants were now occupied for some months in plundering the whole country, and they found abundance of gold and silver in the monasteries and temples. The news of the invasion had been speedily carried to Lhasa, the capital, and in the beginning of November, Zorawar Sing heard of the approach of a Chinese force. He sent two detachments to oppose their advance, but both were surrounded and cut to pieces. The two armies came in contact on the 10th of December, and it was evident that the Chinese had greatly the advantage in numbers. After three days spent in skirmishing, a battle was fought, in which Zorawar Sing was slain. His troops, thrown into disorder, fled in all directions, and his reserve of 600 men gave themselves up as prisoners of war. All the principal officers were captured, and out of the whole army only 1000* escaped alive, and of these 700 were prisoners.

The Indian soldiers of Zorawar Sing. (says Major Cunningham) fought under very great disadvantages. The battlefield was upwards of 15,000 feet above the sea, and the time mid-winter, when even the day temperature never rises above the freezing-point, and the intense cold of night can only be borne by people well covered with sheep-skins and surrounded by fires. For several nights the Indian troops had been exposed to all the bitterness of the climate. Many had lost the use of their fingers and toes, and all were more or less frost-bitten. The only fuel procurable was the Tibetan furze, which yields much more smoke than fire, and the more reckless soldiers had actually burned the stocks of their muskets to obtain a little temporary warmth. On the last fatal day not one half of the men could handle their arms, and when a few fled the rush became general. But death was waiting for them all, and the Chinese gave up the pursuit to secure their prisoners and to plunder the dead, well knowing that the unrelenting frost would spare no one. A few men made their way to their brethren at Takla-khar, but that garrison was so dismayed by the defeat, that they fled precipitately, even over the Snowy Mountain range, near the head of the Kali River, into the British province of Kumaon. In this unopposed flight one half of the men were killed by the frost, and many of the remainder lost their fingers and toes. These few and the prisoners form the whole number that escaped with their lives.*

This expedition cost the lives of about 8000 Sikhs, and 5000 Ladakis who accompanied them. The Chinese followed up their victory by re-occupying Garo, and in the next spring they entered Ladak with 3000 men and besieged Lé, the capital. The people of the country joined them and dreamt once more of independence, but the Sikhs turned the position of the Tibetans, and the latter were glad to retire on the single condition that the old boundary between Ladak and China should be re-established.

* In this very month in the same year, 1841, the British army of about the same strength was destroyed at Cabul.



KATE COVENTRY.

An Autobiography.

EDITED BY THE AUTHOR OF 'DIGBY GRAND.'

CHAPTER V.

WHEN Aunt Deborah is laid up with one of *her* colds, she always has a wonderful accession of 'propriety' accompanying the disorder; and that which would appear to her at the worst a harmless *escapade* when in her usual health and spirits, becomes a crime of the blackest dye when seen through the medium of barley-broth and water-gruel, these being Aunt Deborah's infallible remedies for a catarrh. Now the cold in question had lasted its victim over the Ascot meeting, over our pic-nic to Richmond, and bade fair to give her employment during the greater part of the summer, so obstinate was the enemy when he had once possessed himself of the citadel; and under these circumstances, I confess it appeared to me quite hopeless to ask her permission to accompany Cousin John on a long-promised expedition to Hampton Races. I did, not dare make the request myself, and I own I had great misgivings, even when I overheard from my boudoir the all-powerful John proffering his petition, which he did with a sort of abrupt good humour peculiarly his own.

'Going to take Kate out for another lark, aunt, if you have no objection,' says John, plumping down in an arm-chair, and forthwith proceeding to entangle Aunt Deborah's knitting into the most hopeless confusion. 'Only some quiet races near town; all amongst ourselves, you know—gentlemen riders, and that sort of thing.'

Aunt Deborah, who is a good deal behindhand in all matters connected with the turf, and who has set her face into a determined refusal when she hears the word 'racing,' rather relaxes at the mention of '*gentlemen riders*,' and replies gravely, 'John, I want to talk to you about Kate. The girl's wild after horses and hounds, and all

such unfeminine pursuits. I wonder you like to see it yourself, my dear. Now don't you think it would be far better to encourage her in domestic tastes and amusements? I give you my word she hasn't done a bit of worsted-work for a fortnight.'

John's face must have been good at this piece of intelligence; if there is one thing he hates more than another, it is 'cross-stitch.' But he replied with exemplary gravity that 'Cousin Kate never was strong, you know, aunt, and she is ordered to be a good deal in the open air, with plenty of horse exercise, and this is delightful weather for riding.'

'Well, John,' says Aunt Deborah, 'of course if *you* don't mind it, I needn't; you'll be the sufferer, my dear, not I' (I wonder what she meant by that?); 'and I must let her go if *you* choose to take her, John. How like your father you're growing, my handsome boy!' and Aunt Deborah kissed Cousin John on the forehead, with tears in her eyes, and they called to me to get ready, and the horses came round, and in less than ten minutes we were up and away.

It was very gratifying to overhear the complimentary remarks made upon the general appearance of White-Stockings, whom I had ridden down, to save Brilliant, and who, despite his ugliness, is a very hunting-looking horse.

'Looks a game 'un, don't he, squire?' remarked a jolly-looking Surrey farmer, in top-boots, to a dilapidated friend in a white neck-cloth. 'Shouldn't wonder if *he* couldn't kick the dirt in some of their faces, with that tight lass to keep his head straight.' The friend was a melancholy man, and nodded his silent affirmative with a sigh. I think, early as it was, they had both been drinking.

'Look at that chesnut horse!'

exclaimed a good-looking boy of some twenty summers, who had coached his own drag down like a second Phaëton, only as yet with better luck, and was now smoking a huge cigar on its roof; 'Isn't he the image of old Paleface? Who's the woman, eh?—does nobody know her? I'll ask her to come and sit up here. She looks like a lady, too,' he added, checking himself; 'never mind, here goes!' and he was jumping off the coach to tender me, I presume, his polite invitation in person, when his arm was caught by the man next him, who was no other than John's friend, Captain Lovell.

'Charley, stop!' exclaimed Frank, flushing all over his handsome face and temples; 'I know her, I tell you; have a care, it's Miss Coventry,' and in another instant he had bounded to the earth, accosted my *chaperon* with a hearty 'Jack, how goes it?' and was deep in conversation with my humble self, with his hand on my horse's neck—(Frank always wears such good gloves)—and his pleasant countenance beaming with delight at our chance interview. I liked the races better after this, and should have spent a happier day, perhaps, without the society of Mrs. Lumley, who appeared likewise on horseback, quite unexpectedly, and was riding the most beautiful brown mare I ever saw in my life. I quite wished I had brought down Brilliant, if only to have met her on more equal terms. As we were the only two ladies on horseback, of course we were obliged to fraternize (if the weaker sex may use such an expression), as indeed we must have done had we been the bitterest foes on earth, instead of merely hating each other with common civility. Mrs. Lumley seemed on particularly good terms with Frank Lovell,—I do not know that I liked her any the better for that,—and expressed her sentiments and opinions to the world in general with a vivacity and freedom peculiarly her own.

'I am out on 'the sly,' you know,' she observed, with an arch smile. 'I have a good quiet aunt who lives down at Richmond, and I do penance there for a time, whenever I have been more than usually wicked; but to-day I could not

resist the fine weather and the crowd and the fun, and above all the bad company, which amuses me more than all the rest put together, though I do not include you, Miss Coventry, nor yet Mr. Jones, but I am afraid I must Captain Lovell. Come, let's ride amongst the carriages and see the ninnies.'

So Mrs. Lumley and I plunged into the crowd, leaving Frank to return to his drag and his betting-book, and Cousin John somewhat discontentedly to bring up the rear.

'After all, I don't see much harm in Hampton,' said my lively guide, as we threaded our way between the carriages; 'though, to be sure, there are some very queer-looking people on the course. I could tell you strange stories of most of them, Miss Coventry, only you wouldn't believe me. Do you see that old, plainish woman, with such black hair and eyebrows—something like Lady Scapegrace, only not so handsome as my favourite enemy?—would you believe it, she might marry three coronets at this moment if she chose, and she won't have any one of them! She is not good-looking, you can see; she can scarcely write her own name. She has no conversation, I happen to know, for I met her once at dinner, and she cannot by any chance put an 'H' into its right place. Yet men see something in her that is totally inexplicable to *us*, and she seems to have a mysterious influence over all ages and all sorts. One of these infatuated noblemen is decrepid and twaddling; the other a stern reserved man, that up to forty years of age was supposed to be the very impersonation of common sense. And the third, young, clever, and handsome, a man that might marry half the nicest women in England, if he liked. And why do you think she won't pick and choose from such a trio? Why, forsooth, because she has set her stupid heart on a drunken stockbroker, who won't have a word to say to her, and would have been here to-day, I have no doubt, if he hadn't been afraid of meeting *her*. Well, there's a stranger story than *that* about the girl with long fair hair in the next carriage. You can see her now, in a pink bonnet, drinking

sherry and soda-water—she is supposed to be old Goldfinch's daughter, and he wont give her a farthing; but *I* know somebody who knows his lawyer, and that girl *will* have half a million if she don't drink herself to death before old Goldfinch takes his departure from this wicked world. She is beautiful and clever and accomplished, and all the young men are in love with her, but she cannot keep sober, and in three years' time she will have lost her youth and her health and her faculties, and in all probability will finish in a mad-house. There's Frank Lovell making fiercblove to her now.'

And as Mrs. Lumley concluded with this amiable remark, I looked round for Cousin John, and rode away from her, in disgust at her flippancy, and sick at heart to think of such a man as Captain Lovell wasting his smiles on such a creature. To be sure, he only said three words to her, for when I looked round again at the carriage he was gone. There is something very amusing to me in the bustle of a race-course; and yet, after talking to Mrs. Lumley, the gloss seemed to be only on the surface. She had told me enough of the company to make me fancy there must be some strange history belonging to each. Like the man that saw through the roofs of the houses in Madrid, thanks to the agency of his familiar, I thought that *my* demon on a side-saddle had taught me to see into the very hearts and secrets of the motley assemblage.

There was a handsome girl, with beautiful teeth and neatly braided hair, and *such* a brilliant smile, attracting a crowd round her, as she sang piquant songs in a sweet deep-toned voice that ought to have made her fortune on the stage, if it had been properly cultivated—sang, them, too, with a look and manner that I have seldom seen rivalled by the cleverest actresses; and I thought what a face and form were wasted here to make profit for one knave, and sport for some fifty fools. As she accompanied herself on the harp, and touched its strings with a grace and expression which made amends for a certain want of tuition, I could not help fancying her in a drawing-room, surrounded by ad-

mirers, making many a heart ache with her arch smile and winning ways. Without being *positively* beautiful, she had the knack so few women possess, of looking charming in every attitude and with every expression of countenance; and although her songs were of a somewhat florid school, yet I could not help thinking that, with those natural gifts, and a plaintive old ballad, English or Scotch, such as 'Annie Laurie' or 'The Nut-brown Maid,' to bring them out in a pretty drawing-room, with the assistance of a good dressmaker, dear!—she might marry a duke, if she liked.

And yet all this belonged to a dark, close-shaved ruffian, with silver rings and a yellow handkerchief, who scowled and prowled about her, and looked as if he was likely enough to beat her when they got home. But she hands up an ivory bowl for contributions amongst the young dandies on the roof of a neighbouring coach, who have been listening open-mouthed to the Siren, and shillings and half-crowns, and a bit of gold from the one last out of the Bench, pour into it; and she moves off, to make way for three French glee-maidens, with a monkey and a tambourine, and the swells return to their cigars and their betting, and we are all attention for the next event on the card, because it is a gentleman rider's race, and the performances will consequently be as different as possible from what we have just seen.

'We'll secure a good place for this, Kate,' says Cousin John, edging his horse in as near the judge's stand as he can get; 'Frank Lovell has a mare to run, and I have backed her for a sovereign.'

'Dear, I hope she'll win!' is my ardent rejoinder.

'Thank you, Kate,' says kind Cousin John, who concludes I take an unusual interest in his speculations; and forthwith we proceed to criticize the three animals brought to the post, and to agree that Capt. Lovell's Parachute is far the best-looking of the lot; or, as Sir Guy Scapegrace says to the well-pleased owner, 'if make and shape go for anything, Frank, she ought to beat them as far as they can see.'

Sir Guy is *chaperoning* a strange-looking party of men and women, who have been very noisy since luncheon time. He is attired in a close-shaved hat (which he had the effrontery to take off to me, but I looked the other way), a white coat, and a red neckcloth, the usual flower in his mouth being replaced for the occasion by a large cigar. Captain Lovell hopes 'I admire his mare—she has a look of Brilliant, from here, Miss Coventry. 'Baby Larkins,' of the Lancers, is to ride; and The Baby will do her justice, if any one can—he's far the best of the young ones, now.'

'Do you mean his name is 'Baby?'' said I, much amused; 'or that you call him so because he is such a child? He looks as if he ought to be with mamma still.'

'We always called him 'Baby' in the Lancers,' explained Frank, 'because he joined us so very young. He is nineteen, though you would guess him about twelve, but he's got the brains of a man of sixty and the nerves of a giant. Ah! Parachute, you may kick, old girl, but you won't get rid of *that* child!'

And sure enough 'The Baby' sat like a rock, with a grim smile, and preserving throughout a silence and *sang froid* which nothing seemed able to overcome. Two more seedy-looking animals made up the entry. The lamer one of the two was ridden by a stout major with a redundancy of mustachios—the other by a lanky cornet of Heavy Dragoons, who seemed not to know where on earth to dispose of his arms and legs, besides finding his cap somewhat in his way, and being much embarrassed with his whip. They gallop up and down before starting, till I wonder how any galloping can be left for the race; and after a futile attempt or two they get away, The Baby making strong running, the stout major waiting closely upon his infantine antagonist, while the long cornet, looming like a windmill in the distance, brings up the rear.

'Parachute still making running,' says John, standing erect in his stirrups, his honest face beaming with excitement.—'Woa, horse!—Stand still, White-Stockings—now they reach the turn, and The Baby

takes a pull—Gad, old Ganymede's coming up. Well done, Major—no, the old one's flagging. Parachute wins. Now Baby!—now Major—the horse!—the mare!—Best race I ever saw in my life—a dead heat—Ha! ha! ha!' The latter explosion of mirth is due to the procrastinated arrival of the long cornet, who flogs and works as religiously home as if he had a hundred more behind him, and who reaches the weighing enclosure in time to ascertain with his own eyes that Ganymede has won, the lame plater who rejoices in that classical appellation having struggled home first by a head, 'notwithstanding,' as the sporting papers afterwards expressed themselves, 'the judicious riding and beautiful finish of that promising young jockey, Mr. B. Larkins.' 'The Baby' himself, however, is unmoved, as usual, nodding to Parachute's disappointed owner without moving a muscle of his countenance. He merely remarks, 'Short of work, Frank—told you so afore I got up;,' and putting on a tiny white overcoat like a plaything, disappears, and is seen no more.

What a confusion there is in getting away. Sir Guy Scapegrace has a yearly bet with the young Phaeton who wanted to invite me on his box, as to which shall get first to Kensington on their way back to town. You would suppose Sir Guy was very happy at home, by his anxiety to be off: the two drags are soon bumping and rolling and rattling along the sward. The narrow lane through which they must make their way is completely blocked up with spring vans, and tax-carts, and open carriages and shut carriages, and broughams and landaus, and every description of vehicle that ever came out of Long-Acre, whilst more four-horse coaches, with fast teams and still faster loads, are thundering in the rear. Slang reigns supreme, and John Gilpin's friend, who had a 'ready wit,' would here meet with his match. Nor are jest and repartee (what John calls 'chaff') the only missiles bandied about; toys, knocked off 'the sticks' for the purpose, darken the air as they fly from one vehicle to another—and the broadside from a well-

supplied coach, is like that of a seventy-four. Fun and good humour abound, but confusion gets worse confounded. Young Phaëton's wheel is locked with a market gardener's, who is accompanied by two sisters-in-law and the suitors of those nowise disconcerted damsels, all more or less intoxicated. Thriftless has his near leader in the back seat of a pony-carriage, and Sir Guy's off-wheeler is over the pole. John and I agree to make a detour, have a pleasant ride in the country, never mind about dinner, and so get back to London by moonlight. As we reach a quiet sequestered lane, and inhale the pleasant fragrance of the hawthorn—always sweetest towards nightfall—we hear a horse's tramp behind us, and are joined by Frank Lovell, who explains with unnecessary distinctness that 'he always makes a practice of riding back from Hampton, to avoid the crowd, and always comes *that way*;' if so, he must be in the habit of taking a considerable detour, but he joins our party, and we ride home together.

How beautifully the moon shone upon the river as we crossed Kew Bridge that calm, silent, summer night—how it flickered through their branches, and silvered over the old trees; and what a peaceful, lovely landscape it was. I thought Frank's low sweet voice quite in keeping with the time and the scene. As we rode together, John lagging a good deal behind (that bay horse of John's never *could* walk with White-Stockings), I could not help thinking how much I had misunderstood Captain Lovell's character: what a deal of feeling—almost of romance—there was under that conventional exterior which he wore before the world. I liked him so much more now I came to know him better. I was quite sorry when we had to wish him 'good night,' and John and I rode thoughtfully home through the quiet streets.* I thought my cousin's manner was altered, too, though I scarce knew how. His farewell sounded more constrained, more *polite* than usual, when he left me at Aunt Deborah's door; and whilst I was undressing I reflected on all the proceedings of the day, and tried to remember

what I had done that could possibly have displeased good-natured John. The more I went over it backwards and forwards, the less could I make of it. 'Can it be possible,' I thought at last—'can it be possible that Cousin John——' and here I popped out my candle and jumped into bed.

CHAPTER VI.

I really had not courage to take my usual canter the morning after Hampton Races. I did not feel as if I could face the umbrella and the cigar at the rails in 'the Ride,' and yet I rang the bell once for my maid to help me on with my habit, and had my hand on it more than once to order my horse, but I thought better of it; poor Aunt Deborah's cold was still bad, though she was downstairs, so I determined to take care of her, in common gratitude, and give her the advantage of my agreeable society. I am very fond of Aunt Deborah, in my own way, and I know there is nothing she likes so much as a 'quiet morning with Kate.'

The hours passed off rather slowly till luncheon time. I did forty-two stitches of worsted work—I never do more than fifty at a time unless it's 'grounding'—and I got off Hannah More because Aunt Deborah was too hoarse to read to me, and I really cannot read that excellent work to her without laughing; but I thought luncheon *never* would be ready, and when it did come I couldn't eat any. However, I went upstairs afterwards, and smoothed my hair and set my collar straight, and was glad to hear Aunt Deborah give her usual order that she was 'at home' with her usual solemnity. I had not been ten minutes in the drawing-room before a knock at the door brought my heart into my mouth, and our tragic footman announced 'Captain Lovell' in his most tragic voice. Inmarched Frank, who had never set eyes on my aunt in his life, and shook hands with me, and made her a very low bow, with a degree of effrontery that nothing but a *man* could ever have been capable of assuming. Aunt Deborah drew herself up—and she really is very formidable when she gets

on her *high horse*—and looked first at me, and then at Frank, and then at me again, and I blushed like a fool, and hesitated, and introduced 'Captain Lovell' to 'my aunt, Miss Horsingham;' and I didn't the least know what to do next, and had a great mind to make a bolt for it and run upstairs. But our visitor seemed to have no misgivings whatever, and smoothed his hat and talked about the weather as if he had known us all from childhood. I have often remarked that if you only deprive a man of the free use of his hands, there is no difficulty which he is unable to face. Give him something to handle and keep fidgetting at, and he seems immediately to be in his element; never mind what it is, a paper-knife, and a book to open, or a flower to pull in pieces, or a pair of scissors and a bit of thread to snip, or even the end of a stick to suck, and he draws inspiration, and what is more to the purpose, *conversation*, from any and all of these sources.

But let him have his hands entirely to himself, give him nothing to 'lay hold of,' and he is completely dumb-founded on the spot. Here was Frank brushing and smoothing away at his hat till it shone like black satin, and facing my aunt with a gallantry and steadiness beyond all praise; but I believe if I could have snatched it away from him and hid it under the sofa, he would have been routed at once, and must have fled in utter bewilderment and dismay. After my aunt had replied courteously enough to a few commonplace observations, she gave one of her ominous coughs, and I trembled for the result.

'Captain *Beville*,' said my aunt; 'I think I once knew a family of your name in Hampshire; the New Forest, if I remember rightly.'

'Excuse me' said Frank, nowise disconcerted, and with a sly glance at me, 'my name is Lovell.'

'Oh,' replied my aunt, with a considerable assumption of stateliness, 'then, a-hem, Captain *Greville*, I don't think I have ever had the pleasure of meeting you before.' And my aunt looked as if she didn't care whether she ever met him again. This would have been a 'poser' to most people, but Frank applied

himself diligently to his hat, and opened the trenches in his own way.

'The fact is, Miss Horsingham,' said he, 'that I have taken advantage of my intimacy with your nephew, to call upon *you* without a previous introduction, in hopes of ascertaining what has become of an old brother officer of mine, a namesake of yours, and consequently, I should conclude, a relative. There is, I believe, only one family in England of your name. Excuse me, Miss Horsingham, for so personal a remark, but I am convinced he must have been a near connexion from a peculiarity which everyone who knows anything about our old English families is aware belongs to yours,—my poor friend Charlie had a beautiful 'hand;' *you*, madam, I perceive, own the same advantage, therefore I am convinced you must be a near connexion of my old comrade. You may think me impertinent, but there is no mistaking 'the Horsingham hand.'

Aunt Deborah gave in at once. 'I cannot call to mind at this moment any relative of mine who is likely to have served with you' (nor was this to 'be wondered at, the warrior *aux blanches mains* being a fabulous creation of wicked Frank); 'but I have no doubt, Captain Lovell, that you are correct. I have great pleasure in making your acquaintance, particularly as you seem so well acquainted with our belongings. Do you stay any length of time in town?'

'I seldom remain till the end of the season, but this year I think I shall. By the way, Miss Horsingham, I saw a curious old picture the other day in the west of England, purporting to be a 'portrait of the celebrated 'Ysande of Brittany, with the White Hand'—in which I traced a strong resemblance to some of the Horsinghams, with whom I am acquainted. Yours is, I believe, an old Norman family, and as I am a bit of an antiquary' (oh, Frank! Frank!), 'I consulted my friend, Sir J. Burke, on the subject, who assures me that the 'Le Montants'—Godfrey le Montant, if you remember, distinguished himself highly in the second crusade—that the Le

Montants claimed direct descent from the old Dukes of Brittany, and consequently from the very lady of whom we are speaking. Roger le Montant came over with the Conqueror, and although strangely omitted from the Roll of Battle Abbey, doubtless received large grants of land in Hampshire from William; and two generations later we can trace his descendant, Hugo, in the same locality, under the Anglicized name of Horsengem, now corrupted to Horsingham; of which illustrious family you are of course aware yours is a younger branch. It is curious that the distinguishing mark of the race should have been preserved in all its shapely beauty' (added Frank, with the gravest face possible, and glancing at the lavender kids) 'through so many changes and so many successive generations.'

Aunt Deborah was delighted. 'Such a clever young man, my dear,' she said to me afterwards; 'such manners! such a voice! *quite* one of the old school—evidently well-read, and with that respect for good blood which, in these days, I regret to say, is fast becoming obsolete. Kate! I like him vastly!'

In the meantime she entered freely into conversation with our visitor, and before he went away, by which time his hat looked as if it had been ironed 'she hoped he would call again; she was always at home till two o'clock, and trusted to have the pleasure of his company at dinner as soon as she was well enough to get anybody to meet him.'

So Frank went off to ride in the Park, on the neatest possible brown hack, for I saw him quite plainly trot round the corner, as I went into the balcony to water my poe geraniums.

Well, I waited and waited, and John never came for me as was his usual habit, and I began to think I must lose my ride, for I am not allowed to go by myself in the afternoons; and at last I was obliged to coax Aunt Deborah to take me out in the open carriage, for it was a beautiful day, and it would be just the thing for her cold, so we went dowagering about, and shopped in Bond-street, and looked

at some lace in Regent-street, and left cards for Lady Horsingham, as in duty bound, after helping her to make 'a good ball'; and then we went into the Ring, and I looked and looked everywhere, but I could not see anything like Frank or his brown hack. To be sure the Ride was as crowded as a fair. But I *did* see Cousin John, and I *must* say it was too bad of him to keep me waiting and watching all the afternoon, and then never to take the trouble of sending a note or a message, but to start off by himself, and escort Miss Molasses, as if he was her brother *at least*, if not a nearer relation. Miss Molasses, forsooth! with her lackadaisical ways and her sentimental nonsense, and that goose John taking it all in open-mouthed, as if she was an angel upon earth. Well, at all events she don't *ride like* me. Such a figure I never saw on a horse! all on one side, like the handle of a teapot, bumping when she trots, and wobbling when she canters, with braiding all over her habit, and a *white* feather in her hat, and gauntlet gloves (*of course* one may wear gauntlet gloves for hunting, but *that's* not London), and her sallow face. People call her interesting, but I call her *bilious*; and a wretched long-legged Rosinante, with *round* reins and tassels, and a netting over its ears, and a head like a fiddle-case, and no more action than a campstool. Such a couple I never beheld. I wonder John wasn't ashamed to be seen with her, instead of leaning his hand upon her horse's neck, and looking up in her face with his broad honest smile, and taking no more notice of her sister Jane, who *is* a clever girl, with something *in* her, than if she had been the groom. I was provoked with him beyond all patience. Had it been Mrs. Lumley, for instance, I could have understood it, for she certainly is a chatty amusing woman, though dreadfully *bold*, and it *is* a pleasure to see her canter up the Park, in her close-fitting habit and her neat hat, with her beautiful round figure swaying gracefully to every motion of her horse, yet so imperceptibly that you could fancy she might

balance a glassful of water on her head without spilling a drop. To say nothing of the brown mare, the only animal in London I covet, who is herself a picture; such action! such a mouth! and such a shape! I coaxed Aunt Deborah to wait near Apsley House, on purpose that we might see her before we left the Park, and sure enough we did see her, as usual, surrounded by a swarm of admirers, and next to her, positively *next* to her, Frank Lovell, on the very brown hack that had been standing an hour at *our* door. He saw me too, and took his hat off, and she said something to him, and they both laughed!

I asked Aunt Deborah to go home, for it was getting late, and the evening air was not very good for her poor cold. I did not feel well myself somehow, and when dear aunty told me I looked pale, I was forced to confess to a slight headache. I am not subject to low spirits generally, I have no patience with a woman that is, but of course one is sometimes a little 'out of sorts,' and I confess I did not feel quite up to the mark that evening, I cannot tell why. If John flatters himself it was because he behaved so brutally in disappointing me, he is very much mistaken; and as for Captain Lovell, I am sure he may ride with anybody he likes, for what I care. I wonder, with all his cleverness, he can't see how that woman is only laughing at him. However, it's no business of mine. So I went into my boudoir, and drank some tea, and then locked myself in, and had a 'good cry.'

CHAPTER VII.

It is wonderful how soon the London season comes to an end. And in fact it is difficult to say when its tide is really at the flood. Single men—and they are necessary ingredients for gaiety wherever there are young ladies—single men seldom go to town much before the Derby; then comes Ascot, for which meeting they leave the metropolis, and enjoy some quiet retreat in the neighbourhood of Windsor, taking with them many portables and what *they* call a 'dog cook.' After Ascot, people

begin to think about going away, and before you know where you are, three more weeks have elapsed, and it is July. Dear, what a scatter there is then! some off to Norway, some to Cowes, some to Caithness, and some to Galway. Those that remain for Goodwood are sure to go to Newmarket, and the man who sticks religiously to the pavement, and resists the allurements of all the above-mentioned resorts, only does so because he is meditating a trip to California, Kamtschatka, or the Rocky Mountains, and is so pre-occupied with portable soup, patent saddle-bags, bowie-knives, and revolvers, that he might just as well be at his ultimate destination in person, for all the benefit one gets from his society. I confess I don't like the end of the season. You keep on trying to be gay, whilst your friends are dropping off, and disappearing one by one. Like the survivor in some horrid pestilence, you know your time must come too, but you shut your eyes to the certainty, and greet every fresh departure with a gaiety more forced and a smile more and more hopeless.

Well, *my* London season too was drawing to its close, and I confess I had enjoyed it very much. What with my morning gallops and afternoon saunters (for John had returned to his allegiance, and came to take me out regularly, although he always joined Miss Molasses' party when we got into the Park), what with Aunt Deborah's tiresome cold, which obliged me to go about a good deal by myself, and the agreeable society of Frank Lovell—who never missed an opportunity of being with us—I had been very happy, and I was quite sorry to think it was all so soon to come to an end. John was already talking of a fishing excursion to Norway, and actually proposed that I should accompany him, an arrangement which Aunt Deborah declared 'was totally impracticable,' and which I confess I do not myself think would have been a very good plan. I had made several pleasant acquaintances, amongst whom I may number Lady Scapegrace, that much-maligned dame having taken a great fancy to me ever after the affair of the bull, and proving, when

I came to know her better, a very different person from what the world gave her credit for being. With all her faults—the chief of which were an uncontrollable temper and much too strong feelings for the nineteenth century—she had a warm affectionate heart, and was altogether an energetic, straightforward woman, very much in earnest, whether for good or for evil. But there was one thing that vexed me considerably, amongst all my regrets for past pleasures and castles in the air for the future, and this was the conduct of Captain Lovell. What did he mean? I couldn't make him out at all. One day calling on my aunt at eleven in the morning and staying to luncheon, and making himself so agreeable to *her*, and bringing bouquets of the loveliest flowers (which I know came from Harding's or else direct from Covent Garden) to *me*, and then going away as if he had fifty more things to say, and lingering over his farewell as if he was on the eve of departure for China, instead of May-fair, and joining me again in the Park, and asking me if I was going to the opera, and finding out all my engagements and intentions, as if he couldn't possibly live five minutes out of my sight, and then perhaps never coming near us for days together, till even my aunt 'wondered what had become of that pleasant Captain Lovell,' and when he met me in the Park taking off his hat with a civil bow, as if we had only been introduced the night before; all this I couldn't make out, and I didn't half like, as I told Lady Scapegrace one hot morning, sitting with her in her boudoir. I was a good deal at Lady Scapegrace's now, and the more so because that was the place of all others at which I was least likely to meet Sir Guy. 'Men are so uncertain, my dear,' said her ladyship, sitting in a morning deshabille, with her long black hair combed straight out over her shoulders, and reaching nearly to her knees; 'if you ask me candidly whether he *means* anything, I tell you I think Frank Lovell a shocking flirt.' 'Flirt!' I replied, half crying with vexation, 'it's time enough for him to *flirt* with me when I give

him any encouragement; but I don't, Lady Scapegrace, and I never will. I hope I'm too proud for that. Only when a man is always in *one's pocket* wherever one goes, when he sends one bouquets, and rides out in the rain to get one's bracelet mended, and watches one from a corner of the room if one happens to be dancing with anybody else, and looks pleased when one is dull, and cross when one laughs; why, he either does prefer or ought to prefer one's society to that of Miss Molasses and Mrs. Lumley, and that is why I tell you I can't quite make out Captain Lovell.'

'Don't talk of that odious woman,' exclaimed Lady Scapegrace, between whom and Mrs. Lumley there was a polite feud of some years' standing: 'she is ready and willing to jump down Frank Lovell's throat, or any one else's for the matter of that, so bold as she is, and so utterly regardless—such stories, my dear; but take my advice, Kate, play that cheerful cousin of yours against Master Frank. I never knew it fail yet, if you only go the right way to work. Men are not only very vain, but very jealous; don't let him think you are going to *marry* your cousin, or he may consider it a capital arrangement, and a sort of matter-of-course affair which is all in his favour. Men like Frank always prefer other people's property, and I have no doubt he would be over head and ears in love with you if you were not single, so don't be going to marry Mr. Jones, but just appeal to him about every earthly thing you do or say, look after him when he leaves the room as if you couldn't bear him out of your sight. Get Frank to abuse him if you can, and then fight his battles fiercely, and directly the latter thinks there is a rival in the field, he will be down on his knees, you mark my words, in two days' time at the furthest. I think I ought to know what men are, my dear' (and to do Lady Scapegrace justice, she had studied that variety of the creation to some purpose, or she was much maligned): 'I know that they can't, any of them, see three yards before their noses, and that you can turn and twist them

which way you will if you only go upon this principle—that they are full of vanity and self-conceit, and totally deficient in brains.’

‘But I’m sure Captain Lovell’s a clever man,’ said I, not disposed to come to quite such sweeping conclusions as those of my mistress; ‘and—and—I don’t mean to say that I *care* about him, Lady Scapegrace; but still, it mightn’t answer with *him*, and—and—I shouldn’t like to lose him altogether.’

‘Pooh! lose him—fiddlestick!’ rejoined her ladyship; ‘you’ll see. He is to join our party at Greenwich this afternoon; by the way, when Sir Guy heard *you* were coming, he proposed to drive us all down on that horrid coach, but I told him we should be taken for the people that *usually* occupy it, and nothing should induce me to go, so that plan was given up. But you and I will go down in the barouche, and I’ll call for you, and we’ll take Mr. Jones with us; and mind you’re very civil to him, and only notice the other in a quiet good-humoured way, for he mustn’t think you do it out of pique, and before the white-bait is on the table, you’ll see he’ll be a different man. But now you must go—there’s a dear. I’ll call for you at five—it’s too bad to turn you out, but I’m never at home to any one between three and half-past four—good-bye, dear, good-bye.’

And Lady Scapegrace kissed me most affectionately, and promised to call for me punctually at five, till which hour I cannot make out why her time was always engaged.

As I tripped downstairs, hoping to make my escape without being attended by the whole establishment to open the house-door, whom should I come across but odious Sir Guy, in a sort of scarlet fancy dress, which I concluded was his morning ‘demi-toilette.’ He actually had the effrontery to propose that I should accompany him to the stable, and that he should then ‘show me *his* boudoir, hey? You look like a rose this morning, Miss Coventry, should like to transplant you—what?’ and whilst he stood dodging and grinning on the stairs, I managed to slip by him, and get safe into the street. I wonder *when* men think they are beginning

to grow old; I am sure Sir Guy fancies he is still in the flower of his youth, and so charming that nobody can resist him.

What a pleasant day we had! Only we four,—Lady Scapegrace, Cousin John, Captain Lovell, and I. We went down in Lady Scapegrace’s barouche, and walked in Greenwich Park, and adjourned to a nice room with a bay window, and such a look-out over the river, blushing rose colour in the evening sun. And the whitebait was so good, and the champagne-cup so nice, and we were all in such spirits, and Frank was so kind and attentive and agreeable, I couldn’t find it in my heart to be cross to him; so it ended in our making up any little imaginary differences we may have had, and becoming better friends than ever. As we sat in the balcony over the river—the two gentlemen smoking their after-dinner cigars and we ladies sipping our coffee,—I thought I had never enjoyed an evening so much; and even John, who was generally dreadfully afraid of Lady Scapegrace, became quite lively and gallant (for him), and they laughed, and talked, and joked about all sorts of things, while Frank leant over my shoulder, and conversed more gravely than was his habit, and I listened, and thought him pleasanter even than usual. By the way, that lilac bonnet never quite lost the odour of tobacco afterwards.

‘How quick the time passes,’ said Frank, with almost a sigh. ‘Can’t we *do* anything to put off horrid London, and home, and bed—let’s all go to Vauxhall!’

‘What do *you* say, Mr. Jones?’ inquired Lady Scapegrace, who was always ready for a lark—‘you’re our *chaperon* you know; do you think you can be responsible?’

‘Oh yes, John,’ I exclaimed; ‘you promised to take me once before the end of the season; we shall never have such another chance.’

‘This is a capital night to go,’ remarked Frank, ‘because there is a new riding-woman, and you can take a lesson, Miss Coventry, in case you should wish to perform in public.’ Cousin John could not possibly hold out against all three,

and although I think in his heart he did not entirely approve, the carriage was ordered, the bill paid, and we were rolling along through the cool summer night *en route* for Vauxhall.

'My dear,' said Lady Scapegrace to me, as we sidled through the entrance of that place of amusement, and the gentlemen remained behind to pay, 'you are doing anything but what I told you; scarcely three words have you spoken to your cousin, who, by the way, is very pleasant—I think I shall *take him up*, and improve him on my own account; but as for *you*, my dear, I can see plainly it's all over with you!'

'And you *really* leave town to-morrow?' said Frank, as we walked arm-in-arm up one of those shaded alleys which lead to the 'Hermit,' or the 'Gipsy,' or some other excuse for a *tête-à-tête*, not too much under the lamps. By the way, why is it that a party never *can* keep together at Vauxhall? Lady Scapegrace and I had particularly stipulated that we were not to separate under any circumstances. 'Whatever happens, do let us keep together,' we mutually implored at least ten times during the first five minutes, and yet no sooner did we pair off arm-in-arm, than the distance began gradually to increase, till we found ourselves 'in couples,' totally independent of each other's proceedings. In this manner we saw the horsemanship, and the acrobats, and the man with the globe, and all the other eccentricities of the circus. I really think I could have ridden quite as nicely as Madame Rose d'Amour, had I been mounted on an equally well-broken animal with the one which *cut-reted* and *caracoled* under that much rouged and widely-smiling dame. They do look pretty, too, at a little distance, these histrionic horsewomen, with their trappings, and their spangles, and their costume of Francis I. I often wonder whether people really rode out hawking, got up so entirely regardless of expense, in the days of the Field of Cloth of Gold. From the horsemanship we went to see the people dance, which they did with a degree of vigour and hilarity

such as might be introduced, in a modified form, with great advantage into *good* society: and here we came across Cousin John and Lady Scapegrace, just in time to witness a short and abrupt interview between the latter and Sir Guy. Yes—there was Sir Guy; with the flower in his mouth and all—dancing, actually *dancing*—and he can't be much less than sixty—with a little smart lady wearing the most brilliant colour, and the blackest eye-lashes, and the reddest lips, and the lightest eyes I ever saw upon a human being. The little lady, whose hair moreover was dressed à l'*Impératrice*, thereby imparting additional boldness to a countenance not remarkable for modesty, frisked and whisked round Sir Guy with a vivacity that must have been of Parisian growth; whilst the baronet 'laboured ponderously along with true British determination, like a man who habitually wears very thick shoes, and is used to take his own time. In the course of his evolutions he brought his foot down heavily on the skirt of a lady's dress, and turning round to apologise, found himself face to face with his wife! To do him justice he was not the least taken aback—anger rather than confusion seemed to be his dominant feeling; and although he tried to smother a rising oath in a laugh, or rather a grin—it was such a muscular contraction of the mouth as does not give *me* the idea of a smile.

'Come out for a lark, too, my lady? hey?' said the baronet, studiously interposing his large person between 'my lady' and his partner. 'Reminds one of Paris; dance with anybody, whether one knows them or not;' and Sir Guy tried to look as if he was telling the truth, with indifferent success. But Lady Scapegrace's face was a perfect study; I never saw a countenance so expressive of scorn—intense scorn—and yet, as it seemed to me, not so much of him as of herself.

'I am glad you amuse yourself, Sir Guy,' she said very quietly, but her lip was as white as ashes while she spoke. 'I should think this place must suit you exactly. Mr. Jones, we shall be late for the fireworks,' and she swept on, taking no further notice of the discomfited

Sir Guy, whilst Frank and I followed in her wake, feeling rather awkward even at witnessing this ill-timed *rencontre*.

'And so you leave London tomorrow, Miss Coventry,' said Frank, and I thought his voice shook a little whilst he spoke. 'I shall ride down Lowrides-street every day, and think how deserted it looks; no more walks in the morning for me—no more pleasant rides in the afternoons; I shall send my hacks home and sulk by myself, for I shall be miserable when my friends are gone. Do you know, Miss Coventry?' I listened, all attention; how could I tell what he might *not* be going to say—'do you know that I have never had courage to ask you something till to-night—' (goodness! I thought, *now* it's coming, and my heart beat as it does when I'm going out hunting)—'I want you to give me'—(a lock of my hair, thinks I; well!—I don't know—perhaps I may)—'I want you to give me—Miss Horsingham's receipt for making barley-water; but I know it's a long business to write out, and I'm afraid of being troublesome.' So that was all! was it? I felt half-inclined to laugh, and more than half-inclined to cry, but, turning round, I was somewhat consoled to find Lady Scapegrace and her cavalier close behind us, and I do confess I rather attributed Frank's extremely moderate request to their immediate vicinity: there was no opportunity however of renewing the subject. John had said all he *had* to say to his companion; John soon gets high and dry with these smart ladies, and they seemed mutually tired of each other, so we got the carriage, and took our departure, Frank pressing my hand as he bade me farewell, and whispering '*au revoir*, Miss Coventry; something tells me it won't be very long before we meet again.' What *could* he mean?

CHAPTER VIII.

It was melancholy work to glide out of London by the last train, and to think that one's gaieties were over for that summer, and that there was nothing to look forward to, till the hunting season, but Dan-

gerfield and Lady Horsingham, and the wearisome monotony of a regular country-house life. Aunt Deborah and I settled ourselves comfortably in a roomy first-class carriage, she with her knitting, and I with the last *Punch*,—in which, by the way, was a portrait of a dandy, the very image of Frank Lovell—and prepared for our journey, as ladies generally do, by arranging multifarious outworks of smelling bottles, shawls, reticules, parasols, &c., without which paraphernalia no well-bred woman can possibly travel a hundred yards. I confess I dreaded the trip. I was too well aware, by experience, that a railway always makes Aunt Deborah rather cross, and me very sleepy, so I knew what was coming, and I was not disappointed. Before we had fairly left the outskirts of London, I saw, by the way in which my aunt laid down her knitting, and the ominous cough or two in which she indulged, that I was in for a lecture, and sure enough, just as we emerged on the open fields, and began to smell the fresh country air, it began.

'Kate,' said my aunt, 'as we are going to a very regular and well-conducted establishment, I think it is a good opportunity for me to say a few words to you as regards your past conduct.'

'Good gracious, aunt,' I replied, quite frightened, 'what have I done?'

'My dear,' said my aunt, 'I have seen a great deal going on lately that I had taken no notice of, but it don't follow that I should approve of it any more than John.'

'And what has John got to do with it, I should like to know?' I rejoined, firing up on the instant, for such a chance of carrying the war into the enemy's country was not to be neglected.—'John, indeed! I'm sure, aunt, John encourages me in all my *unfeminine* pursuits, as you call them; and if he has been telling tales, or setting you against me, I'll soon let him know what I think of such conduct—I'll soon tell him that I'm not going to be accountable to him; indeed, that I'm not going to—'

'Hush, my dear,' said Aunt Deborah, 'there is no occasion for all this animosity against John. After

all, it is very natural, poor' fellow, that he should feel aggrieved and annoyed; there's that Captain Lovell—I don't mean to say that he's not an agreeable, well-informed young man,—but there he is, coming to see us at all hours—riding with you in the Park—whispering to you at the Opera—bringing you *new* music and *old* china and fresh flowers, and conducting himself altogether as if he was either your accepted suitor or mine, and I don't think the latter very likely, Kate; whereas, you know John—my aunt stopped short, the ringing of a bell, and loud exclamations of 'Trotter's-heath! Trotter's-heath! all out for Sheepshanks, Fleecyfold, and Market-Muddlebury,' announced that we had arrived at the Muddlebury Junction; and the opportune entrance into the carriage of a stranger, who seemed extremely anxious concerning the safety of a brace of pointers that accompanied him, effectually prevented my aunt from proceeding with her discourse, while the dead silence which followed the renewed puffing of the engine and vibration of the train gave me an opportunity of studying attentively the person and features of our new fellow-traveller. I don't think I ever saw a man so freckled in my life; even the backs of his hands (for he wore no gloves, I should think didn't even know *his number!*), were studded with spots till you could have hardly put a pin's point on a place free from this horrid disfigurement. His face, too, was like a plum pudding, on which the fruit has been showered with a most liberal hand; but the features were good, and had it not been for his red hair, a little grizzled, and his stiff red whiskers, the bright blue eyes and white teeth would have almost entitled him to be considered 'hand, some.' He had a strong, stiff-built figure, about the middle size, well made for everything but dancing, and large *useful* feet encased in the stoutest doubled-soled shooting shoes. The latter articles of costume proved him at once to be a country gentleman. Every one must have remarked this peculiarity in that enviable class. Their attire, particularly as regards the lower man, is invariably of a nature to

defy the utmost inclemency of the weather, and is worn totally irrespective of the season or the pursuit in which the owner may chance to be engaged at the time. But even independent of these tell-tales, the stranger's social position was easily enough discerned by the deference with which he was treated 'along the line,' and the title of 'Squire,' which greeted him from guards, porters, and bookkeepers at every station we passed. So humane a master of dumb animals, or one so fidgetty as to their welfare, I never came across; and this, I confess, prepossessed me in his favour. Every time the train stopped, out jumped our fellow-traveller, and off he went to a certain van containing his treasures, from which he emerged with a very red face, and a constantly repeated apology for disturbing me on his return to his seat. Despite of his thick shoes and his freckles, I could see the man was a gentleman; but, dear me! what a contrast to the smart gentlemen I had lately been accustomed to meet. Beyond a 'beg your pardon, I fear I'm very much in your way,' accompanied by such a vivid blush as can be performed only by a red-haired man, the Squire did not venture on any communication, either with me or my aunt; and with the latter's lecture fresh in my mind, I did not, as may be supposed, dare to take the initiative by dropping my gloves, or pretending I couldn't pull up the window, or any other little lady-like manœuvre which lays the foundation of a temporary intimacy, and often furnishes one with an agreeable hour's conversation. I can *not* see why one should sit 'mum' opposite the same persons for miles, merely because one has never been introduced.

When we arrived at length at the Dangerfield station, where Lady Horsingham's emblazoned coach and fat horses were in waiting for us, 'the Squire,' who was here treated with a deference bordering on idolatry, got out too. He made an involuntary motion with his hand, as though he would have taken his hat off, and wished us 'good morning,' but his shyness got the better of him, and he disappeared from the platform, en-

tangled amongst his dumb favourites, with a blush which was visible even at the back of his head, where the tips of his ears met the rim of his white hat. As we toiled up the sandy lane leading from Dangerfield station to Dangerfield-park, we were overtaken by a smart high dog-cart, drawn by a clever raking-looking bay mare, and driven by the owner of the freckles, the pointers, and the white hat.

'Bachelor, my dear,' said Aunt Deborah, as he whisked by, 'and not at all a bad-looking man, either.'

'How do you know he's a bachelor, aunt?' I naturally inquired.

'Common sense, my dear,' replied Aunt Deborah, sententiously. 'I judge of people by their belongings; no lady could get into that dog-cart without dirtying her dress against the wheel; and if he had a wife, that handsome bay horse would go with another in *her* carriage instead of *his*. Besides, he wouldn't be so fond of his pointers if he had anything else to care for; and above all, Kate,' added my aunt, conclusively, 'his silk handkerchief wasn't hemmed, and he'd a button wanting in front of his shirt.'

All my life I have had a sinking at my heart when I have heard the ring at that great Dangerfield front door bell. It was better in my poor uncle's time, for he would have made any place lively, but since his death the Park has relapsed into its natural solemnity, and I am quite sure that if ever I *do* go into a convent, my sensations will be exactly like those which I have always experienced when visiting Aunt Horsingham; the moat alone is enough to give one the 'blues,' but in addition to that, thick horse-chestnuts grow up to the very windows, and dark Scotch firs shed a gloom all over the park. Dangerfield is one of those places that seem always to be in the shade. How the strawberries ever ripen, or the flowers ever bloom, or the birds ever sing there, is to me a mystery. Outside there are dark walks, and yew edges, and cypresses, and here and there a copper beech, with lawns that are never mown, and copes that are never thinned, to say nothing of that stagnant moat, with its sombre and prolific vegetation; whilst within,

black oak wainscoting, and heavy tapestry, and winding staircases, and small deep-set windows, and oddly-shaped rooms, with steps at the door like going down into a bath, and floors considerably up and down hill, and queer recesses that frighten one out of one's wits to go into, form altogether a domicile that would tame the wildest Merry-Andrew in a fortnight into as staid and sober and stupid a personage as the veriest Lady Superior could desire. Aunt Horsingham received us as usual with a freezing smile.

'How do you do, Kate?' said she, putting two of her cold bony fingers into my hand, 'I'm afraid you will find it rather dull here after London; but it is *wholesome* for young people to be occasionally sobered a little.'

Aunt Horsingham is tall and thin, with a turned-up nose, rather red at the point, a back that never stoops, and a grim smile that never varies. She dresses in bright colours, affecting strange and startling contrasts, both of hues and material. Her hands are always cold, and seldom clean, and she has sundry uncomfortable notions about damping the spirits of youth and checking the exuberance of its gaiety, which render her a perfect terror and bugbear to the rising generation. When I was a little thing, laughing, prattling, and giggling as children will, an admonishing look from my aunt, with a gaunt finger held aloft, and a cold 'Kate, don't be silly, my dear,' was always sufficient to make me dull and gloomy for the rest of the day. I should like to know, indeed, *why* children are not to be '*silly*?' Are grown-up people always so rational in their amusements or irreproachable in their demeanour? 'Let the child alone,' poor Uncle Harry used to say; and once I overheard him mutter 'I've more patience with a *young* fool than an *old* one.' Such training has not had a good effect on Cousin Amelia. She has been so constantly tutored to conceal her emotions, and to adopt the carriage and manners of an automaton, that the girl is now a complete hypocrite. It is quite impossible to make her out. If you tickled her, I don't believe you could get her to laugh, and if you struck her I very much doubt whether she

would cry. My aunt calls it 'self-command;' I call it 'imbecility.' She shook hands with me in her provokingly patronizing manner—'hoped I had brought my horses with me' (as if I was coming to spend months at Dangerfield without Brilliant); 'supposed I had my side-saddle in the cap-box;' and showed me my room, without so much as a single kind word of welcome or a consoling caress. It was quite a relief to help dear Aunt Deborah to unpack her dressing case and kiss her pleasant face, and give her the warm cup of tea without which aunt Deborah never dreams of dressing for dinner.

Oh! those solemn, heavy, silent, stupid dinners, with the massive plate and the dark oak wainscoting, and the servants gliding about like ghosts at a festival in Acheron—what a relief it would have been even to have had a clownish footman spill soup over one's dress, or ice-cream down one's back, or anything to break the monotony of the entertainment; but no! there we sat, Aunt Horsingham remarking that the 'weather was dull,' and the 'crops looking very unpromising;' Aunt Deborah with her eyes fixed on a portrait of the late Mr. David Jones, as a boy, opposite which she invariably took her place, and on which, though representing an insignificant urchin in a high frill and blue jacket, she gazed intently during the whole repast; Cousin Amelia looking at herself in the silver dish-covers, and when those were removed, relapsing into a state of irritable torpor; and as for poor me!—all I could do was to think over the pleasures of the past season, and dwell rather more than I should otherwise have done on the image of Frank Lovell and the very agreeable acquisition he would have been to such a party; and then the evenings were if possible worse than the dinners—work, work, work,—mum, mum, mum,—till tea, and after tea Aunt Horsingham would read to us, in her dry harsh voice, long passages from the *Spectator*, very excellent articles from the *Rambler*, highly interesting in their day, no doubt, but which lose some of their point after an interval of nearly a century; or, worse than

all, Pope's *Homer*, and Cowper's *Task*, running the lines into each other so as to avoid what she called 'the sing-song of the rhymes,' till the poet's effusions sounded like the most extraordinary prose, cut into lengths, as we ladies should say, for no earthly purpose but to make nonsense of the whole thing. Her ladyship never went to bed till eleven, so there, having dined at half-past six to a minute, we were forced to sit at least three mortal hours and a half, swallowing yawns, and repressing that inexplicable disorder termed the fidgets till the welcome bed-candles arrived. No wonder men drink and smoke and commit all sorts of enormities to fill up those dreadful hours after dinner. I think if ever I take to tobacco it will be at Dangerfield. Then of course the Hall was haunted, and of course my passage was the one which the ghost particularly affected. It was a sad story, that of 'the Dangerfield ghost.' I have got it all out of Aunt Deborah at different times, and though I don't exactly believe in the spectre, I can't help sometimes crying over the incidents. The fact is, the Horsinghams were quite as proud of their ghost as they were of their hand; and although not a very creditable tale to any of the family, Aunt Deborah would never forgive me if I were not to relate the tragedy which conferred on Dangerfield the honour of being a haunted house.

In the reign of George II., the head of the house, Sir Hugh Horsingham, married a young wife, and brought her home to Dangerfield with the usual demonstrations and rejoicings peculiar to such an event. Sir Hugh was a dark, morose man, considerably older than his bride. Stern and forbidding in his manners, but possessing deep feelings under a reserved exterior, and a courage and determination not to be daunted or subdued. Such a man was capable of great things, for good or for evil, and such was the very nature on which a woman's influence might have produced the most beneficial results. But unfortunately young Lady Horsingham had but one feeling for her lord, and that was intense

terror of his anger. She never sought to win his confidence, she never entered into his political schemes, his deeper studies, or even his country amusements and pursuits; all she thought of was how to avoid offending Sir Hugh, and ere long this one idea grew to such a pitch that she quite trembled in his presence, could scarcely answer distinctly when he spoke to her, and seemed hardly to draw breath in freedom save when out of his sight. Such a state of things could have but one ending—distrust and suspicion on one side, unqualified aversion on the other. A marriage, never of inclination, as indeed in those days amongst great families few marriages were, became an insupportable slavery ere the first year of wedded life had elapsed; and by the time an heir was born to the house of Horsingham, probably there was no unhappier couple within fifty miles of Dangerfield than dark Sir Hugh and his pretty fair-haired gentle wife. No! she ought never to have married him at all. It was but the night before her wedding that she walked in the garden of her father's old manor-house with a bright open-hearted handsome youth, whose brow wore that expression of acute agony, which it is so pitiable to witness on a young countenance, that looks almost as if physical pain were added to mental anguish, which betokens how the iron has indeed 'entered into the sufferer's soul.' 'Ah, you may plead, Cousin Edward,' but we women are a strange mixture, and the *weakest* of us may possess *obstinacy* such as no earthly consideration can overcome.' 'Lucy! Lucy! for the *last* time, think of it—for the love of Heaven, do not drive me mad—think of it once more—it is the last, *last* chance.' The speaker was white as a sheet, and his hollow voice came in hoarse inarticulate whispers as he looked almost fiercely into that dear face to read his doom. Too well he knew the set, fixed expression of her delicate profile. She did not dare turn towards him; she could

not have looked him in the face and persevered, but she kept her eyes fastened on the horizon, as though she saw her future in the fading sunset; and whilst her heart seemed turning to very stone, she kept her lips firmly closed; she repressed the tears that would have choked her, and so for *that* time she conquered. Lucy had a great idea of duty; hers was no high-principled love of duty from the noblest motives, but a morbid dread of self-reproach. She had not *character* enough to do anything out of her own notions of the beaten track. She had promised her father she would marry Sir Hugh Horsingham;—not that he had the slightest right to exact such a promise,—and she felt bound to fulfil it. She never remembered the injury she was doing 'Cousin Edward,' the *right* which such devotion as *his* ought to have given him. She *knew* she loved him better than anyone in the world; she knew she was about to commit an act of the greatest injustice towards Sir Hugh, but she had 'promised papa,' and though she would have given worlds to avoid fulfilling her compact, she had not strength of mind to break the chain and be free.

Cousin Edward! Cousin Edward! you should have carried her off then, and there; she would have been truly grateful for the rest of her life, but she would have died sooner than opened her lips. He was hurt—reckless—almost savage. He thought her sullen. 'Once more, Lucy,' he said, and his eye glared fiercely in the waning light, 'once more, *will* you give me one word, or *never* set eyes on me again?' Her lip never moved. 'I give you till we pass that tree,'—he looked dangerous now—'and then'—he swore a great oath—'I leave you for ever.' Lucy thought the tree looked strange and ghastly in the rising moon, she even remarked a knot upon its smooth, white stem, but she held out whilst one might have counted ten; and when she turned round, poor girl! Cousin Edward was gone.

SCOTCH PREACHING AND PREACHERS.*

NEARLY forty years since, Dr. Chalmers, one of the parish ministers of Glasgow, preached several times in London. He was then in the zenith of his popularity as a pulpit orator. Canning and Wilberforce went together to hear him upon one occasion; and after sitting spell-bound under his eloquence, Canning said to Wilberforce when the sermon was done, 'The tartan beats us; we have no preaching like that in England.'

In October last, the Rev. John Caird, incumbent of the parish of Errol, in Perthshire, preached before the Queen and Court at the church of Crathie. Her Majesty was so impressed by the discourse that she commanded its publication; and the Prince Consort, no mean authority, expressed his admiration of the ability of the preacher, saying that 'he had not heard a preacher like him for seven years, and did not expect to enjoy a like pleasure for as long a period to come.' So, at all events, says a paragraph in *The Times* of December 12th, 1855.

It is somewhat startling to find men of cultivated taste, who are familiar with the highest class preaching of the English Church, expressing their sense of the superior effect of pulpit oratory of a very different kind. No doubt Caird and Chalmers are the best of their class; and the overwhelming effect which they and a few other Scotch preachers have often produced, is in a great degree owing to the individual genius of the men, and not to the school of preaching they belong to. Yet both are representatives of what may be called the Scotch school of preaching: and with all their genius, they never could have carried away their audience as they have done, had they been trammelled by those canons of taste to which English preachers almost invariably conform. Their manner is just the regular Scotch manner, vivified into

tenfold effect by their own peculiar genius. Preaching in Scotland is a totally different thing from what it is in England. In the former country it is generally characterized by an amount of excitement in delivery and matter, which in England is only found among the most fanatical Dissenters, and is practically unknown in the pulpits of the national church. No doubt English and Scotch preaching differ in substance to a certain extent. Scotch sermons are generally longer, averaging from forty minutes to an hour in the delivery. There is a more prominent and constant pressing of what is called evangelical doctrine. The treatment of the subject is more formal. There is an introduction; two or three *heads of discourse*, formally announced; and a practical conclusion; and generally the entire Calvinistic system is set forth in every sermon. But the main difference lies in the manner in which the discourses of the two schools are delivered. While English sermons are generally read with quiet dignity, in Scotland they are very commonly repeated from memory, and given with great vehemence and oratorical effect, and abundant gesticulation. Nor is it to be supposed that when we say the difference is mainly in manner, we think it a small one. There is only one account given by all who have heard the most striking Scotch preachers, as to the proportion which their manner bears in the effect produced. Lockhart, late of *The Quarterly*, says of Chalmers, 'Never did the world possess any orator whose minutest peculiarities of gesture and voice have more power in increasing the effect of what he says; whose delivery, in other words, is the first, and the second, and the third excellence in his oratory, more truly than is that of Dr. Chalmers.'† The same words might be repeated of Caird, who has succeeded to Chalmers's fame.

* *Religion in Common Life*: a Sermon preached at Crathie Church, Oct. 14, 1855, before her Majesty the Queen and Prince Albert. By the Rev. John Caird, M.A., Minister of Errol. Published by her Majesty's Command. Edinburgh: Blackwood. 1855.

† *Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk*, vol. iii. p. 267.

A hundred little circumstances of voice and manner—even of appearance and dress—combine to give his oratory its overwhelming power. And where manner is everything, difference in manner is a total difference. Nor does manner affect only the less educated and intelligent class of hearers. It cannot be doubted that the unparalleled impression produced, even on such men as Wilberforce, Canning, Lockhart, Lord Jeffrey, and Prince Albert, was mainly the result of manner. In point of substance and style, many English preachers are quite superior to the best of the Scotch. In these respects, there are no preachers in Scotland who come near the mark of Melville, Manning, Arnold, or Bishop Wilberforce. Lockhart says of Chalmers,

I have heard many men deliver sermons far better arranged in point of argument; and I have heard very many deliver sermons far more uniform in elegance, both of conception and of style; but most unquestionably, I have never heard, either in England or Scotland, or in any other country, a preacher whose eloquence is capable of producing an effect so strong and irresistible as his.*

The best proof how much Chalmers owed to his manner, is, that in his latter days, when he was no longer able to give them with his wonted animation and feeling, the very same discourses fell quite flat on his congregation.

It is long since Sydney Smith expressed his views as to the chilliness which is the general characteristic of the Anglican pulpit. In the preface to his published sermons, he says:

The English generally remarkable for doing very good things in a very bad manner, seem to have reserved the maturity and plenitude of their awkwardness for the pulpit. A clergyman clings to his velvet cushion with either hand, keeps his eye rivetted on his book, speaks of the ecstasies of joy and fear with a voice and a face which indicates neither; and pinions his body and soul into the same attitude of limb and thought, for fear of being thought theatrical and affected. The most intrepid veteran of us all dares no more than wipe his face with his cambric sudarium; if by mischance his hand slip from its orthodox

gripe of the velvet, he draws it back as from liquid brimstone, and atones for the indecorum by fresh inflexibility and more rigorous sameness. Is it wonder, then, that every semi-delirious sectary who pours forth his animated nonsense with the genuine look and voice of passion, should gesticulate away the congregation of the most profound and learned divine of the established church, and in two Sundays preach him bare to the very sexton? Why are we natural everywhere but in the pulpit? No man expresses warm and animated feelings anywhere else, with his mouth only, but with his whole body; he articulates with every limb, and talks from head to foot with a thousand voices. Why this holoplexia on sacred occasions only? Why call in the aid of paralysis to piety? Is sin to be taken from men, as Eve was from Adam, by casting them into a deep slumber? Or from what possible perversion of common sense are we all to look like field preachers in Zembla, holy lumps of ice, numbed into quiescence and stagnation and numbling?

Now in Scotland, for very many years past, the standard style of preaching has been that which the lively yet gentle satirist wished to see more common in England. Whether successfully or not, Scotch preachers aim at what Sydney Smith regarded as the right way of preaching—‘to rouse, to appeal, to inflame, to break through every barrier, up to the very haunts and chambers of the soul.’ Whether this end be a safe one to propose to each one of some hundreds of men of ordinary ability and taste, may be a question. An unsuccessful attempt at it is very likely to land a man in gross offence against common taste and common sense, from which he whose aim is less ambitious is almost certainly safe. The preacher whose purpose is to preach plain sense in such a style and manner as not to offend people of education and refinement, if he fail in doing what he wishes, may indeed be dull, but will not be absurd and offensive. But however this may be, it is curious that this impassioned and highly oratorical school of preaching should be found among a cautious, cool-headed race like the Scotch. The Scotch are proverbial for long heads, and no great capacity of emotion. Sir Walter Scott, in *Rob Roy*, in de-

* *Peter's Letters*, loc. cit.

scribing the preacher whom the hero heard in the crypt of Glasgow Cathedral, says that his countrymen are much more accessible to logic than rhetoric; and that this fact determines the character of the preaching which is most acceptable to them. If the case was such in those times, matters are assuredly quite altered now. Logic is indeed not overlooked: but it is brilliancy of illustration, and, above all, great feeling and earnestness, which go down. Mr. Caird, the most popular of modern Scotch preachers, though possessing a very powerful and logical mind, yet owes his popularity with the mass of hearers almost entirely to his tremendous power of feeling and producing emotion. By way of contrast to Sydney Smith's picture of the English pulpit manner, let us look at one of Chalmers's great appearances. Look on *that* picture, and then on this:

'The Doctor's manner during the whole delivery of that magnificent discourse was strikingly animated: while the enthusiasm and energy he threw into some of his bursts rendered them quite overpowering. One expression which he used, together with his action, his look, and the tones of his voice, made a most vivid and indelible impression on my memory. . . . While uttering these words, which he did with peculiar emphasis, *accompanying them with a flash from his eye and a stamp of his foot, he threw his right arm with clenched fist right across the book-board, and brandished it full in the face of the Town Council, sitting in state before him.* The words seemed to startle, like an electric shock, the whole audience.'

Very likely they did: but we should regret to see a bishop, or even a dean, have recourse to such means of producing an impression. We shall give one other extract descriptive of Chalmers's manner:

It was a transcendently grand, a glorious burst. The energy of his action corresponded. Intense emotion beamed from his countenance. I cannot describe the appearance of his face better than by saying it was lighted up almost into a glare. The congregation were intensely excited, leaning forward in the pews like a forest bending under the power of the hurricane,—looking steadfastly at the preacher, and listening in

breathless wonderment. So soon as it was concluded, there was (as invariably was the case at the close of the Doctor's bursts) a deep sigh, or rather gasp for breath, accompanied by a movement throughout the whole audience.*

There is indeed in the Scotch Church a considerable class of most respectable preachers who read their sermons, and who, both for matter and manner, might be transplanted without remark into the pulpit of any cathedral in England. There is a school, also, of high standing and no small popularity, whose manner and style are calm and beautiful; but who, through deficiency of that vehemence which is at such a premium in Scotland at present, will never draw crowds such as hang upon the lips of more excited orators. Foremost among such stands Mr. Robertson, minister of Strathmartin, in Forfarshire. Dr. McCulloch, of Greenock, and Dr. Veitch, of St. Cuthbert's, Edinburgh, are among the best specimens of the class. But that preaching which interests, leads onward, and instructs, has few admirers compared with that which thrills, overwhelms, and sweeps away. And from the impression made on individuals so competent to judge as those already mentioned, it would certainly seem that, whether suited to the dignity of the pulpit or not, the deepest oratorical effect is made by the latter, even on cultivated minds. Some of the most popular preachers in England have formed themselves on the Scotch model. Melvill and M'Neile are examples: so, in a different walk, is Ryle, so well known by his tracts. We believe that Melvill in his early days delivered his sermons from memory, and of late years only has taken to reading, to the considerable diminution of the effect he produces. We may here remark, that in some country districts the prejudice of the people against clergymen reading their sermons is excessive. It is indeed, to be admitted that it is a more natural thing that a speaker should look at the audience he is addressing, and appear to speak from the feeling of the moment, than that he should read to them what he has to

* *Life of Chalmers*, vol. i. pp. 462, 3, and 467, 8. It should be mentioned that Chalmers, notwithstanding this tremendous vehemence, always read his sermons.

say; but it is hard to impose upon a parish minister, burdened with pastoral duty, the irksome school-boy task of committing to memory a long sermon, and perhaps two, every week. The system of reading is spreading rapidly in the Scotch Church, and seems likely in a few years to become all but universal. Caird reads his sermons closely on ordinary Sundays, but delivers entirely from memory in preaching on any particular occasion.

It may easily be imagined that when every one of fourteen or fifteen hundred preachers understands on entering the church that his manner *must* be animated if he looks for preferment, very many will have a very bad manner. It is wonderful, indeed, when we look to the average run of respectable Scotch preachers, to find how many take kindly to the emotional style. Often, of course, such a style is thoroughly contrary to the man's idiosyncrasy. Still, he must *seem* warm and animated; and the consequence is frequently loud speaking without a vestige of feeling, and much roaring when there is nothing whatever in what is said to demand it. Noise is mistaken for animation. We have been startled on going into a little country kirk, in which any speaking above a whisper would have been audible, to find the minister from the very beginning of the service, roaring as if speaking to people a quarter of a mile off. Yet the rustics were still, and appeared attentive. They regarded their clergyman as 'a powerfu' preacher,' while the most nervous thought, uttered in more civilized tones, would have been esteemed 'anco weak.' We are speaking, of course, of very plain congregations; but among such 'a powerful preacher' means a preacher with a powerful voice and great physical energy.

Let not English readers imagine, when we speak of the vehemence of the Scotch pulpit, that we mean only a gentlemanly degree of warmth and energy. It often amounts to the most violent melo-dramatic acting. Sheil's Irish speeches would have been immensely popular Scotch sermons, so far as their style and delivery are concerned. The physi-

cal energy is tremendous. It is said that when Chalmers preached in St. George's, Edinburgh, the massive chandeliers, many feet off, were all vibrating. He had often to stop, exhausted, in the midst of his sermon, and have a psalm sung till he recovered breath. Caird begins quietly, but frequently works himself up to a frantic excitement, in which his gesticulation is of the wildest, and his voice an absolute howl. One feels afraid that he may burst a bloodvessel. Were his hearers cool enough to criticise him, the impression would be at an end; but he has wound them up to such a pitch that criticism is impossible. They must sit absolutely passive, with nerves tingling and blood pausing: frequently many of the congregation have started to their feet. It may be imagined how heavily the physical energies of the preacher are drawn upon by this mode of speaking. Dr. Bennie, one of the ministers of Edinburgh, and one of the most eloquent and effective of Scotch pulpit orators, is said to have died at an age much short of fifty, worn out by the enthusiastic animation of his style. There are some little accessories of the Scotch pulpit, which in England are unknown: such as thrashing the large Bible which lies before the minister—long pauses to recover breath—much wiping of the face—sudorific results to an unpleasant degree, necessitating an entire change of apparel after preaching.

The secret of the superior power over a mixed congregation of the best Scotch, as compared with most English preachers, is that the former are not deterred by any considerations of the dignity of the pulpit, from any oratorical art which is likely to produce an effect. Sometimes indeed, where better things might be expected, the most reprehensible clap-trap is resorted to. An English preacher is fettered and trammelled by fear of being thought fanatical and methodistical,—and still worse, ungentelemanlike. He knows, too, that a reputation as a 'popular preacher' is not the thing which will conduce much to his preferment in his profession. The Scotch preacher, on the other hand,

throws himself heart and soul into his subject. Chalmers overcame the notion that vehemence in the pulpit was indicative of either fanaticism or weakness of intellect: he made ultra-animation respectable: and earnestness, even in an excessive degree, is all in favour of a young preacher's popularity; while a man's chance of the most valuable preferments (in the way of parochial livings) of the Scotch church, is in exact proportion to his popularity as a preacher. The spell of the greatest preachers is in their capacity of intense feeling. This is reflected on the congregation. A congregation will in most cases feel but a very inferior degree of the emotion which the preacher feels. But intense feeling is contagious. There is much in common between the tragic actor and the popular preacher; but while the actor's power is generally the result of a studied elocution, the preacher's is almost always native. A teacher of elocution would probably say that the manner of Chalmers, Guthrie, or Caird was a very bad one; but it suits the man, and no other would produce a like impression. In reading the most effective discourses of the greatest preachers, we are invariably disappointed. We can see nothing very particular in those quotations from Chalmers which are recorded as having so overwhelmingly impressed those who heard them. It was manner that did it all. In short, an accessory which in England is almost entirely neglected, is the secret of Scotch effect. Nor is it any derogation from an orator's genius to say that his power lies much less in what he says than in how he says it. It is but saying that his weapon can be wielded by no other hand than his own. Manner makes the entire difference between Macready and the poorest stroller that murders Shakspeare. The matter is the same in the case of each. Each has the same thing to say; the enormous difference lies in the manner in which each says it. The greatest effects recorded to have been produced by human language, have been produced by things which, in merely reading them, would not have appeared so very remarkable. Hazlitt

tells us that nothing so lingered on his ear as a line from Home's *Douglas*, as spoken by young Betty:—

And happy, in my mind, was he that died.

We have heard it said that Macready never produced a greater effect than by the very simple words 'Who said that?' It is perhaps a burlesque of an acknowledged fact, to record that Whitfield could thrill an audience by saying 'Mesopotamia!' Hugh Miller tells us that he heard Chalmers read a piece which he (Miller) had himself written. It produced the effect of the most telling acting; and its author never knew how fine it was till then. We remember well the feeling which ran through us when we heard Caird say, 'As we bend over the grave, where the dying are burying the dead.' All this is the result of that gift of genius; to feel with the whole soul and utter with the whole soul. The case of Gavazzi shows that tremendous energy can carry an audience away, without its understanding a syllable of what is said. Inferior men think by loud roaring and frantic gesticulation to produce that impression which genius alone can produce. But the counterfeit is wretched; and with all intelligent people the result is derision and disgust.

Many of our readers, we daresay, have never witnessed the service of the Scotch Church. Its order is the simplest possible. A psalm is sung, the congregation *sitting*. A prayer of about a quarter of an hour in length is offered, the congregation *standing*. A chapter of the Bible is read; another psalm sung; then comes the sermon. A short prayer and a psalm follow; and the service is terminated by the benediction. The entire service lasts about an hour and a half. It is almost invariably conducted by a single clergyman. In towns, the churches now approximate pretty much to the English, as regards architecture. It is only in country places that one finds the true bareness of Presbytery. The main difference is that there is no altar; the communion table being placed in the body of the church. The pulpit occupies the altar end, and forms

the most prominent object; symbolizing very accurately the relative estimation of the sermon in the Scotch service. Whenever a new church is built, the recurrence to a true ecclesiastical style is marked; and vaulted roofs, stained glass, and dark oak, have, in large towns, in a great degree, supplanted the flat-roofed meetinghouses which were the Presbyterian ideal. The preacher generally wears the English preaching gown. The old Geneva gown covered with *frogs* is hardly ever seen; but the surplice would still stir up a revolution. The service is performed with much propriety of demeanour; the singing is often so well done by a good choir, that the absence of the organ is hardly felt. Educated Scotchmen have come to lament the intolerant zeal which led the first Reformers in their country to such extremes. But in the country we still see the true genius of Presbytery. The rustics walk into church with their hats on; and replace them and hurry out the instant the service is over. The decorous prayer before and after worship is unknown. The minister, in many churches, wears no gown. The stupid bigotry of the people in some of the most covenanting districts is almost incredible. There are parishes in which the people boast that they have never suffered so Romish a thing as a gown to appear in their pulpit; and the country people of Scotland generally regard Episcopacy as not a whit better than Popery.

It has sometimes struck us as curious, that the Scotch have always made such endeavours to have a voice in the selection of their clergy. Almost all the dissenters from the Church of Scotland hold precisely the same views both of doctrine and church government as the Church, and have seceded on points connected with the existence of lay patronage. In England much discontent may sometimes be excited by an arbitrary appointment to a living; but it would be vain to endeavour to excite a movement throughout the whole country to prevent the recurrence of such appointments. Yet upon precisely this point did some three or four hundred ministers secede from the

Scotch Church in 1843; and to maintain the abstract right of congregations to a share in the appointment of their minister, has the 'Free Church' drawn from the humbler classes of a poor country many hundred thousand pounds. No doubt all this results in some measure from the self-sufficiency of the Scotch character; but besides this, it should be remembered that to a Scotchman it is a matter of much graver importance who shall be his clergyman than it is to an Englishman. In England, if the clergyman can but read decently, the congregation may find edification in listening to and joining in the beautiful prayers provided by the Church, even though the sermon should be poor enough. But in Scotland everything depends on the minister. If he be a fool, he can make the entire service as foolish as himself. For prayers, sermon, choice of passages of Scripture which are read, everything, the congregation is dependent on the preacher. The question, whether the worship to which the people of a parish are invited weekly shall be interesting and improving, or shall be absurd and revolting, is decided by the piety, good sense, and ability of the parish priest. Coleridge said he never knew the value of the Liturgy till he had heard the prayers which were offered in some remote country churches in Scotland.

We have not space to inquire into the circumstances which have given Scotch preaching its peculiar character. We may remark, however, that the sermon is the great feature of the Scotch service; it is the only attraction; and pains must be taken with it. The prayers are held in very secondary estimation. The preacher who aims at interesting his congregation, racks his brain to find what will startle and strike; and then the warmth of his delivery adds to his chance of keeping up attention. Then the Scotch are not a theatre-going people; they have not, thus, those stage-associations with a dramatic manner which would suggest themselves to many minds. Many likewise expect that excitement in the church, which is more suited to the atmosphere of the play-house. Patrons of late

years not unfrequently allow a congregation to choose its own minister; the Crown almost invariably consults the people; the decided taste of almost all congregations is for great warmth of manner; and the supply is made to suit the demand.

As for the solemn question, how far Scotch preaching answers the great end of all right preaching, it is hard to speak. No doubt it is a great thing to arouse the somewhat comatose attention of any audience to a discourse upon religion, and any means short of clap-trap and indecorum are justified if they succeed in doing so. No man will be informed or improved by a sermon which sets him asleep. Yet it is to be feared that, in the prevailing rage for what is striking and new, some eminent preachers sacrifice usefulness to glitter. We have heard discourses concerning which, had we been asked when they were over, What is the tendency and result of all this?—what is the conclusion it all leads to?—we should have been obliged to reply, Only that Mr. Such-a-one is an uncommonly clever man. The intellectual treat, likewise, of listening to first-class pulpit oratory, tends to draw many to church merely to enjoy it. Many go, not to be the better for the truth set forth, but to be delighted by the preacher's eloquence. And it is certain that many persons whose daily life exhibits no trace of religion, have been most regular and attentive hearers of the most striking preachers. We may mention an instance in point. When Mr. Caird was one of the ministers of Edinburgh, he preached in a church, one gallery of which is allotted to students of the University. A friend of ours was one Sunday afternoon in that gallery, when he observed in the pew before him two very rough-looking fellows, with huge walking-sticks projecting from their great-coat pockets, and all the unmistakeable marks of medical students. It was evident they were little accustomed to attend any place of worship. The church, as usual, was crammed to suffocation, and Mr. Caird preached a most stirring sermon. As he wound up one paragraph to an overwhelming climax, the whole congregation

bent forward in eager and breathless silence. The medical students were under the general spell. Half rising from their seats they gazed at the preacher with open mouths. At length the burst was over, and a long sigh relieved the wrought-up multitude. The two students sank upon their seat, and looked at one another fixedly: and the first expressed his appreciation of the eloquence of what he had heard by exclaiming half aloud to his companion, '*Damn it, that's it.*'

The doctrine preached in Scotch pulpits is now almost invariably what is termed evangelical. For a long time, now long gone by, many of the clergy preached morality, with very inadequate views of Christian doctrine. We cannot but notice a misrepresentation of Dr. Hanna, in his *Life of Chalmers*. Without saying so, he leaves an impression that all the clergy of the Moderate or Conservative party in the Church held those semi-infidel views which Chalmers entertained in his early days. The case is by no means so. Very many ministers, not belonging to the movement party, held truly orthodox opinions, and did their pastoral work as faithfully as ever Chalmers did after his great change of sentiment. It is curious to know that while party feeling ran high in the Scotch Church, it was a shibboleth of the Moderate party to use the Lord's Prayer in the Church service. The other party rejected that beautiful compendium of all supplication, on the ground that it was not a Christian prayer, no mention being made in it of the doctrine of the atonement. It is recorded that on one occasion a minister of what was termed the 'High-flying' party was to preach for Dr. Gilchrist, of the Canongate Church in Edinburgh. That venerable clergyman told his friend before service that it was usual in the Canongate Church to make use of the Lord's Prayer at every celebration of worship. The friend looked somewhat disconcerted, and said, 'Is it absolutely necessary that I should give the Lord's Prayer?' 'Not at all,' was Dr. Gilchrist's reply, 'not at all, if you can give us anything better!'

Mr. Caird's sermon preached at

Crathie has just been published by royal command. It is no secret that the Queen and Prince, after hearing it, read it in manuscript, and expressed themselves no less impressed in reading it by the soundness of its views, than they had been in listening to it by its extraordinary eloquence. Our perusal of it has strongly confirmed us in the views we have expressed as to the share which Mr. Caird's manner has in producing the *effect* with which his discourses tell upon any audience. The sermon is indeed an admirable one; accurate, and sometimes original in thought: illustrated with rare profusion of imagery, all in exquisite taste, and expressed in words scarcely one of which could be altered or displaced but for the worse. But Mr. Caird could not publish his voice and manner, and in wanting these, the sermon wants the first, second, and third things which conduced to its effect when delivered. In May, 1854, Mr. Caird preached this discourse in the High Church Edinburgh, before the Commissioner who represents her Majesty at the meetings of the General Assembly of the Scotch Church, and an exceedingly crowded and brilliant audience. Given there, with all the skill of the most accomplished actor, yet with a simple earnestness which prevented the least suspicion of anything like acting, the impression it produced is described as something marvellous. Hard-headed Scotch lawyers, the last men in the world to be carried into superlatives, declared that never till then did they understand what effect could be produced by human speech. But we confess that now we have these magic words to read quietly at home, we find it something of a task to get through them. A volume just published by Dr. Guthrie of Edinburgh, the greatest pulpit orator of the 'Free Church,' contains many sermons much more likely to interest a reader.

The sermon is from the text, 'Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit, serving the Lord.*' It sets out thus:—

To combine business with religion, to keep up a spirit of serious piety amid

the stir and distraction of a busy and active life,—this is one of the most difficult parts of a Christian's trial in this world. It is comparatively easy to be religious in the church—to collect our thoughts and compose our feelings, and enter, with an appearance of propriety and decorum, into the offices of religious worship, amidst the quietude of the Sabbath, and within the still and sacred precincts of the house of prayer. But to be religious in the world—to be pious and holy and earnest-minded in the counting-room, the manufactory, the market-place, the field, the farm—to carry our good and solemn thoughts and feelings into the throng and thoroughfare of daily life,—this is the great difficulty of our Christian calling. No man not lost to all moral influence can help feeling his worldly passions calmed, and some measure of seriousness stealing over his mind, when engaged in the performance of the more awful and serious rites of religion; but the atmosphere of the domestic circle, the exchange, the street, the city's throng, amidst coarse work and cumbering cares and toils, is a very different atmosphere from that of a communion-table. Passing from one to the other has often seemed as the sudden transition from a tropical to a polar climate—from balmy warmth and sunshine to murky mist and freezing cold. And it appears sometimes as difficult to maintain the strength and steadfastness of religious principle and feeling when we go forth from the church to the world, as it would be to preserve an exotic alive in the open air in winter, or to keep the lamp that burns steadily within doors from being blown out if you take it abroad unsheltered from the wind.

The preacher then speaks of the shifts by which men have evaded the task of being holy, at once in the church and in the world; in ancient times by flying from the world altogether, in modern times by making religion altogether a Sunday thing. In opposition to either notion the text suggests,—

That piety is not for Sundays only, but for all days; that spirituality of mind is not appropriate to one set of actions, and an impertinence and intrusion with reference to others; but like the act of breathing, like the circulation of the blood, like the silent growth of the stature, a process that may be going on simultaneously with all our actions—when we are busiest as when we are idlest; in the church, in the

* *Romans* xii. 11.

world; in solitude, in society; in our grief and in our gladness; in our toil and in our rest; sleeping, waking; by day, by night; amidst all the engagements and exigencies of life.

The burden of the discourse is to prove that this is so; that religion is compatible with the business of Common Life. This appears, *first*, because religion, as a *science*, sets out doctrines easy to be understood by the humblest intellects; and as an *art*, sets out duties which may be practised simultaneously with all other work. It is the *art of being and of doing good*: and for this art every profession and calling affords scope and discipline.

When a child is learning to write, it matters not of what words the copy set to him is composed, the thing desired being that, whatever he writes, he learns to write *well*. When a man is learning to be a Christian, it matters not what his particular work in life may be, the work he does is but the copy-line set to him; the main thing to be considered is that he learn to live well.

The *second* consideration by which Mr. Caird supports his thesis is, that religion consists, *not so much in doing spiritual or sacred acts, as in doing secular acts from a sacred or spiritual motive*. 'A man may be a Christian thinker and writer as much when giving to science, or history, or biography, or poetry a Christian tone and spirit, as when composing sermons or writing hymns.'

The third and most eloquent division of the discourse illustrates the thesis from the *Mind's Power of acting on Latent Principles*. Though we cannot, in our worldly work, be always consciously thinking of religion, yet unconsciously, insensibly, we may be acting under its ever present control. For example, the preacher, amidst all his mental exertions, has underneath the outward workings of his mind, the latent thought of the presence of his auditory.

Like a secret atmosphere it surrounds and bathes his spirit as he goes on with the external work. And have not you, too, my friends, an Auditor—it may be, a 'great cloud of witnesses'—but at least one allglorious Witness and Listener ever present, ever watchful, as the discourse of life proceeds? Why, then, in

this case too, while the outward business is diligently prosecuted, may there not be on your spirit a latent and constant impression of that awful inspection? What worldly work so absorbing as to leave no room in a believer's spirit for the hallowing thought of that glorious Presence ever near?

We shall give but one extract more, the final illustration of this third *head of discourse*. It is a very good specimen of one of those exciting and irresistible bursts by which Caird sweeps away his audience. Imagine the following sentences given, at first quietly, but with great feeling, gradually waxing in energy and rapidity; and at length, amid dead stillness and hushed breaths, concluded as with a torrent's rush:—

Or, have we not all felt that the *thought of anticipated happiness* may blend itself with the work of our busiest hours? The labourer's coming, released from toil—the schoolboy's coming holiday, or the hard-wrought business man's approaching season of relaxation—the expected return of a long absent and much loved friend; is not the thought of these, or similar joyous events, one which often intermingles with, without interrupting, our common work? When a father goes forth to his 'labour till the evening,' perhaps often, very often, in the thick of his toils the thought of home may start up to cheer him. The smile that is to welcome him, as he crosses his lowly threshold when the work of the day is over, the glad faces, and merry voices, and sweet caresses of little ones, as they shall gather round him in the quiet evening hours, the thought of all this may dwell, a latent joy, a hidden motive, deep down in his heart of hearts, may come rushing in a sweet solace at every pause of exertion, and act like a secret oil to smooth the wheels of labour. The heart has a secret treasury, where our hopes and joys are often garnered, too precious to be parted with, even for a moment.

And why may not the highest of all hopes and joys possess the same all-pervading influence? Have we, if our religion is real, no anticipation of happiness in the glorious future? Is there no 'rest that remaineth for the people of God,' no home and loving heart awaiting us when the toils of our hurried day of life are ended? What is earthly rest or relaxation, what the release from toil after which we so often sigh, but the faint shadow of the saint's everlasting rest, the rest of the soul in God?

What visions of earthly bliss can ever, if our Christian faith be not a form, compare with 'the glory soon to be revealed?' What glory of earthly reunion with the rapture of that hour when the heavens shall yield an absent Lord to our embrace, to be parted from us no more for ever! And if all this be most sober truth, what is there to except this joyful hope from that law to which, in all other deep joys, our minds are subject? Why may we not, in this case too, think often, amidst our worldly work, of the House to which we are going, of the true and loving heart that beats for us, and of the sweet and joyous welcome that awaits us there? And even when we make them not, of set purpose, the subject of our thoughts, is there not enough of grandeur in the objects of a believer's hope to pervade his spirit at all times with a calm and reverential joy? Do not think all this strange, fanatical, impossible. If it do seem so, it can only be because your heart is in the earthly, but not in the higher and holier hopes. No, my friends! the strange thing is, not that amidst the world's work we should be able to think of our House, but that we should ever be able to forget it; and the stranger, sadder still, that while the little day of life is passing—morning, noontide, evening—each stage more rapid than the last; while to many the shadows are already fast lengthening, and the declining sun warns them that 'the night is at hand, wherein no man can work,' there should be those amongst us whose whole thoughts are absorbed in the business of the world, and to whom the reflection never occurs, that soon they

must go out into eternity, without a friend, without a home!

The discourse thus ends, in orthodox Scotch fashion, with a practical conclusion.

We think it not unlikely that the sermon has been *toned down* a good deal before publication, in anticipation of severe criticism. Some passages which were very effective when delivered, have probably been modified so as to bring them more thoroughly within the limits of severe good taste. Mr. Caird need not have feared hostile criticism from us. We most cheerfully acknowledge merit, even when found in a clergyman whose ordination has no more dignified source than 'the laying on of the hands of the presbytery.' We think Mr. Caird has deserved the honours done him by royalty; and we willingly accord him his meed, as a man of no small force of intellect, of great power of illustration by happy analogies, of sincere piety, and of much earnestness to do good. He is still young—we believe considerably under forty—and much may be expected of him.

But we have rambled on into an unduly long gossip about Scotch preaching, and must abruptly conclude. We confess that it would please us to see, especially in the pulpits of our country churches, a little infusion of its warmth, rejecting anything of its extravagance.

SIX MONTHS IN INDIA.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART II.

IN our first paper we grouped together all the striking points which must catch the practised traveller along the roadside, and in connexion with the outward aspect of the land, and we will venture to affirm that their correctness will be recognised by any one who goes, if it be only for a couple of hundred miles along the road, especially between Benares and Delhi. The mention of these towns naturally leads us to dwell on the former, as concentrating all that is most re-

markable in Hindoo religion morals.

There are few things more striking than the aspect of the Holy City, as it is seen to line the left bank of the Ganges for nearly three miles. Nor can the student of History fail to be struck by the appearance of the minaret of a single mosque towering over every other building, and insulting, as it was meant to do, the idolatrous temples around it. When the traveller has crossed the Ganges in the

not incommodious ferry-boat, he should lose no time in mounting this mosque. It was erected less than two centuries ago by the Emperor Aurungzebe, a crafty Augustus, who, less lucky than the patron of Horace and Virgil, has obtained the ill fame of a Nero; and it requires but little stretch of the imagination to fancy the insults of the proud, fanatical Mussulman soldiery, and the howling of venerable Brahmins while the work of spoliation was going on. We say the work of spoliation, because the Mohammedan had no scruples whatever in laying hands on the materials of Hindoo temples, where idols were worshipped, and even human victims sacrificed, to erect his edifice to the one Supreme Deity. Traces of this practice may be met with repeatedly in all Upper India: Mohammedanism made all things pure: the only thing necessary was that figures of idols, sculptured on the stones, should be entirely defaced; and yet, curiously enough, while mounting the winding staircase within one of the minarets, the panting traveller may observe on one of the stones, the hind-quarters of the Bull of Shiva, which had escaped the notice and vengeance of some over-hasty workman. But to arrive at this mosque, more than half the city must be traversed, and the orthodox way of getting through those narrow streets with houses three and four stories high on either side, is, neither on foot nor in a carriage, nor on horseback, but on an elephant. Seated comfortably in a howdah, and accustomed gradually to the motion, the tourist can look in at the windows of the first floor. The bulk of the elephant entirely fills the narrow street, and the trappings are caught by the shop windows on either side, to the dismay of the wayfarers, who are compelled to turn down narrow lanes, or stick close to the wall. The process may remind us of Gulliver going through the streets of Lilliput. But those houses, added to, built upon, decaying, with pigeon-holes of windows, with balconies from whence vice looks forth unblushingly, and whence the tinkle of the lute or guitar is hourly heard; of what date are they, and what do they represent? The town is the Benares of eight

hundred or a thousand years ago,—not that Benares was not sacred at a period long anterior to this, or that death there, either on land or water, was not always a sure passport to happiness,—but the buildings and the city, as it stands, date from no greater antiquity. Its population is little short of 300,000 souls, not 500,000, as Lord Stanhope (*History of England*, vol. vii.) tells us in his well-written account of the dealings of Warren Hastings with the Rajah of Benares. The riches of Hindu merchants, the learning of wise pundits, the orthodox opinions of ancient Brahmins, tenaciously clinging to their national superstitions, are all concentrated in these close, confined alleys, on which ventilation and drainage have literally been forced by the strong arm of the English executive power.

Benares is, in short, eminently Hindu of the Hindus. Its priests receive pilgrims from all parts, and offerings from Hindus of every rank and station, while in its college—one of the few edifices of the kind which really has a collegiate appearance—native scholars grow sightless, subtle, narrow-minded and opinionative, by poring for years—it may be ten, twenty, or even thirty—over books and manuscripts written in that marvellous Sanskrit language, far more copious than the Latin, which Cicero found wanting; far more flexible than the Greek, which, it has been well said, even Plato could not exhaust: a language rich in synonyms, elegant in structure, ductile in substance, musical in its euphony: which has been a vehicle for the gorgeous fancy of the poet, and the dazzling fence of the rhetorician: which has wrapped up aphorisms of Laconian brevity, and has stitched together compound epithets at which Æschylus himself would have been amazed: a language in which statesmen have delivered maxims, law-givers codes, and grammarians treatises compiled for the express purpose of hiding knowledge from the studious: a language, in short, which has generated a literature rich in the treatises of six schools of philosophy, two enormous epic poems, a host of smaller heroic ones, some fifty plays, one

novel, voluminous works on religion and law, a stray pastoral, and yet not one volume of rational or authentic history, nor a single work calculated to aid, in the slightest degree, the intellectual progress of any of the families of mankind.

One sight should never be foregone—we mean that of all Benares, turning out daily at the dawn to bathe in the holy stream at some one of the numerous landing-places, or ghauts on the river side. The way to enjoy this sight is to float down the stream in a boat, while the first rays of a morning sun gild the summit of the many temples, and give their unerring guarantee of the cloudless, exhilarating Indian winter day. The wealthy and high born come to perform their ablutions before sunrise, and soon retire from the profane eye, making room for the humbler classes. But these afford a spectacle equally, or still more interesting, with their streaks of paint, their red or yellow garments, their repeated invocations and sippings of water, and their animated conversation. As the boat glides slowly along the river—broad even at that distance of more than five hundred miles from the sea—every ghaut or temple will tell a tale of piety or repentance on the part of the rich or the great. This one was erected by a Rajpoot princess, wrought on, it may be imagined, by a crafty priesthood: that, by a prime minister of one of the Mahratta sovereigns, who rose through perfidy, and active, unscrupulous ambition, on the ruins of the Mogul Empire: a third is due to a king, stained with every vice or crime that can enter into the heart of an Oriental: this was built by a sovereign of Nepaul: on that, large sums were lavished by the old Lion of Lahore, Runjeet Sing. Nor must one spot, identified with a scene in Indian history familiar to most English readers, be passed over. From a high window of a house overlooking the river, Cheyte Sing made his escape when, half frightened at his own audacity in daring to disobey Warren Hastings, he pursued that middle course, so well suited to quiet times, so certain to end in failure in seasons of violence. Those who have read Mr.

Macaulay and Lord Stanhope will remember that Cheyte Sing, pressed for contributions for a war, and fined for contumacy, got up an *émeute* in Benares, and had neither the timely policy to present himself before the Governor-General, nor the audacity to make use of his undoubted opportunity, when the representative of the British authority was confessedly in his power. So Cheyte Sing fled across the river one way, and Warren Hastings was escorted in another direction by the soldiery of the ancestor of a man who is now one of the best specimens of a rich native gentleman, and whose family have thriven unceasingly since the day that aid was afforded to *Lord Hastings Sahab* in his hour of need. We are inclined, by the way, to think that Mr. Macaulay is right, and that Lord Stanhope (vol. vii. p. 437) and Mr. Impey are wrong in the interpretation which they gave respectively to some well-known jingling Hindustani rhymes about the elephants and horses of this celebrated Governor. The lines—whatever may be thought of them at Benares—in India generally record his pomp and pride, and not his humiliation or shame.

From the Holy City the traveller will go to Allahabad, where there is nothing much to detain him. But he cannot fail to be struck by the appearance of the fort there, built three centuries since by the great Akbar, at the very junction of the two rivers, the Jumna and the Ganges. The rival streams, in the height of the rains, literally wash the two sides of the fortress. This is one of the holiest spots to the Hindu in the whole peninsula. For it is here that a third stream is, by all orthodox Brahmins and others, declared to join the other two. That river, the Saraswati or Sursooty, geographically loses itself far away in the sandy tracts of the Cis-Sutley provinces, but to the eye of Hindu faith, it mingles here with the twin sisters, the Ganges and the Jumna. The tourist is now at the apex of the great Doab of Hindustan, and if he be an agriculturist he will care to learn that, as he looks north-west, he has on his *right* hand, or on the *left* bank of the Ganges, the region of sugar-cane; on the

tract between the two rivers he has the region of the cereals, whilst away to his left, and on the right bank of the Jumna, he may purchase cotton to any extent.

But without pausing to speculate on these debateable topics, he passes on to Cawnpore, once one of our largest military stations, now, in its deserted parade, empty barracks, and untenanted stalls, warning us that the boundaries of the empire have been pushed far to the west, where the main strength of the army is accordingly concentrated. Here it is advisable that, having heard something of the relative merits of native and English rule, he should compare the two by crossing the Ganges into Oude, and making a trip to its capital, Lucknow, only fifty miles off. We do not tell him that its first aspect will be desolate; that he will find scanty crops, razed homesteads, robbers lining the roadside, and sights of all kinds calculated to alarm and to shock. On the contrary, he will probably be astonished at the luxuriance of the sugar-cane, the verdant aspect of the country, so different from the dry and dusty Doab, the goodness of the road, comparatively, and the crowds of men thronging to one of the bazaars through which he passes. But the fact is, that on this, the only road in the king's dominions, the British Resident at Court has always insisted that the communication shall be kept clear, and that passengers and goods shall go to and fro without peril or hindrance. But let him stay awhile at the capital, interrogate the natives, and hear what functionaries of all sorts on the British side of the Ganges tell him of the doings on the other side. As a Mohammedan city, there is much that is curious at Lucknow: narrow streets, crumbling houses, rather more than one hundred mosques, and a single Hindu temple; and if the Mohurru should happen during the visit, a frantic crowd of sons of Islam, parading the streets, drunk with intoxicating liquors and excitement, and beating their breasts with loud cries on the names of the Prophet's grandsons, Hussain and Hassan. Amongst the hundred mosques, there are one or two, the interior of

which, with the Mohammedan pulpit whence the preacher delivers an edifying sermon every Friday, will repay the trouble of a visit. Then there are sundry palaces, covering as large a space of ground as Buckingham Palace or the Tuileries, but badly laid out, courts within courts, all dust and dilapidation; with reservoirs of stagnant water, and dark apartments where all sorts of horrid crimes are said to have been committed, and state rooms with tawdry hangings: a singular combination of dirt, untidiness, and attempt at magnificence. At a little distance from the town is an institution founded for the education of youths of all classes—Hindus, Mohammedans, and Christians—by General Claude Martine, who, born at Lyons in the year 1735, died at Lucknow in 1800; and, having landed in India as a common soldier, left at his decease a splendid mansion at Lucknow, and wealth sufficient to endow permanently two colleges, one at this capital, and the other at Calcutta, each called after the founder, *La Martinière*. The body of the General is buried, by his own direction, underneath the central part of the building, once his mansion and now the college, with handsome wings, in which are school-rooms, dormitories, and apartments of professors; the story being, that the presence of a corpse in the building was deemed by the acute old General the only means of keeping the hands of the rapacious sovereign off the building—potentates in the East having a cool way of laying hold of anything belonging to deceased subjects which may captivate their fancy—a country-house, a neat carriage, a stud of horses, a casket of jewellery. No man, we must say, can be twenty-four hours in Oude without hearing something of the atrocities daily practised in that unhappy country. Every man there, it will be seen, walks not only with sword and shield at his side, but with loaded matchlock over his shoulder, and in some parts of the country cannon may be heard for days together engaged in the process of collecting the king's revenue. We are almost ashamed to draw a comparison between a country like this and the Company's territories

just over the Ganges, but we have been gravely told that natives flee from the English collector to the State where laws, and circular letters, and long reports are unknown; nay, that such migrations take place annually, and by wholesale. It may therefore be as well just to mention a few of the little occurrences which daily take place at Lucknow and in the interior—occurrences not vaguely reported nor isolated of their kind, but resting on the faith of British officers, and in numbers equalling the instances of misery and mismanagement which last year reached us from the Crimea.

The revenue is farmed out to men whose obvious policy it is to make the most of a brief contract. They rack-rent the land. The zemindars, or landowners, resist, and shut themselves up in a mud fort, which is finally battered to pieces by the king's cannon; or, with a more desperate intent, order their tenants not to plough or sow the land for the next two years. These, strange to say, *obey the ruler literally*, retire with their wives, children, and cattle to the jungles, and live for one or two years on berries and milk. It thus becomes a question whether the zemindar and his followers, or the tax-gatherer and his myrmidons can hold out the longest. Meanwhile, large bands of armed and organized robbers, who have taken to the trade in despair, roam about the country, plundering houses and torturing the inmates to induce them to give up concealed treasure; whole districts are fast being overrun with jungle, and the best localities for sport are confessedly to be found in Oude. Then, police officers and officials commit with impunity every kind of crime: one day a man is beaten to death because he will not confess to a crime with which he is charged by another individual, who can afford to pay for justice;—on another, a rich man, who has committed a barbarous murder, is taken up, and discharged on presenting the head policeman with a brace of richly-chased pistols or a bag of rupees. Then, at the capital, under the very eye of the sovereign, and in spite of the indignant warnings of the Resident, all sorts of licence are indulged in by

the nobles:—now it is a garden and pleasure grounds seized on by force; now it is a poor Hindu, who, being threatened with the loss of his honour, sets fire to his own dwelling, and perishes with his family in the flames. Meanwhile the author of these atrocities is being rewarded by the king with a smile and a dress of honour, and the king himself is either dissolved in luxury or is acting in some unworthy mummery for the amusement of eunuchs and buffoons, or is composing Persian odes about lovely women with the stature of the cypress and the cheek of the rose! No wonder that the revenues of the country have sunk from two millions to one; that the peace of the quiet inhabitants of the Doab is threatened by emboldened robbers; and that even thoughtful and moderate men are heard to say, that it is high time for the British Government, which by treaty is responsible for the well-being of the country, to resort to more decisive measures than sounding phrases and disregarded advice. Yet—to close this brief account, fearful, but literally true, with something less appalling—it is certain that a sportsman on a tour through this country will find, in the *prestige* of the Company, and in the adoption of a civil and cheerful demeanour, nothing but kindness and high breeding, and will not lose so much as a napkin or an empty bottle. One instance of this courtesy may suffice. Some time since, a high functionary in the Civil Service, stationed on the river which forms the boundary, was anxious to spend a part of his vacation in shooting tigers in a well known beat in Oude. Just as he was about to start, he discovered that the ground near his beat was occupied by a zemindar and his subjects, prepared to fight the king's taxgatherer and his forces in a regular battle. On the gentleman sending word of the interruption which this would cause to his projected amusement, an answer was immediately returned, 'that rather than cause the Sahib any inconvenience, the set-to should be postponed for a week!'

We have now left before us the two great cities of Delhi and Agra, the Sanatoria of the Himalayas, with their fine scenery, and the Great

Ganges Canal. We strongly recommend the traveller who can so arrange his movements, to keep Agra for the last, as a *bonne bouche*. Availing ourselves of Prince Hassan's carpet, we transport the Indian sight-seer to a little station beyond Meerut, where he has to leave his carriage, at the foot of the Himalayas, called Roorkee. He has now before him the most splendid of Nature's works in the snowy range, the peaks of which, miles back, tower above all the lesser ranges, and one of the most useful and the most gigantic of man's works in the Great Ganges Canal. In Europe such a work would have required little notice even in such a paper as this; its objects, extent, cost, and design, would all have been as widely described and commented on, as similar details in the case of the Menai tubular bridge. To write its history fully would require more space than we have already filled, and we can only afford room for the following brief account. Aware of the want of water in parts of the Doab, with full experience of the horrors of a famine, and with an assurance of the good that had ensued from the reopening and enlarging of smaller canals dug by Mohammedan rulers in other parts of the country, the Government determined on providing for a supply of water in the very centre of the tract enclosed by the Jumna and the Ganges, where the deficiency had been most seriously felt. The canal was commenced during the administration of Lord Auckland, suspended by Lord Ellenborough, prosecuted by Lords Hardinge and Dalhousie, but indebted principally for its completion to the late Mr. Thomason, the able Lieutenant-Governor of Agra, and to Colonel Cautley, of the Bengal Engineers, who, had he carried out such a work in any European kingdom, would have been starved, decorated, fêted by a hundred companies, borne on the lists of a dozen learned associations, and honourably received by half-a-dozen kings. As it is, he is a simple colonel of engineers (though we rejoice to know that he has been created a K.C.B.), with his name familiar as a household god, or a social proverb to some 'ten millions

of Asiatics.' The canal, running right down the Doab, until, from the growing proximity of the two great rivers, water is more abundant and artificial means less needed, splits into two branches, one of which falls into the Ganges at Cawnpore, and the other into the Jumna at a place below Etawah. The advantages of the work will be as follows:—the agriculturist will have cheap irrigation at a moderate cost to flood lands hitherto uncultivated, and to raise more valuable crops on lands already under the plough;—goods will be conveyed up and down the canal, which will be navigable for more than 800 miles;—Government will be spared the horrors of such a famine as that of 1837;—increased revenue will be derived from water rents, transit duties, and other miscellaneous items; there will be new villages and new markets, while intercourse will be more frequent between marts already open. To quote from an authentic document giving the history of the canal, drawn up by Capt. Baird Smith, of the Bengal Engineers, who has written a work on Italian Irrigation, and is a worthy successor to Colonel Cautley as superintendent of the canal:—

It may be said that the total length of channel navigable throughout, including the trunk and terminal lines, with the great branches, is very nearly 890 miles; along which are distributed 17 lanes or escapes, with water-ways varying from 800 to 18 feet; 202 bridges for the purpose of regulation and cross communication, with water-ways varying from 200 to 20 feet; 297 inlets for local or minor drainage; 16 falls for regulating the slopes; 31 locks and navigable channels for navigation; 282 rajbula heads for irrigation; an aggregate length of probably not less than 10 miles of bathing ghauts for the use of the community; 49 first-class, and 122 second-class choukies (stations) for the shelter of the establishments; six workshops for supplying the various wants of the canal works; and, lastly, the great aqueduct across the Solani river, unequalled in its dimensions by any work of the kind yet executed throughout the world. It is only necessary to add here, that up to the opening of the canal, Government had expended on the works south or Roorkee (exclusive of the general cost) a sum amounting to about sixty-five lakhs of rupees (£650,000).

It is precisely at these works of Roorkee that we suppose our traveller to stand. No Roman aqueduct, either as to size or utility, can give the faintest idea of the aqueduct of Solani. It is three miles in length, carries the water of the canal across a valley at an elevation of twenty-seven feet above the level, crosses a good-sized river on a bridge of fifteen arches, each having a span of fifty feet, and is protected throughout by masonry walls, and has bathing or watering-places of the same material on the water side, for the convenience of the people. Few sights are more elevating than the view of this aqueduct from the Government foundry. The river flowing under the canal, and the canal seeming to issue from the foot of the mountains; the snowy range viewed in that pure and unclouded atmosphere; the smoke issuing from the furnaces, and the busy sound of the steam-engine; the elegant college for civil engineering, which is to contain a library, a museum, a printing-press, and everything that can instruct natives in a department for which they are well fitted; the elegant church, and the numerous houses of the resident functionaries connected with the college, the canal, and the workshops; the reservoirs of water formed by the excavation of earth for the millions of bricks consumed in making the aqueduct; those two enormous lions which terminate the work;—all this forms a picture gladdening to the heart, coupled, as it must be, with natural reflections on the sterling advantages of such works; and with the knowledge that on the spot now alive with the sound of wheels, furnaces, and mechanics, there was not, at the commencement of operations, so much as a small native village.

From Roorkee the traveller should visit a hill sanatorium. He can have his choice of three. He may either go eastward and visit Nainee Tal and the green and well-wooded province of Rohilkand which lies at its feet: or he may go westward, and ascend to the pines of Simla, which some one termed the Capua of Indian Hannibals; or he may go almost due north and pass through the Doon to Mussoorie and Landair. In any case he must travel by the

palanquin, endurable only from the coolness of the climate and the shortness of the trip. If he visits the Doon, he will be struck by the apparent capabilities of this valley, raised about 2000 feet above the level of the sea, some sixteen miles broad by twenty or thirty long, between the Sewalic range which rises from the plains, and the first line of the Himalayas. There is much that is the same in lofty hill scenery everywhere. The beautiful tints of the Swiss mountains, and their lakes of singular loveliness and transparency, will here be wanting; and to find glaciers, a ten days' trip or so into the interior must be undertaken. But in other respects the resemblance is striking. The road, suited for hill ponies, winds round and round the hills. The villages are huddled together on platforms, and cultivation is here and there perceptible on escarped terraces. Fine timber clothes the lower part of the range. The necessaries and conveniences of life are carried up to the sanatorium on the backs of hill Rajpoots, dirty and ill-kempt, like so many other Highlanders. The air is pure, and the sun's rays powerless. Bungalows are perched up like white gulls on the peaks. Invalid soldiers, racked by fever, or weakened by epidemic disease, soon walk about, healthy and hopeful. Rosy children run about all day, instead of being confined within four walls under a waving fan. Ice at this season remains unmelted the live-long day on the north side of the hill, and snow at Christmas will accumulate in drifts of six or eight feet round the houses.

We are far from wishing to confine a traveller who is not pressed for time, and to whom expense is no consideration, within the limits of a tour less than 1000 miles from Calcutta: he may pass into the Punjab, and there learn what has been done in six years, not merely in the collection of revenue, but in the execution of great public works, the laying out of roads and cantonments, and the commencement of canals; in the protection of rights, and in the establishment of regular, wholesome, but temperate authority. A whole summer can very well be passed in Cashmere; or the tra-

veller may go down the Indus to Kurrachee, and thence take shipping for Bombay; or, he can go right across the peninsula, through Rajputana or Indore, visit the great caves of Ellora and Ajunta, inspect Jain temples, and descend the Western Ghats to Bombay, or fall back on Madras and the Neilgherries. But we have neither time nor space to direct him here, and we must therefore conclude our journey with a notice of Delhi and Agra.

There are or have been no less than three Delhis, besides an old Hindu capital which was situated some fifty miles from the present remnant of imperial splendour. The present city is surrounded by walls, with some eleven gates, large and small; contains some very striking edifices, and is the place where the Hindostanee—a language of considerable polish and much capability—is spoken with the greatest correctness and purity. But to know what dynasties have here flourished, what extent of ground was covered by their civilization, it is necessary to drive out eleven miles to the Kutub-Minar, the highest pillar in the world, higher than the famous porcelain tower of China, 232 feet above the level of the plain. From the top of this remarkable fabric the eye wanders over a vast plain, where ruins on all sides often serve as boundaries to the fields, and bricks and stones clank against the ploughshare. Immediately below are some Hindu remains of peculiar antiquity and finish. Here and there the mausoleum of a departed Mohammedan of great sanctity or exalted rank attracts the eye; one covers the bones of a former Vizier of Lucknow, who rose to that 'bad eminence' from the ranks of the soldiery. In another, reposes a saint of undoubted piety, who could change lumps of earth into lumps of sugar; a third is the tomb of Humayun, the father of the great Akbar. A day may be spent in wandering from pillar to mosque, from mosque to tomb, and from tombs to the palace of the present puppet King of Delhi. Nor is the modern city less remarkable for sights and sounds than either Lucknow or Benares. A magnificent mosque of red freestone, the Jumma

Musjid, or Grand Mosque, stands in the very centre of the town, with minarets overlooking the whole country, not, we are happy to say, with those unsightly sharpened points familiar to travellers in Egypt and the East. On the steps of this mosque, about four o'clock in the afternoon, the crowd of devout Mussulmans, the sellers of hot rolls, sweetmeats, and *kabobs*, may remind us for the first time of Hadji Baba or the Arabian Nights: nor will the oriental character of the scene be changed in the Chandni Chouk, a sort of Boulevard, wide, and lined with rows of trees, where towards evening venders of edibles squat, the idle lounge, and the merchants gossip. Historical associations are rife in Delhi. On a hill outside the city, Timour looked down while his army massacred thousands of defenceless inhabitants: from a little mosque with gilt domes in the Chandni Chouk, an order for a like massacre was repeated just three centuries afterwards, by the invader Nadir Shah; and every Friday, Aurungzebe used to go in state, scrupulously to perform his devotions—he was known as the *Namazi* or *saint*—at the great mosque of which we have above spoken. Hindu petty princes thought it good policy to present offerings to Mohammedan sovereigns, and most of the material of the mosque was the 'voluntary contribution' of Rajpoot and other princes. The cost of erection alone was £100,000.

From the later capital of the Mogul empire is but a step to the old metropolis. As Delhi is commonly known to natives as the city of Shah Jehan (Shah Jehan-abad), so Agra is familiarly spoken of as that of Akbar—Akbar-abad. It is now the seat of the government of the North-western Provinces, but neither for that, nor for its fort, nor for the Somnath gates, which have found a resting-place here, nor for a model jail, in which discipline, cleanliness, and economy are marvellously combined, nor for the tomb of the great Akbar, nor for sundry other edifices, nor for all of them put together, is it so well worth a visit, as it is for the unrivalled Taj Mahal. It is impossible to do justice to this exquisite specimen of art, but equally

impossible not to try and give some faint idea of its general appearance. The last resting-place of Shah Jehan, the father of Aurungzebe, and of his favourite wife, it stands in a garden, surrounded by walls on three sides, with a splendid façade on one, and bounded by the Jumna on the fourth. On either side of it are two buildings of red stone, like mosques, the colour of which serves only to set off the dazzling purity of the marble tomb. The terrace on which it stands is of marble: minarets of the same substance, detached from the building, are erected at the four corners of the terrace, and the tomb itself, with its crowning dome, is of the same costly stone. Sentences from the Korân are inscribed in black marble near the door: a gorgeous tracery of flowers is produced by varied stones—cornelian, agate, lapis-lazuli, bloodstone—on the porch, on the tomb itself below ground, and on its fac-simile above: flowers and trees are carved on the lower part of the walls out of the white marble itself, and an enclosure of that universal material, chiselled into network of varied device and ingenious pattern, surrounds the tombstones in the centre apartment. Yet in all that lavish profusion of costly stones, in that luxuriant fancy of the sculptor, in that richness of colouring, in those finished imitations of natural objects, there is nothing which can be charged with gaudiness, vulgarity, or bad taste: nothing which is fantastic; nothing which is not pure, exquisite, classical, correct. Seen in broad daylight, under the sun which has only increased its whiteness, or in the tropical rains which have failed to sully or to stain, amidst crowds of natives whose slumbering sense of beauty is awakened by the spectacle, or in the calmness of some summer night, when the moon looks down on a small party of diletantti, almost ashamed to speak in louder tones than whispers,—the Taj Mahal has never yet failed to fulfil all the anticipations which elaborate description, or pointed brevity had excited in the mind. A French cardinal wished for an *etui* of gold to cover the Maison Carrée, and another

writer termed the same building the despair of modern artists; but what terms should be invented to do justice to the Taj, or to describe the thrilling sensations which pass through the mind of the man who looks on it through an alley of cypresses at a distance, or, standing on the marble terrace, gazes upwards at its dome? From learned Heber to eccentric Mrs. Parkes, from Colonel Sleeman to Mrs. Colin Mackenzie, from American editors to quiet hard-working civilians and irreverent subalterns, no one traveller that we ever heard of but almost worshipped that unique specimen of building, which is almost grand, of which the loveliness is literally penetrating, and which elevates, purifies, awes the soul. Perhaps as descriptions can never do it justice, a simple record of the sensations felt on viewing it, not for the first time, but after repeated visits, may tend to supply our deficiency. We take for this purpose a passage from an author nearly two hundred years old, a countryman and cotemporary of Molière, the shrewd, observant, entertaining Bernier, whose travels Mr. Macaulay has lately been recommending to the new candidates for Indian civil appointments. The tone is singularly calm, and free from all Gallic exaggeration, and the passage occurs in a letter to M. de la Mothe le Vayer. Of the Pavillon, as he terms it, which you must pass to enter into the garden, he says,

On ne peut se rassasier de la regarder. La dernière fois que je la vis, fut avec un de nos marchands Français, qui ne pouvait, aussi bien que moi, se lasser de la regarder; je n'osais lui en dire mon sentiment, appréhendant de m'être corrompu le goût, et me l'être fait à l'Indienne; mais comme il revenoit fraîchement de France, je fus bien aise de lui entendre dire qu'il n'avoit jamais rien vu de si auguste ni de si hardi dans l'Europe.

The sepulchre itself he was not permitted to see, because it was only opened once in the year, and then not to infidels, but he was rightly told that there was nothing *plus riche et plus magnifique*, and he modestly sums up after careful description, by requesting Le Vayer,

De juger se j'ai eu raison de dire que le

Mausolée de Tage-Meballe est quelque chose de merveilleux. Pour moi je ne sais pas si je n'aurois point le goût un peu trop Indien, mais je crois qu'on le devrait plutôt mettre au nombre des merveilles du monde, que ces masses informes de Pyramides d'Egypte que je me lassai de voir dès la seconde fois qu'on m'y mena, où je trouve, par le dehors, que des monceaux de grandes pierres arrangées en degrés les unes sur les autres, et par le dedans que très peu d'art et d'invention.

Every one who has seen the two monuments alluded to will readily endorse the French doctor's opinion. The only point is, to whom is the *art et invention* to be attributed? many say that the Taj is, after all, the work of a Florentine artist, the tracery on the tomb and porch resembling strongly the well-known mosaics of Florence; but whatever may be said on either side of the question, one which we recommend to antiquarians, there is a story current amongst the natives regarding the unknown artist, whose country has not been settled, much less his name, which may not generally have appeared in print. The master workman, whoever he was, duly empowered by the emperor to erect a worthy mausoleum for the imperial bones 'regardless of expense,' entered on his business, laid the foundations, and then suddenly disappeared. In the Oriental fashion, proclamations were issued, rewards promised, and diligent search instituted everywhere for him without effect. At the expiration of a year the artist suddenly re-appeared before the sovereign in open Durbar, and stated that he was now perfectly ready to go on with the work, which he alone could finish, but that he had only hid himself in order to give the foundations sufficient time to settle, knowing full well that his majesty's impatience would not permit of the delay of a twelve-month, and that, without it, the superstructure would infallibly come down in a few years!

The surpassing merit of the Taj throws many of the remaining wonders of Agra into comparative obscurity. Yet in no city are so many splendid relics of the Mogul empire to be met with. The Fort alone is a chapter on the manners

and morals of an Oriental court. There is the hall of audience for the privileged great and the noble, a sort of levee-room, and another audience hall, to which the humblest and meanest peasants, complainants, all who had suffered or were about to suffer, had ready access, and came to make their *salaams*. This latter building has very judiciously been turned into an armoury, and amongst whole stacks of carbines and other weapons the stranger may here view the famous Somnath gates, the ill-judged proclamation, or 'song of triumph,' concerning which we are well inclined to forget, in the foresight and statesmanship, and absence of jobbery, which Lord Ellenborough showed in India in dealing with great questions. There is, in fact, a palace inside the fort, with cool summer retreats, looking out on the Jumna, the same gorgeous tracery running through the marble halls: with mosques—exquisite little gems, such as we should term private chapels—to which the ladies of the household might resort without encountering the danger of a profane gaze; and with a fearful *oubliette*, where those unfortunates who abused the royal confidence were speedily *forgotten*. Then a separate mosque—termed the Moti Musjed, or pearl, is the most chaste and severe specimen of architecture which religious fervour perhaps ever devised. It is built entirely of the whitest marble, and it is alone of regal or saintly edifices, almost without the slightest ornament or sculpture. Those who complain of too many minarets or domes or cupolas elsewhere, and of the lavish profusion with which festoons have been worked in coloured stone, may here find relief in the undecorated arch, the shapely column, and the unstained floor. Agra, in short, is nothing but a city of reliques and memorials. When the Fort and the Taj have been repeatedly visited, there is the Tomb of the Great Akbar at Secundra. This mausoleum covers as large a space as the Houses of Parliament, but it is of less costly material than that of Shah Jehan; it was not till his time, in fact, that marble was employed so largely, most of the earlier buildings being built of red

stone, with a partial introduction of white. One tomb is somewhat like another. There is the lofty gate leading into an acre or so of gardens, the elevated terrace on which the building stands, the arched galleries above and below, the central chamber to which you look up to the dome, the staircases at the four corners, and the minarets. What magnificence these Mussulmans displayed in their sepulchres! It may give some idea of the extent and capacity of one of them, to state that just opposite to the Tomb of Akbar, is the mausoleum of one of his wives, the Miriam Begum, who was really a Christian, the greatest of Indian sovereigns being noted for tolerance, and for marrying wives even of the Hindu faith. This tomb has been appropriated to a printing-press, and with a little adaptation to its requirements has proved admirably fitted for the purpose, and now daily holds 500 workmen, with types, paper, devils, and all the machinery of the various departments. We have no hesitation in saying that, if necessary, it would contain all the establishment of the *Times* newspaper.

In the vicinity of Agra, in a circle of forty miles, are situated places to which it is the fashion of all residents or visitors to make a trip. They lie in a complete horse-shoe, and are intimately connected with Hindu orthodoxy, English strategy, and Mohammedan splendour. Thus, plain Hinduism may be studied at Muttra, where Krishna was born, conquered, and played the flute; memorials of the strategy of Lord Lake may be seen in the fortress of Deeg, which capitulated to him; and in that of Bhurtpore, which, as the natives of the place remark, with a broad grin, to this day, did not so capitulate: the taste and formal mannerism of native princes, who study ornament and elegance, may be remarked in some new gardens and palaces which the little sovereign of Bhurtpore is laying out at Deeg; and the happy condition of the smaller states of India under the 'protection' of the 'paramount power,' is sensibly felt in the most transitory journey to Bhurtpore itself, the sovereign of which, now a minor, has the income of a good-

sized German Duchy without any of its claims and liabilities, and, for his subjects, the best agriculturists in all India—the Jâts. Of Bhurtpore and its two sieges nearly everybody has heard or read, and an odd story is still current—à la Macbeth—which gravely tells us of an old prophecy to the effect that Komheer—another fortress of the principality, halfway between Deeg and Bhurtpore—should never fall until a Komheer (an alligator) should come against it. Lord Lake had come and had failed; but when Lord Combermere brought his army there in 1826, the natives—as any one who knows their usual treatment of English names will easily understand—soon twisted the name of the Commander-in-chief into the 'allegory' on the banks of the Ganges, and it required very little dexterity to bring the weight of prophecy, as well as that of cannon, against the walls of the mightier stronghold—Bhurtpore; the lesser fortress, in this instance, including the greater, and the half, as the old Greek proverb has it, being more than the whole. But the main object of this little divergence, or 'cockney tour,' as it is locally called, is to visit the ruins of Futehpore Sikri; and we have no hesitation in affirming that whoever has not visited these ruins, so celebrated in India, so unknown in England, can form no adequate conception of the magnificence and grandeur of imperial Agra and Delhi. At the distance of twenty-two miles from the former city, Akbar built a palace, which is what Windsor is to St. James's, or Versailles to the Tuileries. It was not merely a summer residence, a chateau where he could retire from the cares of state, but a kingly dwelling, with every appendage of convenience or pomp round which the houses of the wealthy, the shops of the merchant, and the humble cottage of the mechanic, gradually swelled into a city. The walls, *six miles* in circumference, are still standing in many places: the less substantial edifices have crumbled into ruins, but the palace and its accessories still display to the inquirer all the machinery and the *morale* of the courts of the wisest of Mussulmans. It is rare to find an able cicerone in

India; some natives can tell you nothing but old women's tales of demigods who excavated a cave, or Jins who built a castle, or pious Brahmins at whose intercession or curse a noble work was either completed or stopped. But at these ruins hobbles forth, on the appearance of a sightseer, an old Mohammedan (he was living two years since), whose family is proved by the testimony of the whole neighbourhood to have lived on the spot for nine generations of articulate-speaking men. His ancestor was the disciple of an eminent saint, the confessor of Akbar, who is buried in a marble tomb of the great quadrangle of the palace, which in size is not much smaller than the Tom Quad at Christ Church, Oxford, whilst in sublimity, altitude, and style, it is well worthy to be the palace-yard of a great monarch. Under the guidance of this white-bearded conductor, the palace can be visited with peculiar facilities, and the nature and objects of the different buildings can be thoroughly understood. Some edifices tell their own tale; others must be taken on trust and probability. The houses for favourite wives, the royal nursery and hospital, the mint, the stables, the great mosque, the halls of audience, public and private, the chambers where ladies amused themselves with hide and seek or a game resembling blindman's buff, the small square where Akbar played at dice with women for counters, the spot where a faquir sat who taught his imperial master a science, which, by its description, some men think to have been mesmerism, the tomb of the saint with its marble flagstone work, the columns carved with knops, and fruits, and flowers, the ceiling decorated with blue and gold, faintly reminding us of the Alhambra Court at Sydenham, but now defaced by the Mahrattas or by time, the situation of the solitary city on a hill, with sandy plains around, the absence of all mercantile, military, or political reasons for its foundation,—all this speaks to us of the high notions which those sovereigns entertained of art, and of the reckless prodigality with which they lavished the accumulated treasures of their empire

on mere luxury and idle display. We are often told of the mighty works which our immediate predecessors wrought in India, and noble lords and indignant senators 'confess' with shame that they compare our unfruitfulness with the munificence of Viziers and Nawabs. But surely it cannot be contended that we are to imitate their expenditure, and spend thousands and even millions on tombs which would shelter dragoon regiments, palaces which furnish employment to hosts of carvers and gilders, and mosques in which five hundred sons of Islam could bow down at once. Yet what remains, if we except these many monuments of splendid inutility, to show the care and the forethought of Hindu and Mohammedan for the mass of the population? Of the fine road which Jehangir laid down between Agra and Delhi—a distance of less than 150 miles—there is not a trace remaining. The few canals dug by a prudent governor, to fertilize a district or to suit a regal caprice, were neglected long before our accession, and if carefully kept up, they would not altogether equal in length one half the Great Ganges Canal. There are indeed some magnificent serais in the tracts near the Punjab, and one legacy has been left us, which those who care to study the travels of impartial witnesses two hundred years ago—who had neither a party to satisfy nor a policy to support—may readily understand: the legacy, to wit, of faithlessness and corruption generated by a system where there was no medium between poverty and riches, no middle class between the abject and the great; where laws were promulgated by favour, administered with partiality, and evaded by wealth; where the aim of every man was to become rich by sudden means; where coercion begat fear, and servile concealment was an excuse for tyranny.

With Agra or Delhi must end an Eastern trip, if not intended to last for more than five months, including the voyage out and back again. But within this time we will guarantee that one not unimportant part of India shall be thoroughly visited: we do not say profoundly studied: we do not say that such a

trip will make a stranger, ignorant of the native language, comprehend the revenue system, understand a civil or criminal trial, or say how easy justice may be made attainable for every man, how the natives can best be made capable of some self-government, how the resources of the country can most speedily be 'developed.' But a man who at such a season travels on such a road, and enjoys facilities for intercourse with Europeans resident in the provinces, whether servants of the Government or otherwise, must be singularly unobservant if he does not feel himself on his return more competent to discuss Eastern questions than before. At any rate, he will have learnt to detect and avoid some rather material errors, which, when an Indian debate excites attention, as a party question, honourable members are somewhat apt to commit. That the grand Trunk Road is a mere military line for the transport of guns and stores: that there is no such thing as a steam engine at work in the Bengal presidency: that troops of agriculturists are daily seen to decamp, bag and baggage, into the territories of a native prince, for the pleasure of being tortured and ground down by a ruler of their own caste or colour: that European functionaries connive at torture: that the British Government is desirous of keeping its subjects in ignorance: that the amount of labour undergone by a magistrate in a district of Bengal is about equal to that of a country justice of the peace who sits in an empty room in a village inn, once a week or fortnight, for a couple of hours, to try a small boy for stealing turnips: that an Indian collector is an individual 'in a rusty suit of black, with a pale face, who calls at inconvenient times for the Queen's taxes, and is grumbled at as a matter of conscience,'—these, and similar absurdities he will have learnt to value as they ought to be valued, as the offspring of inveterate prejudices or ignorant malignity. If debates on Indian questions are ever to become frequent or popular, it were as well that light should be thrown on them by men of independence, who can command a hearing.

We do not expect that a visit to the Taj Mahal can soon become as popular as one to the Pyramids. The time and the expense—for such a trip as we have been describing could not well cost less than £350 to £400—would place it out of the reach of all but men of energy, leisure, and secure incomes. But that the journey will pay, in one sense of the word, we have no matter of doubt. The tombs and temples, the palaces and mosques ought to satisfy even those who can admire nothing in Europe but classical or mediæval architecture: whilst a man fond of statistics may return with note-books crammed full of details on the politics, the commerce, and the resources of the country. For a third, passionately fond of field sports, it will be easy to join a party under the guidance of some veteran woodsman, about to start for their annual visitation to the uncleared tracts where yet lurk the striped tiger and tusky boar. A fourth may care to visit the bench and the school-room, and hope that the lawlessness and the outrages now daily arraigned in the one may gradually give way to the civilization which the rising generation are learning in the other; or in some central college he may see the rival races of Hindu and Mussulman busily intent on their respective literatures, the young Brahmin with his rhetoric, and the young Mohammedan with his Koran and his seven famous poems, while a third literature, attracting more disciples, threatens in time to displace its rivals—the literature, which annihilates caste and prejudice in the language of Shakespeare and Milton, and in the discoveries of Copernicus and Herschel, undermines the very bulwarks of Hinduism; nor is it less amusing to enter the *magasin* of some rich native merchant in one of the large internal towns, and see him obligingly display all the wealth of upper India to his wondering visitor. The outward appearance of his dwelling may be humble, unimposing, even sordid: the interior conceals the superb wares, the costliest brocades, the most delicate fabrics of Cashmere, Amritsir, Benares, and Delhi. Political economists may well stand amazed at the art which, with sim-

ple utensils, aided by no machinery, and increased by no additional power, weaves the flowery tissues, carves the stone and ivory, and unites the purple lace to the yellow gold, on scarfs, not wholly unworthy the notice of a dowager in May Fair. If the British Government has created nothing else, it has created and preserved the present race of bankers and merchants; not that the Hindu was averse to traffic in former times, but we know from old travellers that the monied men under the Moguls were forced to conceal or deny their wealth: that their caravans on their journeys were subject to repeated demands for tolls and to attacks from robbers, and that they were frequently compelled to disgorge large portions of their wealth to minister to the exigencies of the state,—the invasion of an enemy's territory or the marriage of a king's eldest son: Under the present rule, this class of men enjoys the amplest opportunities for extensive traffic and for amassing capital, while they literally pay no one tax to Government. They have no lands, consequently they pay no land tax; they have comparatively little incentive to litigation, and an income tax is not likely to be tried soon in the East. With justice to these men it must be said that in Upper and Central India they are generally very much attached to the Company: well knowing how they thrive under that strong administration, they have been signally liberal in contributing to the erection of schools, hospitals, and similar buildings: their influence in directing the minds of their countrymen in times of agitation has been felt and acknowledged by several Governments, and were Lord Canning to require a loan of two millions or so to-morrow, we really believe that it would be contributed, on the mere word of

an English official, by half a dozen of the great banking and mercantile families. A broad line must be drawn between such men, and some of the millionaires of Madras, Calcutta, and Lower Bengal, who, as Mr. Campbell justly remarks, have less claim to be regarded as 'the natives' than any other class. Their religion consists in having thrown off the restraints of the Shasters, to indulge in the spiced meats and the rich wines of Europe: their patriotism in loudly bawling out European principles of morality, and in steadily acting on their own; in fact, with their clerks, who will draw out a bond for 'three thousand ducats,' and their retainers, who, at a nod, will plunder bazaars, arrest passengers, and defy the executive, they present us with a curious compound of mercantile and feudal economics, a sort of hybrid between *Front de Bœuf* and *Shylock*.

Doubtless there is much still to be done in India, much to be reformed, much to be actually created. We have to build bridges, and lay down roads: to educate generally, and not partially, natives for employment, and then to find situations for them when educated: to clear away gangs of robbers, especially in our lower Gangetic valley: to render speedy justice accessible to every man, and to make the rich feel that they can no longer set law at defiance. But we envy not the 'frigid philosophy' of those men who, after due consideration, and with a knowledge of the subject, can look coldly on the great improvements which have been steadily carried out, within the last ten years, in the Bengal Presidency, and most of all in the Punjab; or who regard India only as a field for the employment of English capital, and Indian labourers merely as 'valuable consumers of English produce.'

W. S. S-K.



BAIN ON THE SENSES AND THE INTELLECT.*

MOST people who know anything of the history of metaphysics in this country, must remember the account given by Dr. Thomas Brown's biographer of the manner in which that brilliant metaphysician of the Scottish series prepared his *Lectures on the Philosophy of the Human Mind*. Having been appointed, in the year 1810, assistant and successor to Dugald Stewart in the Moral Philosophy Chair at Edinburgh, chiefly on account of his general reputation for ability and accomplishment, though partly also on account of his special aptitude for metaphysical researches, as shown in his essay *On Causation*, and his writings and lectures in previous years, he came to his high post rather with a few scattered notions on speculative topics, and a few decided tendencies of thought, than with a consistent body of already elaborated doctrine. He had, in fact, to extemporize his system as he went on with his class. He performed the feat most characteristically. Every evening, after tea, he sat down to prepare his lecture for the next day; he wrote usually far into the night, and then, after a few hours of sleep, resumed the work in the morning; and the result was that, being an acute and subtle thinker, capable of analysing and reasoning with extraordinary rapidity and delicacy, and having at the same time an easy flow of words, and plenty of poetical quotations to draw upon when his own matter fell short in quantity, he was always ready by twelve o'clock with a lecture which seemed to his class the acme of originality and ingenuity, and drew forth from the crowded benches, at every well-spoken passage of verse, a round of sympathetic applause. Poor Dugald Stewart, 'Plato of the Scottish school,' as he had for years been esteemed, and majestic though he was, as never Professor had before been, in gait, look, and garb, was for the time quite eclipsed by this deft little Aristotle of his own choosing. Not his reputation only, for which he probably

cared little, but his doctrines, for which he cared a great deal, were in peril. Trained up under Stewart himself in the Common-sense philosophy of Reid, Brown no sooner found himself in possession of Stewart's chair than he began to start away in all directions from that philosophy, and, under the pretext of differing from Reid, to propound views equally subversive of what Stewart had taught. Not was the influence only local and temporary. Brown's premature death indeed, in 1820, left Stewart the survivor, and with eight years of life still before him during which to diffuse in his calm mild way, through the press, doctrines similar to those which Brown had assailed; but Brown's *Lectures*, prepared in the manner in which we have described, were published after his death *verbatim* from his manuscripts, and these, as all know, have continued his influence. There are still here and there among us contented persons who swear by Brown; and some of his trains of thinking have entered, with changes, into the speculations of subsequent philosophers of harder grain than himself, who, without swearing by him, think he did good service. On the whole, however, the fate of his doctrines has corresponded with the manner of their origin. In more senses than one, Brown's position in the history of Philosophy might be indicated by calling him the author of the Whig system of British Metaphysics. It was Lord John Russell, then a student in Edinburgh, who headed the deputation appointed to congratulate Dugald Stewart on his recovery from the illness which had caused him first to have recourse to Brown's help, and to thank him for having procured for his class so splendid a substitute. One might generalize the incident, and say that there are subtle points of sympathy between Brown's system as a phase of British philosophy, and the system of British politics of which his Lordship has so long been the representative. We should suppose

* *The Senses and the Intellect*. By Alexander Bain, A.M. London: John W. Parker and Son. 1855.

that, so far as Brown still has contented disciples, they would be found principally among the strict elderly Whigs. At all events, the fortune of his system has been very much that of Whiggism in British politics. Just as, on the one hand, political Whiggism has passed forth by the logical development of some of its germs by new and bolder minds into a Radicalism at which it stands aghast, half dubious of the paternity; and as, on the other hand, it finds itself attacked from behind by a new Conservatism so reinforced by fresh draughts from the fountain-head as hardly to resemble the old one, though retaining some of its traditions;—in like manner has Brown's philosophy been disintegrated on one side by more rigorous speculation in the same direction, and battered unexpectedly on the other by stronger forms of that which it fancied it had superseded. On the one side is thorough-going English Sensationalism, tracing its true descent from Locke, and beckoning British thought away from Brown as an intermediate man who has served his day; on the other, and more congenial to many minds, is Transcendentalism in one or other of its forms, and most conspicuously in the form of that new Scottish, or, as some would say, Scoto-German metaphysics, which has arisen from the ploughing up of old Reid's ground by living Scottish intellects, attached to the soil because it is native, and because they believe it to be still rich and productive, but covering it first with the necessary sprinkling of the best Continental thought, and ploughing it with all their Caledonian strength in the deep Kantian manner. In Edinburgh, where it is chiefly the last kind of philosophy that prevails, Brown is now obsolete. Made light of, and torn to pieces on the spot many years ago by that pride of Scotland and Hercules among living metaphysicians, Sir William Hamilton, Brown's doctrines have come to be regarded, in their very birth-place, only as fine tissues of quasi-philosophical thinking, and not as real philosophy. Reid and Stewart have been reinstated as containing at least the elements of a sounder system; and what is wanted over

and above to bring the philosophy up to the standard of modern requirements, is supplied by original disquisitions by no means in the wake of Brown, and having very little reference to him.

Whatever objections may be taken to the present work of Mr. Bain, it will certainly escape those to which, on account of the manner of their preparation, Brown's dissertations were justly liable. If Mr. Bain's doctrines do not stand their ground, it will not be because they have been hastily thrown together. The work is not a system of extemporized opinions ingeniously spun out at the rate of one every evening, and left to adjust themselves by the mere chance of consistency on due intertexture. On the contrary, there is evidence of something of that patience and slow plenitude of prior thought which characterized Reid himself, and gave such solidity and durability to his doctrines. With a decided bent from the first towards this class of inquiries, the author seems to have proceeded gradually and laboriously, investigating now one point and now another, letting go a train of thought in order to resume it again in a better connexion and with the impulse of accumulated instances and proofs, and so, by the natural coagulation of his materials, to have at last arrived at a system, of the main generalities of which, and of many of its more minute details, he could feel sure. Every reader of the book, we should imagine, will recognise the author as a man who holds his leading principles with a singularly firm grasp, and who has thought them out laboriously for himself through all those rich complexities of human life and action, of which he offers them to others as a competent science. The work indeed, though it shows the possession by the author of a faculty of very acute analysis, and also implies an acquaintance on his part with the speculations of previous thinkers in the same walk, is less remarkable for the actual specimens of analysis which it submits to the reader, and for the controversial references to other men's opinions with which it entertains him, than for the distinctness with which it propounds

conclusions already obtained by the author by his own direct observations of the miscellaneous facts of life, and the abundant detail with which these are explained and exemplified. The method of the book is, so far, rather synthetic than analytic, rather dogmatic than dialectic. In this also there is some resemblance to Reid, much of the richness and freshness of whose writings arises from his homely habit of propounding his own conclusions together with the facts which suggested them, and leaving them to make their way; instead of first exhibiting the views of other philosophers all round, and then learnedly eliciting the truth by discussion and analysis. In short, if we are not mistaken, here is another Scotchman—for that Mr. Bain is a Scotchman we make no manner of doubt—who has applied himself with an original power of thinking to the traditional speculations of his countrymen, and who, making it his business rather to put forth his own views as a whole at first hand, than to settle his coincidences and differences with his predecessors, even of the Scottish series, will have himself to be referred to as furnishing new matter for comment and criticism to others. The book is one to attract attention, and to leave its mark wherever it is read.

Our allusion to Reid must not be mistaken. It is only in certain external particulars of method and manner that one can allege even a general resemblance between the present work and the writings of the father of the Scottish school of philosophy. In doctrine, Mr. Bain by no means belongs to the school of Reid, nor to any *a priori* school whatever. He is distinctly of the opposite school—of that school to which, in matters of doctrine, Brown stands more nearly related than Reid. In fact, though a Scotchman, his place would seem to be among the thorough-going English Sensationalists, who carry out Locke's fundamental maxim to its extreme modern issues; and not among Transcendentalists of any order or denomination. In this respect, James Mill is perhaps, among previous Scottish thinkers, the one with whom he might be

more immediately associated; though even then the association would not imply similarity of style or method. There is indeed no professed exposition of metaphysical faith in Mr. Bain's work, which keeps rigorously to its purpose as a system of psychology; but enough is said incidentally to show that the author takes his stand on the notion that the foundation of all knowledge is experience; that whatever exists in the human mind has, and can have, no other origin than the workings of the physical organization of man in the midst of the conditions in which it is placed. On this notion, we say, the author evidently takes his stand, as the very basis and postulate of his whole system. There is no doubt, therefore, that those who find it satisfactory to class a man before dealing with him, might, with his own consent, class him among the Sensationalists. At the same time it will be found by those who read the book, that, if he is a Sensationalist, he is by no means a Sensationalist of the old school, but that one of the very peculiarities of his work consists in its proposing certain important modifications or corrections of the ordinary theory of Sensationalism, with a view to square it better with the facts it has to answer, and strengthen it where it has hitherto been most weak. We will venture to say, also, that a very large proportion of the matter of the book will be found not to depend for its validity on the fundamental metaphysical doctrine with which it is associated, but to be quite reconcileable, as so much independent thought and observation of a peculiar kind, with any metaphysical system whatever. Both these statements will be made clear if we briefly describe the plan and contents of the book.

With most recent psychologists, Mr. Bain adopts a division of the phenomena of mind into three categories or genera—the phenomena of feeling, sensation or passive susceptibility; the phenomenon of volition, effort or active impulse, prompted by feeling; and the phenomena of thought, cognition or intelligence. His definition of mind is, that it has these three capacities conjointly, of feeling, acting according to feeling,

and thinking;* and he holds that all the infinite variety of mental manifestations, from the first conscious cry of a child up to the composition of an *Iliad*, are but more or less complex cases of thought, action, and feeling, combined in different proportions. There is nothing, we have just said, peculiar in this: the same identical classification having been formally adopted by other recent writers on mental science; while even the old division of mind into the understanding and the will, or the intellectual powers and the active powers, may be easily made to yield it. Mr. Bain's merit in connexion with the classification, lies rather in the rigorous way in which he carries it along with him, so as to compel his readers to realize it and attend to it, and in the skill with which he has got over the difficulty of using it in the arrangement of his book, and yet proceeding gradually from the more simple to the more complex considerations of his science. There is no reader, for example, who will not carry away from the book a conviction that, however truly for certain ultimate purposes one may think of the human mind as an indissoluble unity, yet for all ordinary and most scientific purposes it will be true to regard it as consisting of three elements, the proportions of which may vary much in different individual samples—the element of feeling or sensibility, the element of impulse or energy, and the element of reflection or intelligence. Something of this kind, indeed, is already assumed in common talk,—as when we apply it to the description of character, and speak of natures excelling in active energy, but deficient in sensibility; or of natures at once energetic and intellectual, but cold and unimpressible; or of natures sensitive and emotional, without being intellectual or energetic. But the effect of Mr. Bain's disquisitions is to show that there is a real scientific propriety in such language. In other words, though all minds are equipped for feeling, ac-

tion, and thought, simultaneously, yet, organically and structurally, different natures may be equipped for the three functions in very different proportions; and though almost every mental operation capable of being made an object of distinct study is a combined result of the three functions, each with its potency infinitely exalted by a prior course of co-operation with the others, yet if we *could* trace up every mental operation by stages, so as to see how much of it had its final root in the sensibility, how much in the active energies, and how much in the intelligence, we should find the ratio continually varying. Here however is the very consideration which, while it enhances the theoretical value of the threefold division of mental phenomena as above proposed, renders its practical use difficult. Seeing that scarcely any mental operation is either pure feeling, pure action, or pure intellection, but that every feeling involves will and thought, every volition, feeling and thought, and every thought, feeling and volition, how is the psychologist to apply the division in the arrangement of his work, and yet be true to that principle of arrangement which postpones the complex till the simple has been disposed of?

Mr. Bain has managed the difficulty thus:—He divides the feelings or sensibilities into two orders—the lower or ruder, or, as one might say, animal sensibilities, which he names, by way of distinction, the sensations; and the higher or finer, or more peculiarly human sensibilities, for which he reserves the name of the emotions. In like manner, he divides the active energies or impulses into two orders—the spontaneous muscular activities, and the so-called appetites and animal instincts forming one order; and the higher and more conscious exercises of volition another. Now, in both these cases, the very distinction into higher and lower, means greater or less amount of interconnexion with the intelligence. What are

* A debate might be raised on Mr. Bain's statement, that consciousness is inseparable only from feeling and not from action or thought; and his consequent identification of feeling specially with 'consciousness,' and feelings with 'conscious states.'

called the sensations or mere elementary forms of sensibility, and what are called the muscular activities, appetites, and instincts, are in reality capable of being considered, with some degree of success, before the intellect, as such, is made an object of study; whereas the emotions and the higher phenomena of volition or active energy could hardly be treated at all, except after a theory of thought or intelligence. Hence, a psychologist might very reasonably, while keeping up the theory of his three-fold division of mind into the sensibilities, the activities, and the intellect, depart from it in practice so far as, first, to commence with *Preliminary Considerations on those lower forms of sensibility and animal energy which furnish the intellect with its first necessary material*, and then to pass successively to the intellect, the emotions, and the will; sometimes anticipating a little, but, on the whole, carrying on into each stage all that has been accumulated in those beyond. This is, accordingly, the plan which Mr. Bain has adopted, except that, for the sake of brevity, he has (with some detriment, we think, to the dual character of this portion of his work) abandoned the longer title describing the first part, and headed it with the single term of *The Senses*. In the present volume, however, he overtakes only *The Senses* and *The Intellect*; and hence its name. In another volume he is to discuss *The Emotions* and *The Will*; and the two volumes will form, together, his system of psychology.

Mr. Bain has himself indicated in his preface what he considers the chief peculiarities of his system, so far as it is developed in the present volume. We quote his words:—

Conceiving that the time has now come, when many of the striking discoveries of Physiologists relative to the nervous system should find a recognised place in the Science of Mind, I have devoted a separate chapter to the Physiology of the Brain and Nerves.

In treating of the Senses, besides recognising the so-called muscular sense as distinct from the five senses, I have thought proper to assign to Movement and the feelings of Movement a position preceding the Sensations of the senses; and have endeavoured to prove that the

exercise of active energy originating in purely internal impulses, independent of the stimulus produced by outward impressions, is a primary fact of our constitution.

Among the Senses, have been here enrolled and described with some degree of minuteness the feelings connected with the various processes of organic life, — Digestion, Respiration, &c. — which make up so large a part of individual happiness and misery.

A systematic plan has been introduced into the description of the conscious states in general, so as to enable them to be compared and classified with more precision than heretofore. However imperfect may be the first attempt to construct a Natural History of the Feelings, upon the basis of a uniform descriptive method, the subject of mind cannot attain a high scientific character until some progress has been made towards the accomplishment of this object.

In the department of the Senses, the Instincts, or primitive endowments of our mental constitution, are fully considered; and in endeavouring to arrive at the original foundation, or first rudiments, of Volition, a theory of this portion of the mind has been suggested.

In treating of the Intellect, the subdivision into faculties is abandoned. The exposition proceeds entirely on the Laws of Association, which are exemplified with minute detail and followed out into a variety of applications.

We cannot do better than use these paragraphs from Mr. Bain's own pen, as guiding us to what is most important and interesting in the contents of the book.

I. THE PRELIMINARY ACCOUNT OF THOSE PARTS OF THE BODILY STRUCTURE OF MAN MORE IMMEDIATELY CONNECTED WITH THE OPERATIONS OF MIND. This chapter, occupying in all sixty-two pages of the volume (pp. 1—62), is extremely interesting in itself, as furnishing perhaps the best *résumé* we have yet had from the hands of a psychologist, of all the information we possess on this subject, including the discoveries and generalizations of the most recent anatomists and physiologists; and it is also interesting in connexion with Mr. Bain's book, as showing us at the outset where it is that he lays the foundation of his system. We have already said that in Mr. Bain's philosophy man is regarded as, for all the purposes of our knowledge, a certain organiza-

tion, endowed with such and such capacities and sensibilities, and placed in the midst of a certain *ensemble* of conditions which act upon it, and upon which it acts in turn. In this introductory chapter, he defines more precisely those parts of the organization in which mental action is located. They are the brain and nerves; or, more correctly, that complex system of interconnected nerve centres and nerve cords which (the brain being, as it were, the great central terminus, and the spinal axis the main trunk), spreads through all parts of the body, like a system of telegraphic wires. In every mental operation, of any kind, he says, there is a disturbance, a tremor, or whatever we choose to call it, among these nerves and nerve centres. An influence or force originating in one point or spot is propagated to other points or spots, and in every act of such propagation of influence there is a waste of nervous substance. The physical equivalent, therefore, of mental action, is 'nervous currents;' and in the study of mental action we must begin by obtaining as exact a knowledge as we can of the nerves and nerve centres, which have the generation and transmission of these 'currents' for their business, and of the laws by which the 'currents' take place. What knowledge we do possess of this kind (very considerable as regards *structure*, but very imperfect yet as regards *function*), Mr. Bain accordingly lays before us, partly in well-selected extracts from the works of eminent anatomists and physiologists, partly in very neat and concise summaries of his own. The following is a notable passage in which, summing up the ideas which the most advanced physiology would lead us to entertain, as to the precise nature of the physical equivalent of mental action, he corrects a mistake on this subject, running through the language of the elder Sensationalists:—

It is nevertheless manifest that the nervous power is generated from the action of the nutriment supplied to the body, and is therefore of the class of forces having a common origin, and capable of being mutually transmitted,—including mechanical momentum, heat, electricity,

magnetism, and chemical decomposition. The power that animates the human frame and keeps alive the currents of the brain, has its origin in the grand primal source of reviving power, the Sun; his influence exerted on vegetation builds up the structures whose destruction and decay within the animal system give forth all the energy concerned in maintaining the animal processes. What is called vitality is not so much a peculiar force as a collocation of the forces of inorganic matter for the purpose of keeping up a living structure. If our means of observation and measurement were more perfect, we might render account of all the nutriment consumed in any animal or human being; we might calculate the entire amount of energy evolved in the changes that constitute this consumption, and allow one portion for animal heat, another for the processes of secretion, a third for the action of the heart, lungs, and intestines, a fourth for the muscular exertion made within the period, a fifth for the activity of the brain, and so on till we had a strict balancing of receipt and expenditure. The nerve force that is derived from the waste of a given amount of food, is capable of being transmuted into any other force of animal life. Poured into the muscles during violent conscious effort, it increases their activity; passing to the alimentary canal, it aids in the force of digestion; in moments of excitement the power is converted into sensible heat; the same power is found capable of yielding true electrical currents. The evidence that establishes the common basis of mechanical and chemical force, heat, and electricity, namely, their mutual convertibility and common origin, establishes the nerve force as a member of the same group.

The current character of the nerve force leads to a considerable departure from the common mode of viewing the position of the brain as the organ of mind. We have seen that the cerebrum is a mixed mass of grey and white matter,—the matter of centres and the matter of conduction. Both are required in any act of the brain known to us. The smallest cerebral operation includes the transmission of an influence from one centre to another centre, from a centre to an extremity, or the reverse. Hence we cannot separate the centres from their communicating branches; and if so, we cannot separate the centres from the other organs of the body that originate or receive nerve stimulus. The organ of mind is not the brain by itself; it is the brain, nerves, muscles, and organs of sense.

* * * *

It is, therefore, in the present state of our knowledge, an entire misconception to talk of a *sensorium* within the brain, a *sanctum sanctorum*, or inner chamber, where impressions are poured in and stored up to be reproduced in a future day. There is no such chamber, no such mode of reception of outward influence. A stimulus or sensation acting on the brain exhausts itself in the production of a number of transmitted currents or influences; while the stimulus is alive, these continue, and when these have ceased the impression is exhausted. The revival of the impression is the setting on of the currents anew; such currents show themselves in actuating the bodily members,—the voice, the eyes, the features,—in productive action, or in mere expression and gesture. The currents may have all degrees of intensity, from the fury of a death-struggle to the languor of a half-sleeping reverie, or the fitful flashes of a dream, but their nature is still the same.

We must thus discard for ever the notion of the *sensorium commune*, the cerebral closet, as a central seat of mind, or receptacle of sensation and imagery. We may be very far from comprehending the full and exact character of nerve force, but the knowledge we have gained is sufficient to destroy the hypothesis that has until lately prevailed as to the material processes of perception. Though we have not attained a final understanding of this obscure and complicated machinery, we can at least substitute a more exact view for a less; and such is the substitution now demanded of current action for the crude conception of a central receptacle of stored up impressions. Our present insight enables us to say with great probability, no currents, no mind.

We have no doubt that within the limits of this passage lies the real field of battle between Mr. Bain's system and other systems of psychology constructed on different principles. We do not refer to the objections likely to be made by foolish persons, to whom all talk about 'nervous currents' and the like, in connexion with the human mind, may be supposed, in itself, to be both novel and disagreeable. Such persons have yet to qualify themselves for being reasoned with at all, in matters pertaining to mental science; they are in the same position relative to speculations of this order, as the ignorant vulgar were in relation to geology at a time when geology "

was beginning to be a science. We allude rather to Mr. Bain's peers and brother psychologists, who are likely to receive his work as a contribution of a new and original thinker to the philosophy of the human mind. Now, as all know, there is a large class of such thinkers, including all of the school in which Mr. Bain does not rank himself, who, without having any disinclination to know about 'nervous currents,' and their connexion with mind, but, on the contrary, having a very keen interest in such matters, and a desire to see all such knowledge pushed to the uttermost, are yet disposed to refer such knowledge to a science distinct from psychology proper, and to keep psychology proper clear of it. The business of legitimate psychology, according to these philosophers, is the observation and generalization of the facts of consciousness, as such; the science has nothing to do with facts, save as they are presented through, or, so to speak, on this side of consciousness. Consciousness is, so to speak, a kind of aerial platform or chamber, on which phenomena appear or through which they flash and flit; it is phenomena as they appear there that the psychologist is to seize, register, and classify; it is the laws of the relations and successions of phenomena in consciousness, that he is to try to ascertain. The question of the genesis of consciousness itself, the study of consciousness in its aspect as itself one phenomenon of universal nature, the consideration of the way in which, out of the complex world of things, there emerges a concurrence of conditions giving birth to so astounding and peculiar a fact as that of conscious life,—this, they admit, is also a great speculation, wherein both the physiologist with his 'nervous currents,' and what light can be got out of them, and the metaphysician, properly so called, with his illumination, *a priori*, or even his dark lantern of hypothesis, may most naturally expatiate. All that they desire is, that the science of phenomena in consciousness shall be kept distinct, or distinct in the meantime, from the science of the phenomenon, consciousness; which latter

science, involving as it does the absolute validity of the facts of consciousness, the validity of consciousness in relation to all that is real in existence external to itself, they give over to the physiologist and the metaphysician conjointly, with instructions to each of them to do his best, after his own method; and with a hint that whichever of them can manage to kill the other or reduce him to slavery, shall be master of the field.

Now, we confess to a strong sympathy with this mode of thinking. We have an unconquerable predilection for that theory which, though recognising mind or consciousness as, from the point of view of the universal, a phenomenon as much as any other, would yet, for our purposes, regard the emergence of this phenomenon, so all important for us, out of the universal world of things, as constituting a great mark or epoch drawn athwart that world, and separating it (to use a historical form of language) into two parts—the trans-conscious, and the cis-conscious. However consciousness originates, and whatever inquiries, physiological or metaphysical, we may institute into its origination, we have a feeling, as if we should do better, for a long time to come at least, in all our disquisitions about human nature, as philosophers, by continuing to take mind or consciousness for granted, as a region separated from physical nature by such decisive partitions that all its phenomena are to be treated as belonging to a totally new series. At the same time, we see very well how Mr. Bain, from his point of view, may counter-argue this. The notion of drawing a distinction between phenomena in consciousness, and the phenomenon, consciousness, he might object to as futile. What are termed phenomena in consciousness, he might argue, are, in reality, only *varieties of the phenomenon, consciousness*; there can therefore be no proper study of the phenomena of consciousness, apart from the study of consciousness as a phenomenon! To speculate about the genesis of consciousness, once for all, and then let consciousness loose in the universe, with a general charter of privilege for whatever

shall claim to belong to it, is, he might say, an impossible proceeding. Every individual act or state of consciousness has necessarily a separate genesis, and to study the various phenomena of consciousness in their relations to each other, means therefore, to study each separate state of consciousness down, if it can be done, to its physical roots! And so, after all, the sooner physiology can be connected with psychology in any sure manner, the better it will be for psychological science!

Such, we believe, would be Mr. Bain's mode of replying to the psychologists whose views we have tried to represent; and to argue the question back again from their side, is more than we shall now attempt. It ought to be noted, however, that Mr. Bain, though he seeks to root psychology in physiology, does not go to the extreme of M. Comte, who is for obliterating psychology as a separate science altogether, and treating it as simply a department of general biology or physiology, concerned more peculiarly with the phenomena of cerebration. Although Mr. Bain would doubtless feel bound to regard the science of mind, in the long run, as the developed science of 'nervous currents,' he is yet content at present, only to indicate that in his opinion the beginnings of the science do lie among these 'currents,' and to offer some inductions towards organizing these beginnings; and for the rest he proceeds in a way to which the older psychologists could not object, readily allowing to consciousness all its traditional dignity as a true and trustworthy purveyor of facts, which it is the business of the philosopher, on this authority alone, to assume and generalize. In fairness to Mr. Bain, it ought also to be stated, that he has doubtless reserved the higher questions relating to consciousness and the like, for his future volume, in which he will treat of intelligence as complicated with emotion and volition, and so giving birth to the more transcendental and extreme forms of human thought. He will then probably himself explain his relations to metaphysics, and his views of some of the perennial metaphysical problems; and it is not for a critic of the present volume

to be too hasty in anticipating what, in the case of such a thinker as Mr. Bain, these may turn out to be.

II. THE NATURAL HISTORY OF THE LOWER FORMS OF HUMAN SENSIBILITY AND ACTIVITY; OR, THE DOCTRINE OF MOVEMENT, SENSE, AND INSTINCT.—This portion of Mr. Bain's volume extends over 246 pages (pp. 65-311); and it is impossible, by any general description, to convey an idea of the wealth of material accumulated in it, of the skill with which this is arranged, or of the quantity of luminous, ingenious, and striking thought with which it is interspersed. Let Mr. Bain himself be our guide to the points where the greatest novelty will be found.

1. *The doctrine of spontaneous or self-originated movements.*—‘I have thought proper,’ says Mr. Bain, ‘to assign to movement and feelings of movement a position preceding the sensations of the senses; and have endeavoured to prove that the exercise of active energy originating in purely internal impulses, independent of the stimulus produced by outward impressions, is a primary fact of our constitution.’ We believe that the innovation thus modestly announced by the author, will be recognised as one of very great importance by all who can perceive its consequences. Already, as we have seen, in abandoning the old figure of the storing of images or impressions in a sensorial chamber in the brain, and substituting, as a more exact description of the accompanying physical incident of all mental action, the notion of nervous currents running along a system of nerves and nerve centres distributed through the body, Mr. Bain had taken a step in advance of the older Sensationalists. But this doctrine of spontaneous activity is a still more important modification of the theory of Sensationalism as hitherto held. The ordinary view of those maintaining this theory has been that, in all mental action, the initiative lies without the human organism—that impressions are first made on the nerves at their extremities in the various organs or seats of sensibility; that thence they are conveyed to the nerve centres; and that whatever consequent action

comes back from these centres so as to appear in the muscles, is nothing more than a return current provoked by what went in. Mr. Bain, on the other hand, thinks there is evidence that the nerve centres have in themselves a power of originating currents, without any stimulus from without, and that so there may be spontaneous muscular action. For the grounds on which he rests this conclusion we must refer to the volume; but how powerfully the conclusion, if correct, must affect the philosophy of the Sensationalists, must be evident at a glance. No longer, if it be admitted, need the Sensationalists adhere to the doctrine which has been always felt to be the weakness of their system, that man is wholly the creature of circumstances, active only in so far as he is acted upon; on the contrary, they may now regard it as sound belief that there is in man, as such, a fund of primordial energy, flowing, or tending to flow, from within outwards, directed to this or that object, it may be, by the stimulus of sensation, but welling up incessantly, whether sensation is present or not. Such a doctrine once announced must necessarily recur frequently in connexion with the more advanced parts of mental science; and accordingly it is found recurring again and again in Mr. Bain's work, always with the effect of giving a new turn or modification to the speculations with which he associates it. One of its most obvious applications is to the science of character. Though there is a fund of primordial energy in all men, it may admit of all varieties of greater or less in different constitutions. In some men, the prevailing current may be the inflowing one from the senses or outer seats of sensibility in contact with the external world to the nerve centres; in others, the nerve centres themselves may be prodigiously active, generating energy which presses to be discharged, and in these the direction of the currents will rather be from within outwards. The following is a passage in which Mr. Bain points out this application of his doctrine:—

It may be remarked that sensibility and activity do not as a general rule rise and fall together; on the contrary, they

often stand in an inverse proportion to each other. In comparing different characters, or the different states of the same individual, we may test the truth of this observation. The strong, restless, active temperament is not always marked as the most sensitive and emotional, but is very frequently seen to be the least affected by these influences. The activity that seems to sustain itself, costing the individual almost no effort, being his delight rather than his drudgery, and very little altered by the presence or the absence of stimulus or ends, is manifestly a constitutional self-prompting force; and such activity may be seen in innumerable instances in the living world. This feature makes one of the fundamental distinctions of character, both in individuals and in races; being seen in the restless adventurer, the indefatigable traveller, the devotee of business, the incessant meddler in affairs; in the man that hates repose and despises passive enjoyments. It is the pushing energy of Philip of Macedon and William the Conqueror. On the other hand, sensitive and emotional natures, which are to be found abundantly among men, and still more abundantly among women, are not active in a corresponding degree, while the kind of activity actually displayed is plainly seen to result more from some stimulus or object than from an innate exuberance of action. The activity prompted by ends, by something to be gained or avoided, is easily distinguished from the other by its being closely adapted to those ends, and by its ceasing when they have been accomplished. He that labours merely on the stimulus of reward, rests when he has acquired a competency, and is never confounded with the man whose life consists in giving vent to a naturally active temperament, or a superabundance of muscular and central energy.

2. *Classification and detailed account of the senses.*—This includes a separate account of each group of human sensations. The muscular sensations, or feelings connected with muscle, are considered first; then all the remaining sensations of mere organic life, such as those connected with the bones and ligaments, those connected with the waste of nerve itself, and those connected with the processes of circulation, respiration, and digestion; while the sensations of the so-called five senses are reserved to the last, and are then treated with the utmost minuteness in the following order—taste, smell, touch, hearing,

and sight. We do not know that our literature contains a more satisfactory and exhaustive summary of our knowledge in this important department than is here presented. We can only note, in passing, the excellence of Mr. Bain's method of arrangement, depending mainly on his thorough and consistent application to this part of his subject, of a distinction of the sensations into higher and lower, according to the degree of their idea-furnishing power, or recoverability by the intellect.

3. *Doctrine of rudimentary volition.*—This is in reality a development of the doctrine of spontaneous activity alluded to above; and there is perhaps no part of the work in which Mr. Bain's ingenuity as a thinker will be more readily recognised. Having established it, he thinks, 'as an important fact of the human system, that our various organs are liable to be moved by a stimulus flowing out from the nervous centres in the absence of any impressions from without, or any antecedent state of feeling whatsoever,' he states it as his belief that volition, when strictly examined, will be found to be a compound made up of this fact and 'something else.' What this something else is, he explains at some length. There are two steps in the explanation. The first step consists in the distinct enunciation of a principle already hinted at—that though there is a spontaneous supply of energy in the being, independent of all sensation, yet it is the property of sensation to associate itself with the energy thus accumulated and pressing for discharge, and to determine the fact of the discharge. 'The centres of speech and song, for example, when fresh and healthy, may either overflow so as to commence action in a purely spontaneous way, or they may remain undischarged till irritated by some external influence, as, for example, the sound of another voice. The bird whose morning song has lain dormant for a time, flows out again at the stimulus of another songster just begun.' In short, it is proved by a thousand instances that it is a property of feeling to associate itself with action, to set action

going. But the kind of action primarily resulting from this mere association of in-coming feeling with out-pressing energy, is, not what we call volitional action. In what, then, does it differ from volitional action? Precisely in this, that it is action in general, random action, action all over, action bursting forth, so to speak, at every pore of that part of the organism which is under the control of the excited centre. In other words, all that feeling does (and it is best seen in the case of the painful feelings) is to impel to action of some kind or other. In volitional action, however, it is implied that the action is of a specific kind, directed to a particular end, and managed from first to last by a reference to that end. The transmutation of mere feeling-prompted action, therefore, into volitional action, involves something more; and what that is Mr. Bain thus explains:—

If, at the moment of some acute pain, there should accidentally occur a spontaneous movement, and if that movement sensibly alleviates the pain, then it is that the volitional impulse belonging to the feeling will show itself. The movement accidentally begun through some other influence, will be sustained through this influence of the painful emotion. In the original situation of things, the acute feeling is unable of itself to bring on the precise movement that would modify the suffering; there is no primordial link between a state of suffering and a train of alleviating movements. But should the proper movement be once actually begun, and cause a felt diminution of the acute agony, the spur that belongs to states of pain would suffice to sustain this movement. Once assume that the two waves occur together in the same cerebral seat—a wave of painful emotion, and a wave of spontaneous action tending to subdue the pain,—there would arise an influence out of the former to sustain and prolong the activity of the latter. The emotion cannot invite, or suggest, or waken up the appropriate action; nevertheless, the appropriate action once there and sensibly telling upon the irritation, is thereupon kept going by the active influence, the volitional spur of the irritated consciousness. In short, if the state of pain cannot awaken a dormant action, a present feeling can at least maintain a present action. This, so far as I can make out, is the original position of things in the matter of volition. It may

be that the start and the movements resulting from an acute smart, may relieve the smart, but that would not be a volition. In volition there are actions quite distinct from the manifested movements due to the emotion itself; these other actions rise at first independently and spontaneously, and are clutched in the embrace of the feeling when the two are found to suit one another in the alleviation of pain or the effusion of pleasure.

An example will perhaps place this speculation in a clearer light. An infant lying in bed has the painful sensation of chillness. This feeling produces the usual emotional display, namely, movements, and perhaps cries and tears. Besides these emotional elements there is a latent spur of volition, but with nothing to lay hold of as yet, owing to the disconnected condition of the mental arrangements at our birth. The child's spontaneity, however, may be awake, and the pained condition will act so as to irritate the spontaneous centres, and make their central stimulus flow more copiously. In the course of a variety of spontaneous movements of arms, legs, and body, there occurs an action that brings the child in contact with the nurse lying beside it; instantly warmth is felt, and this alleviation of the painful feeling becomes immediately the stimulus to sustain the movement going on at that moment. That movement, when discovered, is kept up in preference to the others occurring in the course of the random spontaneity.

Possibly some little time may be requisite in the human infant to develop this power of clutching the right movement when it comes. But the power must be an original endowment; no experience could confer such a faculty as this. We are driven to assume some fundamental mode of connexion between the detached elements of feeling and movement occurring in the same brain at the same moment; and I know of no better way of expressing this primordial tendency of the one to embrace the other than by saying that, when both are present together, the volitional spur of the feeling can stimulate the continuance of the movement, provided a soothing and pleasurable effect is the conscious result.

By a process of cohesion or acquisition, which I shall afterwards dwell upon, the movement and the feeling become so linked together, that the feeling can at after times waken the movement out of dormancy; this is the state of matters in the maturity of volition.

The theory of volition thus propounded may possibly provoke con-

troversy; but it will be time to go fully into the discussion when Mr. Bain shall have submitted his views on the entire subject of volition. It is enough at present to point attention to this as one of the germs of a new psychology which make the present volume so interesting.

III. THE THEORY OF THOUGHT OR INTELLECT.—At the threshold of this important part of his subject, Mr. Bain very properly enumerates the general characters by which thought or intelligence, as such, is distinguished from the two other fundamental properties of mind, emotion and volition. They are as follows:—

1. The persistence or continuance of sensations and other mental states, after the withdrawal of the external agent, or stimulus, is a notable characteristic of the mind, not implied, as it seems to me, in the mere fact of consciousness. In consequence of this property we are enabled to live a life in ideas, in addition to the life in actualities.

2. The power of recovering, or reviving, under the form of ideas, past or extinct sensations and feelings of all kinds, without the originals, and by mental agencies alone. These mental agencies are not included either in Emotion or in Volition, and therefore require a place of their own. The two properties of continuance and recoverability by mental causes, which are probably at bottom the same property, make the fundamental and comprehensive distinction of Intellect.

3. The discrimination of conscious states, or the comparing of them one with another, with sense of agreement and difference, belongs to this department of mind. The fact of persistence is herein implied, for comparison cannot take place unless the traces of the past exist along with the present. I have already exemplified this power of discrimination, in speaking of the more intellectual part of the feelings of movement and sensations.

4. The acquired powers grow out of the properties of Intellect, and are not involved in Emotion, or in Volition.

5. Originality, or invention, is sustained by processes purely intellectual. By these processes, the compass of both Emotion and Action is enlarged in a most remarkable degree.

6. It is, I believe, a fact that Consciousness is not indispensable to the operations of Intellect. If so, this is a broad line of distinction between Intellect and the other regions of mind, for Consciousness makes up one of those

regions, and is an essential part of the other.

We are not quite sure that this preliminary definition of the characteristics of intellect, as distinct from emotion and volition, is sufficiently rigorous and analytical for the elaborate and truly splendid disquisitions to which it stands as the prologue. What was wanted was perhaps not so much an enumeration of certain features conspicuously present in intellection as distinct from sensation and action, as a resolute declaration of what constitutes, in the view of the author, the fact of intellection itself. The elements of such a declaration are indeed involved in the passage which we have quoted; but we hardly think with such precision in the form of their presentation as Mr. Bain could easily have given to it. For example, the continuance of sensations and mental states after the withdrawal of the agent or stimulus which first caused them, and the recoverability of past mental states by mental causes, are first classed together as forming (probably with a real identity between the two processes, radically considered) the fundamental characteristics of intellectual operation; then, farther, the discrimination of conscious states one from another, the formation of acquired powers, and invention, or originality, are enumerated as belonging to intellect, with the additional intimation that, in the opinion of the author, these functions are not necessarily conscious; and lastly, on turning to the dissertations which follow, it is found that they are, from beginning to end, a connected exposition and exemplification of the laws of mental association. Now, here are all the elements; and it seems to us that Mr. Bain might with advantage have combined them, even at the outset, into one all-comprehensive generalization as to the nature and office of intellect or thought. Why not have said, for example, that intellect is the faculty of continuing mental states, of recovering mental states, and of effecting associations among mental states so continued or recovered? Nay, seeing that in the following dissertations the power of continuing mental states and the

power of recovering them are themselves resolved into mere cases of the associative tendency or faculty, why not have ventured at once on the bolder generalization, that thought or intellection consists in the tendency of mental states to form associations one with another? Such a preliminary concentration of the reader's attention on the process of association, as forming, in the author's estimate, the one universal fact of all thought or intellection, would have accorded with the synthetic method pursued by Mr. Bain; and would have prepared the way for those subsequent dissertations of which this theory is the text. As it is, though Mr. Bain does announce that his exposition of the intellect is to consist entirely of an exposition of the laws of mental association and nothing else, the ordinary reader, remembering Mr. Bain's enumeration of persistence of mental states, recoverability of mental states, discrimination between mental states, the acquisition of new powers, and invention or originality, as all belonging to intellect, and having no distinct information that Mr. Bain considers all these reducible to association, is somewhat puzzled to know why the one exposition should be so immediately substituted for the other. Only as he reads does the truth dawn upon him.

But this fault, if it be one (and a slight extension of the introductory remarks on intellect would easily remedy it), is only the fault of an imperfect enunciation of the text at the outset, possibly because it was so familiar to the preacher himself; and the virtue, after all, lies in the sermon. We venture to say that no one who reads through the 294 pages (pp. 315-609) which contain Mr. Bain's exposition of the intellect, will rise from the task without the highest admiration of his powers both as a thinker and as a writer. Points of difference there will be—more especially where the reader, if he is of a *a priori* leanings, will come into collision with Mr. Bain on the question of the possibility of fabricating some of our ideas, such as those of extension or space, cause, &c., by any associative process whatever, out of the elements fur-

nished by experience; but this will not prevent the tribute of respect to Mr. Bain's extraordinary ability in the general course of his disquisitions, nor will it prevent competent persons from appreciating the force of new reasoning which Mr. Bain brings in aid of the *a posteriori* theory in some of the most disputed cases. For ourselves, only remarking in passing, that we believe Mr. Bain has contrived, by his introduction into psychology of the doctrine of spontaneous movements (which in itself may be interpreted as constituting an *a priori* germ in his philosophy), to alter very considerably the state of the controversy between the two schools, we will content ourselves with more general and descriptive references to the contents of this part of the work.

Thought or intelligence, according to Mr. Bain, consists of a tendency inherent in the human constitution, in virtue of which elementary states of mind, whether of the sensitive or the active order, can be persisted in or recovered, and can moreover form associations among themselves, so as to produce new and more complex mental states; which new mental states are again in their turn subject to the same conditions of durability, recoverability, and associability; and so on, *ad infinitum*. Or, more briefly (seeing that the continuance and recoverability of mental states are themselves the effects of association), thought or intelligence resolves itself, in his system, into the one supreme fact of the associability of mental states. The thorough exposition of this fact, therefore, by means of a systematic exhibition of the leading ways in which mental states do associate themselves, forms the complete theory of the intellect.

A curious speculation, by the way, which it may be well to allude to before passing to the laws of association as enumerated by Mr. Bain, is that by which, as in duty bound by his fundamental theory, he seeks to root this capacity of thought or intelligence, this fact of associability, as well as sensation and action, among the processes of the nervous system. If the physical incident of sensation is the transmission of a vital current from the

nerve extremities to the nerve-centres, and if the physical incident of action is the transmission of a vital current from the nerve centres to the nerve extremities, what is the physical incident of thought or intelligence? This question Mr. Bain answers virtually rather than formally, by answering it in connexion with the two simplest cases of intellectual operation—viz., the continuance of mental states once begun, and their revival or recovery after they are over. The physical incident of the persistence of a mental state, according to Mr. Bain, can be nothing else than the prolongation of the first nervous affection, whether of the centripetal or of the centrifugal order, in the parts first affected. And so, in the case of a revived, or recovered, or recollected, or imagined mental state, the physical incident can be nothing else than the setting on of a current—a simulated current, it might be called—precisely similar to that which did occur or which would occur, in the case of the primary affection, and affecting the same parts, though more weakly. Mr. Bain reasons at some length in behalf of the necessity of substituting this mode of conception, which alone accords with advanced physiology, for the old and exploded physiological hypothesis, according to which ideas were supposed to be stored up in a sensorial chamber of the brain, whence they could be evoked on proper occasion. The following is an extract from his discussion of this subject:—

The idea of a cerebral closet is quite incompatible with the real manner of the working of nerve. Seeing then that a sensation in the first instance diffuses nerve currents through the interior of the brain outwards to the organs of expression and movement, the persistence of that sensation after the outward exciting cause is withdrawn, can only be a continuance of the same diffusive currents, perhaps less intense, but not otherwise different. The shock remaining in the ear and the brain after the firing of artillery must pass through the same circles, and act in the same way, as during the actual sound. We have no reason for believing that in the self-sustaining condition the impression changes its seat, or passes into some new circles that have the special property of retaining it. Every part actu-

ated after the shock must have been actuated by the shock, only more powerfully. With this single difference of intensity, the mode of existence of a sensation enduring after the fact is essentially the same as its mode of existence during the fact; the same organs are occupied, the same current action goes on. We see in the continuance of the attitude and expression the identical outward appearances; and these appearances are produced by the course of power being still by the same routes. Moreover, the identity in the inward mode of consciousness implies that the manner of action within the brain is unaltered.

Now if this be the case with impressions persisting when the cause has ceased, what view are we to adopt concerning impressions reproduced by mental causes alone, or without the aid of the original, as in ordinary recollection? What is the manner of occupation of the brain with a resuscitated feeling of resistance, a smell, or a sound? There is only one answer so far as I can see. *The renewed feeling occupies the very same parts and in the same manner as the original feeling, and no other parts, nor in any other manner that can be assigned.* I imagine that if our present knowledge of the brain had been present to the earliest speculators, no other hypothesis than this would ever have occurred to any one. For where should a past feeling be re-embodied if not in the same organs as the feeling when present? It is only in this way that its identity can be preserved; a feeling differently embodied must to all intents and purposes be a different feeling, unless we suppose a duplicate brain on which everything past is to be transferred. But such duplication has no proof and serves no end.

It is possible, however, to adduce facts that set in a still clearer light this re-occupation of the sentient circles with recovered impressions and feelings. Take first the recovery of feelings of energetic action, as when reviving the exploits and exertions of yesterday. It is a notorious circumstance that if there be much excitement attending their recollection, it is with difficulty that we can prevent ourselves from getting up to repeat them. The rush of feeling has gone on the old tracks, and seizes the same muscles, and would go the length of actually stimulating them to a repetition. A child cannot describe anything that it was engaged in without acting it out to the full length that the circumstances will permit. A dog dreaming sets his feet a-going, and sometimes barks. The suppression of the full stage of perfect resuscitation needs ac-

tually an effort of volition, and we are often even incapable of the effort. If the recollection were carried on in a separate chamber of the brain, it would not press in this way upon the bodily organs engaged in the actual transaction. The truth can only be that the train of feeling is re-instated on the same parts as first vibrated to the original stimulus, and that recollection is merely a repetition which does not usually go quite the same length; which stops short of actual execution. No better example could be furnished than the vocal recollections. When we recal the impression of a word or a sentence, if we do not speak it out, we feel the twitter of the organs just about to come to that point. The articulating parts,—the larynx, the tongue, the lips,—are all sensibly excited; a suppressed articulation is in fact the material of our recollection, the intellectual manifestation, the *idea* of speech. Some persons of weak or incontinent nerves can hardly think without muttering—they talk to themselves.

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The general doctrine now contended for as to the seat of revived impressions is not a barren speculation; if true, it bears important practical inferences. In expressing and describing thought and the thinking processes, an operation of great subtlety essential to our subject, the doctrine is of great service; it helps us in some measure to localize these processes, and the language that might otherwise be deemed figurative becomes literal. The imagination of visible objects is a process of seeing; the musician's imagination is hearing; the phantasies of the cook and the gourmand tickle the palate; the fear of a whipping actually makes the skin to tingle.

The identity between actual and revived feelings shortens our labour by enabling us to transfer much of our knowledge of the one to the other. The properties that we find to hold of sensation in the actual, we may after a certain allowance ascribe to the ideal. Thus the qualities of the sense of sight in any one person, as, for example, its discriminating power, would belong likewise to his visual ideas. The senses are in this way a key to the mind. Sensation is intellect already in act; it is the mere outward manifestation of the ideal processes. When the ear or the eye discriminates, it has already brought intelligence to the test.

This doctrine has, therefore, important bearings upon the long-disputed question as to the origin of our ideas in *sensé*. So far as it goes it appears unfavourable to the doctrine of innate

ideas. I do not mean, however, at the present stage, to enter into this great controversy, although we have been endeavouring, both here and in the previous Book, to pave the way for discussing it afterwards.

Although it is chiefly in connexion with the facts of persistence and the revival of mental states that Mr. Bain adduces this consideration of the physical concomitant of thought, it is not difficult to see how he extends it to thought universally and in its most complex forms. If all mental states, present, continued, revived, or imagined, involve nervous currents, and if thought is the associability of mental states, then must thought also be, so far as physical investigation is concerned, the associability of nervous currents. It matters not that physiologists are yet unable, and may for thousands of years be unable, to investigate the actual phenomena of such associability; it is enough if the fact can be alleged, and if psychologists, observing the correspondent phenomena on the semi-transparent dial-plate of consciousness, can group them into laws.

The laws of intellect or association, as generalized by Mr. Bain, are four in number, two simple and two complex. We quote them in Mr. Bain's own words:—

1. *The Law of Contiguity, or Adhesion.*—Actions, Sensations, and States of Feeling, occurring together or in close succession, tend to grow together, or cohere in such a way that when any one of them is presented to the mind, the others are apt to be brought up in idea.

2. *The Law of Similarity.*—Present Actions, Sensations, Thoughts, or Emotions, tend to revive their like among previous impressions.

3. *The Law of Compound Association.*—Past Actions, Sensations, Thoughts, or Emotions, are recalled more easily, when associated either through contiguity or similarity, with more than one present object or impression.

4. *The Law of Constructive Association.*—By means of Association, the mind has the power to form combinations or aggregates different from any that have been presented to it in the course of experience.

Such are the four laws of association which Mr. Bain offers as tantamount to a complete theory of the intellect, and under which he undertakes to include all those phenomena

which the older psychologists, such as Reid and Stewart, used to distribute out among the so-called faculties of Memory, Judgment, Abstraction, Reasoning, &c. The first two of the laws, under various names, have been familiar to psychologists since the time of Aristotle; something corresponding to the other two has also been offered by more recent psychologists, though not in the same form; and Sir William Hamilton, we believe, has organized his theory of intellectual operation in such a manner as to bring a few leading laws of association far into the foreground. But among psychological works yet published, we do not know that there is one in which the division of the intellect into faculties is so boldly thrown overboard, and a generalization of the laws of association so boldly instituted in its stead, as in this of Mr. Bain. Of course, even according to his system, the words memory, judgment, reasoning, &c., may last; but they will last only as convenient names under which to classify certain cases or processes of association. It may be observed also, that among the laws of association, Mr. Bain gives no place to that of association by contrast, which figures so largely in some psychological systems. The reason is, that he resolves this law into the others.

Whether Mr. Bain has succeeded in his attempt to reduce all intellectual phenomena into mere cases, more or less complex, of his four laws of association, and whether therefore his exposition of these laws will stand as equivalent to a complete theory of the intellect, can only be decided by those who will take the pains to go over the exposition critically, with the express intention of coming to a decision on this very point. There are, it appear to us, two plans, which, with a view to such a decision, the critic might adopt. If he has been accustomed to the older psychology of Reid, Stewart, and others, according to whom the intellect has always been viewed as a congeries of distinct faculties, under the names of memory, abstraction, judgment, reasoning, &c., he may make it his object to ascertain how far Mr. Bain has provided, under his system,

exact and sufficient equivalents for the mental processes designated by these venerable names. In any such investigation, considerable assistance will be derived from the index to Mr. Bain's volume, in which, as if expecting such a trial, he has taken care to introduce the terms, *memory, judgment, &c.*, as terms of the older psychology, and to indicate those pages in his exposition of the associative laws, in which he considers he has furnished the full equivalents. The reader however may prefer to go through the exposition in detail, without any such formal comparison of Mr. Bain's system with that of Reid and Stewart, and may simply make it his object, as he goes along, to see whether he can start any instance of intellectual operation which would clude Mr. Bain's laws of association, and so invalidate their claims to be regarded as an exhaustive account of the human intellect. We have already intimated on what points an inquirer proceeding on this method will be most apt to fasten. We will only say, in addition, that so widely does Mr. Bain range in this part of his volume, so willing does he seem to be to test his laws of association by any instances, however difficult, that can be produced to try their competency, so earnestly does he seem to solicit the application of these laws to actual examples culled from every department of intellectual exercise, that, excepting always those points where the dispute between *a priori* and *a posteriori* comes in), we believe no reader will be able to tax him with haste, with suppression, or with want of courage in his exposition. The impression, indeed, after reading this part of his volume, is that, should any critic, indisposed to systematic psychology in general, venture afresh in connexion with this attempt at such a science, on the old and off-hand criticism so often used in such cases—'There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy,' the author is the very man to reply on the spot, by requesting to have one of those things named. Certainly the array of things which he does include in his philosophy, with a view to their

scientific explanation, shows no disposition on his part to ignore any. Habits, ideas, mental characteristics and idiosyncracies; the various modes of human genius as shown in art, science, literature, mechanical invention, and practical life; the genius of the poet, the genius of the orator, the genius of the engineer, the genius of the statesman, the genius of the painter or musician, the learning of the scholar, the craft of the artisan; whatever, in short, we are accustomed to think of as an individual intellectual act, or as a series or combination of such—all are duly brought into notice by Mr. Bain, and exhibited by him as having their origin either in the cohesion of sensations and actions, emotions and volitions, one with another, on and on; or in the suggestion of similarity operating among sensations and actions, emotions and volitions, and previously acquired ideas, and binding them together in new and ever new identities; or in those associative processes of still higher potency which he distinguishes by the names of compound association and constructive association. Were this portion of the volume remarkable for nothing else, it would be sufficiently remarkable for the amount of various knowledge and information which it exhibits, and for the masterly manner in which the author draws upon his knowledge and information for the illustration of his doctrines. With the exception, perhaps, of Mr. John Mill's *Logic*, we do not know any other English work of an abstract nature in which that first and most important art in expository writing—the art of interesting exemplification—is carried to nearly the same extent. By way of one specimen, let us quote a passage in which, after expounding his Law of Similarity, and showing its action in simpler instances, the author ventures to hint how, with this law in our hands, we may go on to investigate even such a phenomenon as the intellect of Newton in the act of its greatest discovery:—

To cite the greatest example that the history of science contains, the discovery of universal gravitation, or the identifying the fall of heavy bodies on the earth with the attraction between the sun and the planets; this was a

pure stroke of similarity, prepared by previous contemplation of the two facts apart. Newton had for years been studying the planetary motions: by the application of the doctrines of the composition and resolution of forces to the planetary movements he had found that there were two actions at work in the case of each planet, that one of these actions was in the direction of the sun, and the other in the direction of the planet's movement at each instant—that the effect of the first, acting alone, would be to draw the body to the sun, and the effect of the second, acting alone, would be to make it fly off at a tangent, or in a straight line through space. By this process of decomposition he had reduced the question to a much simpler state; he had in fact prepared the phenomenon of planetary motion for comparison with other movements already understood. This operation of analysis was itself a remarkable effort of intellect; no other man of that time showed the capability of handling the heavenly motions with such a daring familiarity—of intruding into their spheres the calculations of a terrestrial mechanics. This preparatory operation was perhaps a greater feat of intellect than the flash that followed it; indeed the perception of identity could not be long delayed after such a clearing of the way. He had familiarized himself, as the result of this mechanical resolution of the forces at work, with the existence of an attractive force in the sun, which acted on all the bodies of the system, and he had discovered by a further effort of calculation that this force varied inversely as the square of the distance. As yet the phenomenon of solar attraction stood solitary in his mind, but it stood out as a remarkably clear and definite conception, so definite and clear that if ever he came to encounter any other phenomenon of the same nature, the two would in all probability flash together on his mind. Such was the preparation on the one side, the shaping of one of the two individual phenomena destined to become one. Then as to the other member. He had been familiarized with the falling of bodies from his infancy, like everybody else; and the impression that it had made for a length of time was as superficial as it had been in the minds of his brethren of mankind. It was to him as to them a phenomenon of sensible weight, hurts, breakage; it rendered necessary supports and resistance. This was the view naturally impressed upon his mind, and in this encumbered condition an identity with the pure and grand approach of the distant planets towards the sun, while yet held at distance from him, was not to be looked

for even in the mind of Newton, whose identifying reach was doubtless of the first order. He had been for a length of time in possession of the prepared idea of solar force, without its ever bringing to his mind for comparison the familiar fact of a body falling to the earth. It was obviously necessary that some preparatory operation should take place upon this notion likewise; some contemplation that would partially clear it of the accompaniments of mere smash, breakage, weight, support, &c., and hold it up in its purest form of a general movement of all free bodies towards the earth's surface, or rather in the direction of the earth's centre. Here too there was need of an analytic or disentangling procedure, an operation very distasteful and repulsive to the common mind, and stamping the scientific character upon any intellect that is at home in it. At what time Newton laid his analytic grasp upon this ancient experience of our race we may not now be able precisely to determine; it may have been the commonly recounted incident of the fall of the apple that set his mind to work, or it may have come round in the course of his studies of terrestrial phenomena. But I cannot help supposing that when the phenomenon was once taken to task in the way he had already been accustomed to deal with such things, he would very soon identify and eliminate the main fact from all the confusing circumstances, and see in it an instance of the motion of one body towards another by virtue of some inherent power in the attracting over the attracted mass. This eliminating generalization would present the case pure and prepared to his mind, as the other had already been by a previous operation; and then came the flash of identification, and with it the sublime discovery that brought heaven down to earth, and made a common force prevail throughout the solar system. Not less to his honour than the discovery itself was his reserving the announcement until such time as the proof was rendered complete by the arrival of an accurate estimate of the magnitude of the earth, which was a necessary datum in the verifying the operation.

This great stretch of identification, perhaps the widest leap that the intellect of man has had the opportunity of achieving, not only illustrates the mental attraction of similarity, it also presents in relief the preparation of the mind for bringing on the flash. We see the necessity there was for a powerful mathematical faculty to seize the laws of the composition and resolution of forces, and apply them to the complicated case of elliptic motion; in this application Newton already made a step beyond

any mathematician of the age. We observe in the next place the intense hold that the mathematical aspect of the phenomena took on his mind, how he could set aside or conquer all the other aspects so much more imposing in the popular eye, and which had led to quite different hypotheses of the cause of the celestial movements. This characteristic shines remarkably through all the scientific writings of Newton; however fascinating a phenomenon may be, he has always his mind ready to seize it with the mathematical pincers, and regard it in that view alone. His mode of dealing with the subject of Light is an instance no less striking than the one we have been now setting forth. There was in him either an absolute indifference to all the popular and poetic aspects of an appearance, or a preference for the scientific side strong enough to set all these aside. The example he set of uncompromising adherence to the relations of number and measured force was probably the most influential result of his genius at a time when physical science was as yet unemancipated from the trammels of a half-poetic style of theorising. The purification and regeneration of the scientific method was quite as much owing to the example of Newton as to the rhetorical enforcements of Bacon. The human intellect was braced by dwelling in his atmosphere, and his avatar was the foremost circumstance in giving a superior stamp to the career of thought in the eighteenth century.

We have said enough, and quoted enough, we think, to show that the work before us is one of no ordinary character; and that in virtue of it the author is entitled to take his place, not only as a new psychologist or metaphysician of the Scottish series, distinguished from his predecessors of that series by important peculiarities, both of doctrine and method, but also generally as a thinker whom the best scientific minds of the time may well welcome into their company, whether they do so as friends or as antagonists of his main principles. The style of the work, it may be proper to add, is calculated in every respect to do justice to its deeper merits. Its chief characteristic is an easy and unpretending perspicuity, sometimes varied into a kind of pleasant homeliness. Not unfrequently, however, in passages of importance, where the author has occasion to illustrate his meaning by references to matters of high interest, the language acquires

a certain strength and body, a certain eloquence of tone, and a certain degree of poetic richness. Occasionally also a kind of quaint humour or vein of sarcasm is discernible, mingling with the author's thoughts, and breaking out in his allusions and expressions. Those, however, who are fond of trying to discover the personal character of an author underneath his writings, will not find much of this or of any other kind on which to fasten, so as

to try their powers of inference. The author has wonderfully well kept up throughout the grave temper of the unimpassioned expositor. The elements both of feeling and of active energy are kept well under control; and though now and then, as we have said, a twitch of humour or of something else seems to flit across the face, the expression habitual to it seems to be that of calm and placid intelligence.

D. M.

OLD RINGS.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART I.

Posuit anulum in manu ejus, annulum honoris titulum, libertatis insigne pignus, signaculum fidei, arham celestium nuptiarum.—Pet. Chryolog.

NO minute objects of *virtu*, except perhaps gems, present themselves so often to the tourist's notice in Italy, as engraved stones, set, or ready for setting, in rings. One interesting peculiarity with regard to these relics is, the perfect preservation in which they occur; other and larger antiquities bear on their face the impress of Time's corroding touch: the crumbling brick-work of baths, walls, and broken-backed aqueducts; the columns clamped with iron, the arch of triumph in decay, cased for protection in new masonry against further mischief, attest on all sides his victory over the labours of the architect; while whole galleries of shattered statuary—here of headless, limbless forms, yclept *torsoes*; or of whole heroes reduced to one colossal foot, *ex pede* Hercules—there of a long vista of busts, indebted in almost every case to the modern nose-maker for the restoration of that important feature, bear witness that he has been no less injurious to those of the sculptor. The engraver, however, is more fortunate; all his pigmy figures have successfully resisted the damages sustained by those in marble and bronze, continue to this day as perfect in their finish and with as fine a polish as when eighteen centuries ago they first issued from the studios of

Dioscorides and his pupils, enabling each of us to realize in these time-honoured works the boast of Horace, *exegi monumentum ære perennius*. Engraved stones turn up in abundance everywhere—in public museums, in the cabinets of monied collectors, in the refuse drawer of the working jewellers, in the cracked gallipot of the village pharmacist, in the mole-skin purse of the bronzed contadino, in the pack of the itinerant dealer, within the wires of the money-changer's window padlocked with notes and gold coins, or stowed away in a strong box under the bed of some cœnobite *frate*, who wears the key of it night and day round his neck.

In the great majority of cases, these stones are partially, if not wholly, antiques; that is to say, the stones are very generally ancient, as the time-worn surface on the obverse sufficiently indicates, often to the naked eye, but always with the aid of a lens; but the antiquity of the engraving must be scanned more carefully, seeing that cutting and preparing the stone by the *politor* is not necessarily synchronous with the engraving. When this is not very bad, nor superlatively good (the one extreme being, in these degenerate days, unattainable, the other not worth forging), it may

turn out on close inspection to be either altogether modern, or else an unfinished antique *ritornato*, touched up by the hand of a living artist, who, if he understands his trade, on offering it to your Eccellenza for sale, will modestly disclaim any share in the merit of a work, plainly—as he is himself assured, and would fain have you believe—of the times of Alexander or Augustus. Of such intaglios as are *bond fide* antiques, the merit of the engraving varies exceedingly, ranging from the very highest standard of first-rate Greek excellence, down to productions so mean as not only to have no artistic worth, but even to tax and sometimes baffle the ingenuity of the connoisseur to guess what may be intended by the indistinct sketch. In examining for the first time (which is seldom the collector's fortune) a handful of engraved stones, the certainty is that nine out of ten of the lot will be mere rubbish, abortive attempts to delineate animal and other forms; so rudely outlined as to make the examiner wish that the scratcher thereof had followed the practice of those primæval painters mentioned by Ælian, who, to prevent all possibility of mistake, would wisely write under each production, 'This is a cow, here is a horse, a wolf, a tree,' &c.; a sprinkling of others, much more meritorious than these, and yet far enough removed from good, might, especially if the stones themselves are pretty, perhaps be selected for further consideration. And in some such handful, once or twice in ten years, he might, among much that was mediocre, and more that was

ineffably bad, stumble on a *trouvade* that would amply repay him for the time and eyesight expended over the rest.*

Ah, we well remember those unfrequent moments of pleasure when our weary eye, exhausted by a whole long morning's session over such relics, has suddenly lighted upon a Greek gem—true Greek to the very core,—which, on being submitted to the lens, has fully justified the decision already formed of it at the first glance; some head, perchance, of Jove, or an Indian Bacchus, most elaborately finished, and perfectly beautiful in every detail; or a nude water-nymph, glowing, as she rises in all her charms from the bath, through the ruddy light of an Oriental cornelian; or, it may be, some scene before the walls of Troy, in which the gods, and heroes like gods, are matched; where horses champ, shadowy spears cross, and chariots whirl; or where Achilles, dragging Hector by the helmet, scowls askance, and looks terrible, all within the area of a few lines' diameter.*

The soil of Italy quite teems in places with old ring-stones; and at Rome especially, the daily relays of fresh truffles from the Nurcian hills is not more constant during the season, than all the year round the supply of these never-failing '*pietri antichi*.' So brisk, indeed, and flourishing is the commerce in these small valuables, and so large the quantity collected and exhibited for sale, that the amateur, familiarized with the profusion, soon ceases to view the relation of the three bushels† of gemmed rings,

* The wonder is that all this microscopic excellence was executed (if the prevailing opinion be the true one) without a lens or any aid to the eye beyond the occasional interposition of an emerald, or green glass, to refresh the vision. This however Natter doubts, and as no man ever came nearer than he did to the *beau idéal* of Greek engraving, his opinion deserves great respect. He says, 'As the art of gem engraving is far too difficult for a young hand to attain sudden proficiency in it, and as the period of youth must needs be passed in learning, essaying, re-constructing, modifying, and making slow progress towards perfection, the eye-sight must needs begin to fail before the artist becomes a master of his art.' Whence he infers, 'Qu'il y a beaucoup d'apparence que les anciens artistes ont eu recours comme nous, à quelque lunette pour supplier à ce défaut et faciliter leur travail.'

† According to Livy's relation, 'One bushel.' Either admission however would serve to prove the immense number of rings worn at Rome as early as the first Punic war. The word '*annularius*,' or ring-maker, by which the ancient jeweller was designated, points also to the prevalence of the fashion of wearing rings at Rome.

gleaned by the one-eyed Carthaginian general from off the fatal field of Cannæ, as an extravagant myth, and considers it a sober historic statement by no means unworthy of credit.

The love of the Romans for rings dates nearly from the foundation of their city, as the gemmed fingers of the statues of the two immediate successors of Romulus, Numa and Servius Tullius, cited by Pliny, sufficiently attest. Their use was also familiar to the surrounding nations. Etruria has left large legacies of rings, which have been disinterred at various times with her other jewellery, showing the addiction of this state to that particular finger gear. The Sabines, too, as we learn from Livy, were distinguished, even from the infancy of Rome, for the size and beauty of their rings; and so, no doubt, were all the other surrounding states which successively engaged her arms. Of our own

ancestors, we have the testimony of Julius Cæsar that they wore dark iron rings, which he mistook for the currency of the realm.

In Greece* the addiction to this gewgaw was as great as in Rome; and if we go still further back among the nations from whom both Greeks and Romans derived the ornament, we shall find, from sources alike sacred and profane, ample evidence that rings were in general wear from the remotest ages.† That the early Persians wore them we know; for Ahasuerus gives one into the hands of Esther; and Alexander, after conquering Darius, is reported to have sealed his first acts with that monarch's ring. Of the Babylonians, Herodotus states that every man had his signet; Ælian, that the Afric Cyrenians were fond of them, and that the most economic of the people carried very valuable ones; the Ethiopians, barbarians who clothed their bodies in panther and

* Though there is abundant evidence to prove man's passion for rings from the earliest period of his known history, and Pliny therefore wrong in asserting that the Greeks of Homer's day knew nothing about them, it is nevertheless remarkable that this poet does not once mention or even allude to rings in either of his epics, and the rather that occasions when we might have expected such reference are of not unfrequent occurrence. Pope indeed, in his translation, makes Prætus send Bellerophon to his uncle with 'sealed tablets':—

'To Lycia the devoted youth he sent,
With tablets sealed, that told his dire intent.'

And Plutarch also to the same purpose says, 'Bellerophon, when he carried letters ordering his destruction, did not *unseal* them, but forbore touching the king's despatches with the same continence as he had refrained from injuring his bed, for curiosity is an incontinence as well as adultery.' But neither author is borne out by the original passage. It is moreover to be observed that, in rehearsing the trinkets of beaux, belles, and goddesses, Homer enumerates clasps, bracelets, gold studs, and ear-rings, but omits all mention of finger-rings. Nor again, when Paris and Menelaus cast lots into Hector's helmet, are rings—*annuli ad sortes*—alluded to, though, had they possessed them, they would have been the appropriate pledges. Nor finally in wardrobes whose valuable contents are occasionally exposed to view, does he ever speak of 'unsealing' the chests that contained them. Yet we learn from Eritheus, that one Greek Trojan hero at least—Ulysses—certainly carried a ring, with a dolphin for device, similar to that upon his shield. His motive for adopting this emblem we give in French, from Amylot's translation of Plutarch, as it concerns *Télémaque, fils d'Ulysse*, always read in that language:—'*Télémaque estoit encores bien jeune, tomba en un endroit de la mer où l'eau estoit fort profonde, et feut sauvé par le moyen de quelques daulphins qui le recourent en tombant et le porterent hors de l'eau parquoi le pere depuis pour en rendre grace et honorer cett animal fait graver l'image d'un dauphin dedans le chaton de l'anneau dont il scelloit et le porta pour ornement à son escu.*'—Amylot, 1584.

† The taste for rings has gone on, still continues, and will probably do so to the end of time. Even during the dark ages it is certain that many of the noblest engraved gems were, on the mere traditional authority of their excellence, stuck into church walls, and about the shrines of saints, as costly offerings for vows performed; and from some such motive, rather than from any actual knowledge of their excellence, Pepin sealed with an antique Indian Bacchus, and Charlemagne with a Jupiter Serapis.

lion-skins, used the same stones that tipped their arrows for making annular seals.* Rings were worn by the patriarchs: Judah, as we read in Genesis, gave his to Tamar; Joseph received one from Pharaoh; and later, we can scarcely doubt they would form part of the spoil which enriched the people when they made their final exodus from Egypt. In what favour the Egyptians held rings, might have been safely inferred from the profuse display of them on the fingers of painted figures adorning sarcophagus lids, even had no splendid specimens (some as early as the times of Ositarsin and Thothmes III., who were contemporaries with Joseph and Moses) been found to confirm and to illustrate such pictorial evidence; authenticated portraits of some of the Parthian and Sassanidrian kings (as established by M. Silvestre de Sacy) occur in rings made of cornelian and amethyst; and 'in the Townley Collection of gems there are emeralds and bits of *lapis lazuli* engraved with figures precisely similar to those in the grottoes of Salicette, near Bombay, and in the Isle of Elephantia, equalling the very best Egyptian workmanship, and evi-

dently of very remote antiquity.†

It is said in one of the early chapters of Exodus, that 'Bezaleel was filled with wisdom of heart, to work all manner of work with the graver, as well as to devise cunning work in gold and silver and brass,‡ and in cutting of stones to set them;' so that the art of engraving and mounting stones for the finger seems to have been one of the very earliest practised, and the love of rings as wide-spread, and almost as old, as the world itself; for few are those places which the flaming Torch circles in *his ring*, where he has not found the inhabitants in possession of *theirs*. We shall proceed anon to consider what may have been the determining motive with the world at large for adopting rings; but beforehand we would say a few words on the trinkets themselves—their ancient names, their various forms, the devices they display, and the different substances of which they are composed.

With regard to the first, Licetus has taken the trouble of collecting together from authentic sources the following list: *annulus*, § *anel-*
lus, *circulus*, *orbiculus*, *digitalis*, ||

* Herodotus.

† Millin.

‡ By this passage it would further appear, that the several arts of cutting and preparing a stone, engraving and mounting it, which formed in after times three separate trades, were united in the person of Bezaleel; the engraving on metals and stones are both attributed to him, but which came first, or whether the two arts were synchronous, does not appear. Of the very early engraving on metal, Herodotus gives a very interesting illustration. When Aristagoras visits Cleomenes, king of Sparta (B.C. 700), with a view to excite him to take up arms against Darius, he brings with him an atlas engraved in bronze—*χάλκεον πινάκι ἐν τῷ γῆς ἀπάσης περιόδου ἐνετέμνητο καὶ θάλασσα τὴ πᾶσα καὶ ποταμοὶ πάντες*—in which he exhibits all the *Stathmoi* or stations where the army might halt on its three months' march to Susa. Of engraving on glass we shall speak when we treat more particularly of gems.

§ *Annulus*, the commonest designation, was named from *annus*, the year, which rolls round on itself—

'Atque in se sua per vestigia volvitur annus,'

whence it is represented hieroglyphically by a snake swallowing its own tail.

|| But not *digitale* nor *digitus*, which however have both been so misinterpreted. The first of these words corresponds evidently to the Italian *ditale*, or thimble:—

'Whose primitive tradition reaches
As far as Adam's first green breeches.'—*Hudib.*

Here it is asked, by curious commentators, to whom it would be difficult to reply, why, as our first parents had unquestionably needles and thread to *sew*, should it be thought unlikely that they also invented, for the protection of their fingers, those thimbles which are everywhere associated and sold with them? As to the second word, *digitus*, it never means anything else but finger. The passage in Plautus, *digitos in manibus non habet*, supposed to countenance another meaning, has, rightly

symbolum, cingulum, vinculum, ungulum, unguinum, condulum, condalium*; to which list others also might be added, as *σφενδονη, κρικος*, and *sigillum*.†

The objects represented on these sigils are almost endless: originally the natural world furnished them, and when that was exhausted, the boundless regions of mythology and romance were had recourse to. At first it was considered indecorous by some to have the image of a god to play with and turn listlessly around the finger, to expose to improper company, or to take into immodest haunts. On such grounds it was that Pythagoras forbade his disciples the use of rings with sacred designs; and that Numa, though, as we have said, personally fond of them, made this particular class the subject of a prohibitory enactment; Plutarch accordingly declares, in words which forcibly remind us of St. Paul, that to wear rings thus figured can never be to honour the gods, seeing they are of a spiritual nature, and can only be approached and apprehended spiritually.‡ But while some thought thus, the great

bulk of the pagan world were differently minded, and did not scruple to wear any divinity they might take a fancy to, or wish to take a fancy to them. A vast number of cornelian and other engraved divinities, continually found in excavations, and sometimes in the track of the plough, amply attest this; nor are there wanting recorded instances of ancient notabilities who were wont thus to bedizen their fingers; not always, it would seem, for the mere vanity of display, but sometimes for the recovery of health; sometimes, like Philocles in Lucian, to raise demons. Julius Cæsar, a hero of more gallantry than Diomedes,§ decorated himself with a Venus in *gemma*, in consideration of her having made him a *joli garçon* (ὅτι αὐτὸς τὴν Ἀφροδίτην ἀν' αὐτῆς ἔλαβε). Nero wore a ring given him by his infamous favourite Sporus, with the rape of Proserpine for subject. King Pyrrhus had an agate, *sui generis*, which spontaneously displayed the Nine Muses with their insignia, and Apollo with his harp.

As regards the relative frequency in which the Olympic divinities are

explained, no such leaning. 'Why,' asks one of a neighbour, on seeing some effeminately-dressed character pass by, 'why is he so costumed?' 'Because he has no rings on his fingers,' say some interpreters, missing the sarcasm of the words, and assigning an unauthorized sense to *digitos*. 'Because,' says Longus, preserving the pleasantry of the passage, and giving the common, which is the right interpretation, to *digitos*, 'because he has hands without fingers, to be sure! and so is obliged to fasten them into his ears.'

* *Symbolum* (συμβολον) which is of more modern origin than *ungulum* (δακτυλιον), was the name for the seal ring given by each member of a feast to the *traieteur* who was to provide it, pledging himself thereby to pay his share in the reckoning. Terence alludes to this practice, where he says, 'Heri aliquot adolescentuli coimus in Piræo in hunc diem ut de symbolis essemus.' Hence the byword for one who could not pay for his supper, 'ne symbolum quidem habet,' 'he is not worth a tester.'

† As all rings were originally seal rings, *sigillum*, from *sigillare*, to seal, and *σφραγισμα* from *σφραγίζειν*, which is the Greek equivalent, were almost as familiar designations for rings as the word *annulus* itself. *Sigillum* however did not always signify a ring; in its primary acceptation it designated certain little figures, very similar to those at present borne about on the heads of the Italian image-boys, which, in their perilous progress through the streets, seem always, as they look down upon the bustling, hustling crowd, to beseech it, in words borrowed from one of their Latin predecessors, 'Sum fragilis, sed tu moneo ne sperne *sigillum*.' Such images were used to be sent round during the *Saturnalia*. Some such too, of an immodest character, adorned the bed-chamber of the filthy Tiberius—'Cubacula plurifariam bellis et sigillis lascivissimarum picturarum ornare solebat.' Sometimes the word designated *statues*, as Gruter has proved from inscriptions, one of which, inscribed on a pedestal, runs thus,—'MAVORTIO SACRO, hoc sigillum a servo tangi nefas est.' 'Sacred to Mars, it is prohibited to slaves to touch this statue' (*sigillum*). Sometimes, however, and as early as quite at the beginning of the Cæsarean government at Rome, we find signet rings called *sigillaria*.

‡ ὥς οὐτε ὕσιον ἀφορμιούν τὰ βελγίονα τοῖς χείροσιν οὐτε ἐφάπτεσθαι θεοῦ δυνατόν ἄλλως ἢ νοήσει.

§ Vide Homer.

now picked up, and therefore, it may be presumed, were worn, we do not remember to have met with an estimate: the result of our own observation would tend to show that among the gods the following was the order of precedency; Jupiter, Mercury, Bacchus, Apollo; Mars, who, though he taught men's fingers to fight, was not quite so favourite a finger ornament, comes next; then Cupids and Neptunes; Plutos are less frequent; Vulcan's figure was evidently too vulgar to give general satisfaction; Harpoerates, with finger on lip, was fashionable at Rome in Pliny's day, and is now found occasionally. Of the goddesses, in bust or whole length, there are more Minervas than Dianas; more Dianas than Junos; of Venus, *hominum divomque voluptas*, the effigies are numerous; of other goddesses, the supply is much more scant. The Graces, dancing, was the subject of a seal given by Tissaphernes to the Greek commander, Clearchus.

Of terrestrial celebrities, the Amazons, first patronized by Commodus, became, through court influence, a popular engraving; but next to the gods and goddesses, heroes were in most general favour, and, as befitted fighting men, very often found themselves in a *ring*. Otryades dying on his shield, of which Natter cites two magnificent Greek specimens—one belonging to the Prince of Orange, the other in the collection of the Baron de Stosch; Achilles dragging Hector round the walls of Troy, of which we possess a highly-finished gem; the return of Ulysses; the parting of Hector and Andromache; Æneas's escape from Troy in flames; warriors in action advancing to the charge, under cover of their shields; engaged in combat or after it, holding in reckless right hand a ghastly head for contemplation, while the left heel, according to heroic precedent, presses heavily on the prostrate acephalus foe, are all favourite subjects; but of all popular ring heroes, none was so popular as Alexander the Great, who for a time bewitched posterity to such a

degree, that they believed that on undertaking any great enterprize, the merely wearing his effigy on the finger was enough to ensure its success. This *post obit* renown was so great at Rome, that his image set the seal to all Augustus's acts of state, while the whole of one illustrious Roman family had such admiration for the Macedonian madman's head, that no member of it, man or woman, ever stirred from home without first slipping on the ring in which it was embezzled. Though Alexander's head was thus worn at Rome, it is not probable that the Greeks during his life-time would have long worn theirs had they ventured to take such a liberty. So jealous indeed was this monarch of his good looks, that but one favoured artist—Pyrgoteles—was permitted to delineate his august countenance! Some Roman emperors affected the same delicacy; and though their features are perpetuated by engraved stones as well as coins and busts, they did not allow their subjects to wear the imperial head on their fingers. Augustus, like Alexander, suffered only one Greek engraver—Dioscorides—to represent him; but after his death men were at liberty of course to follow their own inclinations, when many who out of respect to his memory had put off all rings at his death (as was usual at Rome under any great national calamity), on resuming them, bore his head as a signet; and several of the succeeding Cæsars adopted it as the state seal. Tiberius, without directly prohibiting his portrait to be worn, made the conditions so troublesome and hazardous to the wearer, that it is a matter of wonder any person should have cared to run the risk of his life to obtain so small a gratification, for *nummo vel annulo effigiem impressum latrina aut lupinaribus intulisse* was capital; and there were spies everywhere to give information on the slightest infringement of the law. Many, however, did venture, and paid dearly for the temerity.*

* Seneca mentions one Roman gentleman who, having taken too many glasses of wine, retired from the table, and being pounced upon by an informer, who caught him *matula* in hand, would have suffered the full penalty of the law, had not a servant, while the spy was getting the attestations necessary for a conviction, adroitly slipped off the dangerous ring from his tipsy master's hand, and by claiming it as his own property, put a stop to any further proceedings.

These interdicting restrictions ceased to operate after Tiberius's death, and were not revived by any subsequent Cæsar. Claudius, going to the opposite extreme, not only removed the penalties, but was so fond of seeing his head set in an engraving, that he permitted the approach to his person only to those citizens who bore this badge of loyalty. Other autocrats were honoured in a like manner: Lucullus wore a splendid emerald, on which one of the Ptolemies was incised; and Semiramis was quite a national seal among the Persians. Besides the heads of warriors and sovereigns, those of various other public characters were adopted for sigillation, and foremost amongst these, the Greek sages. All persons who were not of that very small class *nullius addicti jurare in verba magistri*, were the leader of their own particular sect; so that by a mere glance at the hand, a stranger might ascertain, without a word spoken, what any new acquaintance's philosophical sentiments might be, according as the glittering gem bore the lineaments of Zeno, Plato, Aristotle, Diogenes, &c. But while all philosophers were thus worn, all were not equally in vogue. The Platonists were few in number; a sprinkling of Stoics, and no doubt a sufficiency of Cynics and Peripatetics, might be found who adorned themselves with the heads of their respective chiefs; but there were two sages of very different tenets, whose busts, beyond all others, figured on ancient seals—Socrates and Epicurus. Socrates, whose ugliness, like that of his countryman Gryllus, was of a kind to secure him a lasting renown, had he been even less illustrious as a teacher of wisdom, was on both accounts largely intaglied for rings; some, who wore him out of respect to his moral excellency, adopted the little round head by itself; others, with whom the sense of the ludicrous was uppermost, made sport of his physical defects, which they exaggerated into caricature, or, debasing it still further, they associated with his unfortunate phiz the front and trunk of an elephant, the 'hure' of a grinning boar, or the profile of some hideous apocryphal monster, to heighten by contrast the ridiculous effect.

But of all the ancient philosophers, none was so popular as Epicurus, who pleased all the world by teaching that the best philosophy was for each to please himself, a precept and practice as highly esteemed at Rome as at Athens; nor was Epicurus himself forgotten by those many disciples who followed his example to the letter: his images for a time seem to have rivalled those of Jupiter in number, and to have met with nearly the same amount of homage. Our only business here with him is to record that this portrait was so favourite a device, with the ring-makers, that in Pliny's day there was no intaglio more frequent or in higher esteem; while in Cicero's (which carries us back from Vespasian to Augustus) we find the great Roman orator making a similar statement, showing that Epicurus's figure was not only engraved on rings, but struck into drinking-cups and alibi. *Non in tabulis solum, sed in poculis et in annulis spectare solitum Romæ imaginem Epicuri*. If his reputation at Rome was all his time persistent, what an issue of Epicurus's heads there must have been!

Besides Grecian sages, the poets, orators, statesmen, and historians, of both Greece and Latium, furnished their admirers and partizans with a copious supply of heads for signets; the private relations of life suggested many others: some grateful freedman would wear the image of a kind master who had liberated him from servitude; an ardent and youthful *inamorito*, that of a hard mistress from whom there was no manumission; true friends in parting often exchanged portrait rings; some, like Scipio Africanus, wore an honoured father; others, like Lentulus, an uncle; and many persons friends whose persons they loved, or whose memory, though unconnected by the ties of blood, they revered, or would be supposed to reverence.

Animals of all kinds—real, com-
posite, and purely hypothetical—also occur on rings; the king of beasts is the most common, and though no physiognomy is so puzzling to delineate correctly, yet some Greek engravers, who have ventured to represent him *couchant, courant, rampant, or beant*, have in

many instances perfectly succeeded in this difficult undertaking. An engraved amethyst of a lion, belonging to Lord Carlisle, is described by Natter as the *ne plus ultra* of artistic capability, but a hundred almost his rivals, roaring for a precedence which would be difficult to award, show how carefully his form was studied in classic times. If we may credit the ancient tradition, which assigns to King David's finger, for official seal, the Lion of Judah, this would make the device very ancient indeed. Another much less uncertain lion is the *leo ensifer* which Pompey certainly wore. Of other amphitheatric animals, graceful pards, camels, elephants, and above all the gaunt wolf, so intimately associated and mixed up with the history of early Rome, are most frequently portrayed on ancient gems. Next to the lion no animal was so lavishly admired as the horse, in representing which all the fine arts seemed to vie with each other to do him justice, whilst high sounding epithets were bestowed upon the countries that bred and the heroes who reared and trained them. Without Pegasus (who was after all but a horse with wings) no ancient poet ever attempted to soar: nor was this animal alone celebrated in ode and epic; engraving's sister art, sculpture, did her best to show off his breeding and mettle, and if we look from the marble and bronze horses of antiquity—so many of which will arise spontaneously to the memory of every tourist, those which adorn the frieze of the Parthenon; those of Phidias on the Campidoglio, in the hands of the Dioscuri; those which, glittering in the sun, grace the Place of St. Marc, at Venice; that at Pompeii, which Balbus bestrides; or, worthy of his imperial rider, the stately bronze charger on the Capitol; so, to go much further back in history, the richly caparisoned and elaborately beautiful steeds so lately disinterred at Nineveh;—to mosaics, coins,* and frescoes, the same noble animal is continually presenting himself before us. Nor

was the horse a less favourite subject with the ancient gem engraver than with the statuary, mosaicista, and painter; fine horses' and nags' heads, executed by the great Greek and Roman artists of the reigns of Alexander and Augustus, are numerous, and the copies from them endless. Darius, who, as he was 'neighed into empire' by a horse, out of gratitude wore him for his signet,† was but one out of thousands who thus showed their predilection for horseflesh. Neither was his intimate associate, the dog, forgotten, and accordingly we find some of the finest gems engraved with our domestic ally. Amongst these the head of Sirius,‡ on a garnet by Gaius, has long passed as a *capo d'opere* among connoisseurs. One of the earliest of the Roman emperors, Galba, adopted a dog for the family seal, and the number of these quadrupeds now everywhere offered for sale attests that of the ancient world generally might be said what Horace says of Achilles—it rejoiced in dogs and horses exceedingly; indeed, the finest gems, as the finest marbles, were thought to be graced by intaglios and cameos of these quadrupeds. The Egyptians are well known to have delighted not in dogs, but in tabbies, and Mr. Wilkinson instructs us that these were a favourite subject with the *sigillarii*: 'Two cats, sitting back to back, and looking round towards each other, with an emblem of the goddess Athor between them, seems to have been a favourite device for their gold rings.' He adds, 'I have seen three or four of this pattern, one of which is in my own possession.' Caylus also, if we remember rightly, has published a full-faced cat's head in jet. The hare, too, as it occurs on the coinage of Messina, was probably figured on seal stones. Apocryphal animals were largely in vogue, and of these the quaint forms of centaurs, syrens, chimæras, and other sylvícoli, the three-headed dog of the Styx; Capricorns, winged horses and sphinxes,§ were all portrayed in rings; but the sphinx, from the com-

* The horse figures on very early British coins.

† δι' ἡμετέρων βασιλευσιν.—Ihnc. Schol.

‡ In the possession of the Earl of Carlisle.

§ Augustus' sphinx, or rather sphinxes, for he inherited two from his mother's

parative frequency of its occurrence amongst disinterred stones, we may presume to have been more in fashion than the rest.

Among birds, the eagle, of which the Ptolemies and Mints of Magna Grecia were so prodigal, was, moreover, as favourite a seal at Rome as the owl was at Athens; doves were both a pagan and also a very early Christian device; the crow, famed in Roman augury; cocks and quails, which the ancients trained to fight,* together with the stork, which was an emblem of piety,† occur on many ring-stones ready for setting; dolphins, with or without a rider, are also of frequent occurrence; but fond as the ancients were of fish of all kinds, *pisces*, except as a Christian device, rarely formed the subject of gem engraving. Descending to reptiles, we learn that frogs were worn, since it is known that Mæcenas used to seal diplomatic documents with this image, which gave the receivers a cold chill; and as we are told that his dispatches generally were of a disagreeable kind, and related mostly to the imposition of fines and taxes, men had good reason to shudder, or even to croak over them.

Scarabei, or beetle seals, were much worn by the Egyptian soldiery; one reason for this custom, as assigned by Ælian, is that these insects are said all to be males; to which may be added, their natural

casings of armour and their extreme pugnacity render them the fittest emblem a soldier could desire or find of his own calling. Engraved beetles do not often occur out of Egypt, with the religion of which country they are identified. Butterflies, emblematic of the soul, are sometimes found on Greek and Roman gems; flies, locusts, bees, and cicadæ, also turn up. The ancients, however, seem generally to have preferred animals that required reduction to the necessary standard, rather than insects that might be represented of the size of life.

The vegetable kingdom furnished the engraver, though more sparingly than the animal, with appropriate subjects for the exercise of his skill. The Spartans were indebted to old worm-riddled wood—*θηρη-δεστα τα ξύλα υπό θριπῶν βεβρωμένα οἱς εσφραγίζον*—for a very famous device much railed at by dishonest housekeepers;‡ the family of Cicero to *cicer—pois chicke*, the Italian pea; that of Florus to *flos*, flower; and perhaps the families of the Fabii and Lentuli to *faber*, a bean, and *lens*, lentile, for their seals. The useful and fine arts afforded a very large contingent of devices—many of the implements of husbandry, carpenters' tools, &c.; thus C. Malleolus adopted his namesake, a hammer, for his signet; while anchors, § musical instru-

jewel case, acquired much and no good notoriety from his practice of leaving one of the twain with his favourites, Mæcenas and Marc Antony, with plenary powers to affix it to or withhold it from whatever edicts or other state documents they pleased. These sphinxes becoming the subjects of unpleasant comment, Augustus changed them, we are told, for the head of Alexander, which he again superseded somewhat later by his own effigy. The sigillary fickleness of Augustus does not stand alone even amongst the earlier Cæsars. Galba, who, for a time, used Augustus' head for a seal, changed it afterwards for that of a dog. Other potentates long after occasionally imitated his example: thus Clovis changed the three toads hitherto the arms of France, into the present *trois fleurs de lys*; and Witekind the Saxon, like Clovis, on his conversion to Christianity, adopted a white in place of a black horse.

* Both birds are occasionally seen in combat on Etruscan vases, and in mosaics.

† Metellus Pius and Antoninus Pius severally adopted a stork for their signet.

‡ προτοῦ μὲν οὖν ἦν ἄλλ' ὑποῖσαι τὴν θύραν,

ποιησαμέναισι δακτύλιον τριωκόλου·

Νῦν δ' οὗτος αὐτοὺς ᾧ κότρινψ Εὐριπίδης

ἔδιδασκε θριπύδεσσ' εἶχειν σφραγίδεα

Ἐξαπαμένους.—Aristoph. *Thesmoph.*, 427, &c.

§ This was a very favourite device with the first Christians, intimating symbolically the security and rest which a soul enjoys whilst staid on the hope of a better life to come, as on an anchor sure and steadfast. This was also not an unusual pagan device. The reason of its adoption by the Seleucidæ was,

ments,* trophies,† and accoutrements of war, chariots,‡ ships, public edifices, cities, either personified, like Rome, by a female with turreted head, or actually represented, as Jerusalem was by the Jews during the Babylonish captivity,§ have made their way down to us. The heavenly bodies likewise, in all their several glories, glow either in transparent gems, or twinkle in a blue sky of lapis lazuli. These luminaries are sometimes personified, sometimes represented under their own form;|| at others, under such figures as the following, ☉ ♀ ☿ ♀ ♀ And to conclude this brief notice of ring devices, we may mention that caricatures, legends,** texts, toasts, logogriffs, and names, sometimes a word, or even initials,†† were as much in vogue formerly as they are now.

Stones engraved with the above devices are for the most part oval, that being the common form of the Egyptian scarabæus, from which

all other annular gems were derived. We say the common form, because the Egyptian scarabæus assumes sometimes a long oval, at others nearly a circular figure; but besides the above, some very ancient rings occur, which are square, triangular, polygonal, horned, heart or trefoil-shaped, and like a horse's shoe. The engraved surface was seldom flat, but retained generally, more especially in incised stones, some traces of the convexity of the beetle's back, thereby affording the artist greater facility for foreshortening his figures. Of the two kinds of ancient engraving, that in relief, *cameo* (Gr. γλυπτική, Latin, *sculptura*) is much rarer than the incised *intaglio* (Gr. ἀνὰ γλυπτική, Latin, *cælutura*.) Both cameos and intaglios were anciently mounted according to the usual methods adopted in the present day generally—i.e., set into a fixed bezel, and sometimes into one that revolved round its centre, so as to expose alternately either

according to a, no doubt, very veracious legend—the following:—Apollo dropt a ring, with an anchor engraved, into Seleucus' mother's bed, shortly before her accouchement. The discovery of so signal a mark of his favour produced first a deep impression upon the lady's nerves, and secondly upon her son's thigh, which last continued to be transmitted to his children's children for many generations.

— — — per omnem

Hanc sobolis seriem natura cucurrit imago.—Grot.

* Polycrates' famous ring represented a lyre.

† Tinnoleon wore one, Pompey and Sylla three trophies; Galba a Victory with a trophy.

‡ Pliny was only one of many who showed their love for the race-course by adopting a *biga* for his seal.

§ The words 'If I forget Jerusalem in my mirth, may my right hand forget her cunning,' have been supposed to be allusive in the speaker to a ring of this sort worn on his right hand.

|| Amphion's device was a rising sun. The western Locrians adopted, according to Strabo, the star Hesperus.

¶ The first of these figures is supposed to represent the (full) face of the sun; the second, the (profile of the) moon; the third, (the scythe of) Saturn; the fourth, the (thunderbolt of) Jupiter; the fifth (the lance of) Mars; the sixth (the looking-glass of) Venus; the seventh (the caduceus of) Mercury. Rings bearing such devices always evince, according to Scaligen, great antiquity. Apollonius received from an Indian sage a set of such rings; one for every day in the week. The ancients knew but seven metals—viz., gold, silver, iron, copper, mercury, lead, and tin, and represented them by the same figures as those which designated the planets. As astronomy in the progress of time brought men acquainted with many new planets, so the primary number of seven metals has come to be nearly squared within the last two centuries, thus should it come into fashion again to represent either symbolically, it must be by a much augmented series of symbols.

** Sometimes it was a Latin motto, like Augustus' *festina lente*; a moral apothegm, such as 'know thyself'; or a toast, as 'health to the pretty Eutyche,' in Greek, with the letters in relief.

†† As the well-known χ , supposed to be of Christian origin; but, as it occurs on coins of Probus, who was not a Christian, and in inscriptions anterior to Christianity, it was probably only adopted by Christians, who found it convenient, as while it was a recognised symbol, and so would excite no jealousy, it was also significant to them, as resolvable into the initials of Jesus Christ.

surface to view.* These settings were generally massive, though occasionally† care was taken to enclose a transparent stone in so slight a rim of gold that the skin of the wearer might be seen through it. All rings had not bezils, the engraving being sometimes transferred to the metal of which it was composed, and this in cabalistic rings was often engraved with symbols round the hoop. The make of plain althic rings was, from the oldest times, what it now is; some were a slight hoop, like the modern wedding-ring;‡ some very voluminous; and of these a few, more 'showy than commodious,'§ were hollow; others were massive, and very ponderous||—*pondera gemmae* (Pliny). Many of the latter may be found in every *dactylothea* of ancient gems.

The materials employed in the composition of rings were extremely various; they occur not only of one or more metals, and of an immense number of stones, but of coral, ivory, bone, amber, jet, shell, glass, wood, coal, porcelain, and even of hair. The metals used in their fabrication were gold, silver, iron, lead, and the mixed metals, bronze and electrum. Of all these, gold and bronze rings are now the most abundant; though it seems probable, from the testimony of ancient

writers, that none had so large an issue as those of iron. Whole nations, as the Macedonians and Spartans, were unacquainted with any other; the ring-loving Romans wore none else for four hundred years after they became a people; and long after the introduction of gold rings, the slaves, soldiers, and women of the State, together with a large body of the citizens, still continued to wear them. It is true that, as compared with gold or bronze rings, those of iron are now of rare occurrence; yet when it is considered how extremely liable this metal is to corrode, and how little wrought iron has actually reached us, the number yet extant shows that the adoption of them must have been general. Silver seals are rare, and were worn principally by the emperors at Constantinople. Of electrum rings we have seen no specimen whatever; that they were used is certain, for Heliodorus speaks of a very massive one, in which was set an Ethiopic amethyst as large as a 'virgin's eye'—*quantum oculus virginialis circumscreibt et occupat*.

In at least nine cases out of ten, one metal only was employed in the formation of a ring, but instances are met with of two or more united in the same annulus; sometimes the hoop is composed of two metals,

* This is the mode of mounting termed a *giro* by Italian jewellers, and is well-known to collectors, who generally prefer it to a more massive form. Its advantages are, that it does not conceal the beauties of the engraving or of the stone, either of which may be viewed at any angle, and also that being a very light kind of setting it is comparatively cheap, three *scudi*, or about thirteen shillings, being the average price paid. Unless the collector's gems are set, he runs a great risk of losing some at each exhibition, when, as all know to their cost, they are exceedingly apt to slip through the fingers and disappear.

† Pliny.

‡ The Italians occasionally wear *ad memoriam* rings, which consist of a series of hoops looped together, so that by dropping one or more off the finger, the rest remaining *in situ*, the wearer is perpetually reminded of one or more things he may intend to do. The ancients merely shifted their rings for this purpose, or wound thread round the hoop, as we do now—'*Multum enim signa faciunt et ex alia memoria venit alia, ut quum translatus anulus, vel illigatus commoneat nos, cur id fecerimus.*'—Quintil.

§ '*Vacui ac cavi etiam majores expectationes quam commoditates præagiunt propterea quod majorem molem quam gravitatem habent.*'—Artemidor.

|| Mr. Wilkinson, in his *Antiquities of Egypt*, mentions a very extraordinary and interesting one in the possession of a Frenchman at Cairo. It 'contained twenty pounds' worth of gold,' and 'consisted of a massive ring, half an inch in its largest diameter, bearing an oblong plinth, on which the devices were engraved one inch long, six-tenths in its greatest, and four-tenths in its smallest breadth; on one face was the name of King Horus of the eighteenth dynasty; on the other a horn, with the legend 'Lord of strength,' referring to the monarch; on one side was a scorpion, and on the other a crocodile.

while the bezil is of a third kind; thus iron rings turn up with silver or gold bezil, and what is much more remarkable, a silver and even an iron bezil is sometimes inserted into a gold ring. Occasionally a baser metal, as iron or bronze, was coated (as in the forged consular coins, *foderati*, of Republican Rome) with a thin plate of silver, of which rings there remain not a few extant specimens.

It would be difficult to sum up the full number of stones operated upon by the engraver, but of Pliny's long alphabet of gems, few, owing to the inaccuracy of ancient authors, can now be made out with any certainty. The same gem is often described under a variety of aliases; and again, stones are sometimes confounded, which, except in hue and transparency, have little or nothing in common. It seems, however, not improbable from the large legacy of these valuables left to us by the ancient world, that they knew most, if not all, the precious stones which we call gems, *par excellence*, and set them in rings as we do, though generally uncut, for they considered a fine gem susceptible of injury, but incapable of improvement, by the manipulations of the artist, and therefore contented themselves with exercising their ingenuity upon beautiful but less costly minerals (Pliny). Of all ring stones the cornelian (which the Muse of Menander celebrates by the side of the emerald) was in commonest use, and after it the jasper, agate, and onyx, to which last, following the example of Claudius Cæsar and Scipio Africanus, the

Roman world gave its adhesion; since of all the above stones (though they in a certain degree possess the same merit) it stamped the cleanest impression without any adhesion to the wax.

These stones, according to the testimony of Clarke, Montfaucon, and others, form the major part in all collections, public and private, and their statement is perfectly consonant to our own experience. Other engraved stones of not unfrequent occurrence in cabinets, are the green semi-transparent *plasma*—emerald-root, as it is sometimes called—the grey niccolo, which is a variety of onyx, and rock crystals, variously tinted. Some of these stones were not set into bezils, but were themselves hollowed out to form the ring.

*Anule qui mistis etiam spectare metallis,
Unaque quem Atque gemma curata facit*
(Grot).

Amber, too, and jet (which was formerly considered ripe amber as black olives succeed to green); glass, so artistically coloured and tempered that, as Pliny, in teaching how to make out factitious gems, ingenuously confesses it would frequently elude detection; ivory from the teeth of the hippopotamus; horn from the hoofs of the great northern beast called Aleen, or of the wild ass (Artemidorus); coral, which was more highly thought of formerly than now; shells, cannel coal, wood, as of the *Sycamorus ficus*, &c.; and finally, porcelain, which Wilkinson reports to have been worn by the *plebeite* of old Thebes, were similarly wrought up into rings.

TO AN ANTIQUE.

(FIGURE OF A WINNED BOY, ASLEEP.)

LOVELY Boy! how calm thou sleepest,
Yet thy slumber's not the deepest.
Half-folded only are thy wings;
And thy limbs, half-stretch'd, half-bent,
In easy, graceful languishment,
Tell that with all airy things,
Birds, sprites, and men's imaginings,
Through the yielding element,
In a moment's flash awake,
Thou thy soaring way couldst take!
So lightly, boy, thou slumberest,
The rose leaves dropp'd upon thy breast

Not so soon are scatter'd,
 Nor the lake's fair mirror shatter'd
 By rustling breezes, as thy rest
 By words outspoken ; yet thy dreaming
 Is of things of heavenliest seeming—
 All that's brightest, best, and fairest,
 All that on our earth is rarest,
 And boy, thy sleep
 Is not so deep
 But that present things are blending
 With thy beatific vision ;
 Earth her choicest gifts is sending
 To meet thee in thy fields clysian—
 As o'er thy cheek the west wind plays,
 Memory tells of halcyon days ;
 The fragrance of the roses round thee
 In a happy spell has bound thee ;
 The trilling lark, the murmuring stream,
 Awake thee not, but in thy dream
 Thou the melody art feeling ;
 And though 'twould seem thine eye's hid
 From light, yet through its drooping lid
 The sunshine soft is stealing.
 But vainly clouds are o'er it hovering,
 Shadows cannot pierce that covering.
 Ah, happy boy,
 Such slumber to be taking :
 Nought but joy,
 Half in slumber, half in waking,
 Thou from earth and Heaven dost borrow,
 To joy awake—asleep to sorrow.
 Ah ! just like thee Love doth seem,
 Living in a long day-dream,
 Gathering from what's earthly real, .
 Enough to deck his soul's ideal ;
 But *he* one day must have his waking,
 And find his airy visions breaking ;
 Such doom can never *thee* befall ;
 Fast lock'd in happy magic thrall,
 Which nor chance nor change can sever,
 Thou art bound to sleep for ever !

Twice ten hundred years have flown,
 Since first thy form on earth was known ;
 Ten thousand thousand living men
 Have slept and woke and slept since then ;
 The artist of that wondrous land
 Where art's chief prodigies were plann'd,
 When he with his cunning hand,
 Thy sleeping, waking form had moulded,
 With thy pinions scarcely folded,
 And thy limbs half-stretch'd, half-bent,
 In luxurious languishment,
 In his teeming fancy meant
 Thou shouldst seem to wake at will—
 So thou seem'st, yet sleepest still,
 Ever sleeping, waking ever,
 Such the fancy's bright endeavour,
 Such the sculptor's shaping skill—
 Thou lovely, lasting miracle !

ON ORTHOGRAPHY.

To the Rev. Augustus Jessopp.

DEAR SIR,—I have read attentively and with interest the observations on orthography which you have done me the honor to send to me. Different authors have given different reasons for varying. Southey told me, when he visited me last at Clifton, now some twenty years since, that it would ruin him to *spell right*, for that fifty copies of his book would never sell. Archdeacon Hare, not inferior even to Archbishop Whately in purity of style and correctness of thought, had the courage to follow my *preterites* and *participles* and other words. In my *Last Fruits off an Old Tree* I have added high authorities. In fact I never have spelt differently from the ladies and gentlemen now flourishing, in the reign of Queen Victoria, without such or without analogy. Our language was first corrupted by the *Euphuists*: it had reached perfection under the compilers of our Church service. It fell prostrate in the slipperiness of filth about the court of Charles the Second, when every gentleman wished it to be thought that he had been an exile for his adherence to royalty so long as to have forgotten his mother tongue. Authors, if not menials, were dependents, and picked up from under their tables the crumbs of their puff-paste. Cowley and Dryden, and South himself, were richly slovenly. The sublime sanctitude of Milton was as pure in utterance as in thought: he never was seized by the prevalent influenza; he never went into places where it could be caught. Bacon, Raleigh, Algernon Sydney, and De Foe, are leaders *sermone pedestri*; but they differed in the spelling of several words.

The French were no less ambitious of polishing their language than their manners. Montaigne and Charron had been contented with homely simplicity; Madame de Sevigné and Menage, not forgetting simplicity, added grace. Even these, and Rochefoucault, and La Bruyère, and Le Sage, left room for a slight interliniation by Voltaire. François the king was separated from François the people,

whom he taught also to write *aimait* and *aimaient*.

Sir, you quote a learned gentleman who reproves his son for '*ill* orthography.' Now what is *ill* orthography but *ill-right-spelling*? You tell me that we no longer use *ill* as an adjective. Then *ill* is ill-used. But do we not constantly say 'on *ill* terms; an *ill* turn; an *ill* recompense?' In the very same line you continue 'nor insert *do*.' Surely we *do* insert it when we answer a question, and when we desire to express a feeling intensely: such as, '*I do* hope; *I do* love; *I do* trade.' In the next line you object to *th*, as final letters of the present tense and third person, where *s* is usual. Generally such a termination should be avoided, but never or rarely when the next word begins with *s*. A writer than whom few are more fashionable, Sir Lytton Bulwer, reverses this rule, even in prose.

Permit me to express my dissent from your proposition that—

'There is no one who would dream of altering a great writer's language, yet we expect to find the spelling of the new book somewhat different from that of the old.'

Scholars and sound laborious critics have been careful in collating the editions of both ancient and more recent authors. Aulus Gellius tells us that Virgil wrote the same word differently; and Heine, his editor, has observed it in the text. Virgil wrote but twenty years after Catullus, yet, altho they were of the same province and neighbourhood, their spelling was unlike. Virgil never wrote *quoi*, as Catullus did; and, altho he wrote vernacularly in a pastoral, he did not write *quojum*, but *cujum*. Catullus used the language of Cicero and Cæsar; Virgil that of Augustus and his court. Gilbert Wakefield has been sedulous in recovering the style of Lucretius. Fortunately we possess the comedies of Terence and of Plautus; treasures of Latinity, held sacred by the great conqueror and the great orator. There we see the very handwriting of the Scipios and the Gracchi.

I much commend the late publisher of Milton's works for observing his orthography. The same had been done by the judicious Tyrwhitt in his edition of Chaucer: and Spenser too, some time before, had been thought as capable of spelling as Dyche. Let me remind you that *Paradise Lost* was never seen in print by the writer. There is little doubt that he had ordered his daughter to observe the spelling of a few particular words, such as '*souvan*,' in which he adopted the Italian type, preferably to the French. By analogy he would have written '*foren*,' whose *e* and *i* are vagabonds and illegitimate.

A dandy and *dilettante* in tight letters threw his feather up into the air hoping it might fall on me and crush me. He represented an ignorant clown *writing* the word '*foren*.' Now certainly both clown and dandy, as well as we who are neither, are accustomed to *pronounce* it alike, however we may spell it.

You propose the question — 'whether in altering the spelling of old books, we are doing right or wrong?' To me it appears decided by the authority of Tyrwhitt the judge and by the verdict of publishers the jury. Well may you ask — 'Does not common-sense revolt against Tillotson's alterations of Barrow, *to make him more eloquent*?' Change of spelling can produce no such effect; and it is laughable to think of Tillotson working such a miracle. I do not join you in your reprehension of Wordsworth for modernizing Chaucer; because there are many who cannot comprehend that admirable poet's versification, in which the mute *e*, as in the French, is prolonged and sounded. Wordsworth is a poet of high merit, but neither of the same kind nor of the same degree as Chaucer. He could no more have written the *Canterbury Tales*, nor any poetry so diversified, than he could have written the *Paradise Lost*, the *Sampson Agonistes*, the *Allegro*, the *Penseroso*, the *Sonnet to Cromwell*, or, that sublimest of psalms in sonnet form, the *Invocation to God on his Murdered Saints in Piedmont*.

Again, 'Is it not perilous,' you ask, 'to let your spelling change

with every generation?' Yes indeed; therefore I would set my foot against these changes as they are rolling on and accumulating: I would garner the old grain, and thrash out and winnow the last year's.

You bring forward for notice some instances of reduplication in the vowels.

The best writers of earlier date seldom reduplicate them: *ea* and *ei* and *ie* are unusual. You 'put it to the mass of writers,' even among ourselves, whether they would wish to have their own *punctuation* preserved in their printed works. I know little about the 'mass of writers' or their wishes; I can only say that, to my certain knowledge, those who are not 'the mass' have complained to me that theirs was *not* preserved; Southey, in particular, and our English Thucydides, the historian of the Peninsular War. In punctuation we differ from all the writers in the world. We think we are unsafe without a sentinel on each side of *perhaps*, of *too*, of *however*, &c. In fact, where 'the mass' is standing too many stops 'stop the way:' every sixth or seventh might be well dismissed.

I have gone farther into this subject than any of my countrymen have gone before: whether in a right direction will be decided by another age. In the present I have been bespattered by the heavy and blundering tramp of loose wooden shoes; but the dirt soon dries. I call upon no one to follow me, but to be obedient, as I have been, (however imperfectly) to grave authority, and never recalcitrate against strict analogy.

Hooted at by 'children of a larger growth,' who ought to have been going to school, but who are likely to be late before they get there, I walk quietly on, undisturbed in my reflections, and remembering that Prometheus was neither bound by pygmies nor lacerated by sparrows.

And now, my dear Sir, finding that I have far exceeded my limits, I beg permission to call the public attention to your remarks, which will carry more weight than what I have brought forward in several of my *Imaginary Conversations*.

Believe me your obliged

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

MOLDO-WALLACHIA.

THOUGH the present war is in a great measure on account of Moldo-Wallachia, yet these provinces, lying as they do out of the beaten track, are but little known in France and England. Few English travellers had visited them previously to the war, and since that time few besides officers attached to the Turkish army have added to the former number, and from the nature of their occupations these persons were not likely to add to the little which was known in Europe of Moldo-Wallachia.

To what race the inhabitants of these provinces belong is not clearly known, and their language, that first test of nationality, is frequently spoken of as a *patois* or bastard Italian, whereas it may fairly claim to have departed less from the parent Latin than Italian, or the other Romance languages. Disguised as it long has been by the Slav alphabet, it is not surprising that this claim should not have been heard; moreover, the language has been unnecessarily burdened with Slav words, for which Latin equivalents exist in the Rouman. Many of these Slavonic words are, however, only in use in the large towns; in the country the peasants speak a much purer language. The introduction of the Slav words is owing to the ritual having been in the Slavonic language, and the Slavonic words are principally such as have a religious meaning. For some time a movement has been going forward to purify the language, and the Slavonic words have been eliminated, and are now replaced by the Rouman, or by a Latin word. The introduction of Slavonic dates from the Council of Florence in 1439, at which an attempt was made to unite the Greek Church in the provinces to the Latin Church. This attempt was resisted, and was followed up by the substitution of the Cyrillic alphabet for the Rouman letters, and all the Latin papers and manuscripts were burned. The ritual was no longer read in Latin or in Rouman but in Slav, and most of

the books were written in Slavonic, which neither the clergy nor the people understood. This revolution was naturally followed by gross ignorance and superstition; and it is only about fifty years ago that the language of the country was again re-established in the churches, and the ritual again read in the vulgar tongue.

The alphabet is now very much modified, and but few of the Cyrillic letters remain, and as these are necessary for the Slav words only, they will probably shortly disappear, along with many of those harsh intruders into a Latin tongue.

Another check to the development of the Rouman language and literature is to be found in the appointment of Greek Hospodars, who misgoverned and oppressed the country for a period of a hundred years. Under their influence Greek was universally studied, to the exclusion of Latin; the country was deluged with Greek schoolmasters, who succeeded in becoming as unpopular as the Fanariot Hospodars. The reaction against Greek and the Greeks has been very strong; the study of Greek has almost ceased, and the Greeks are perhaps more hated in Moldo-Wallachia than in any other country where they are known. The feeling with regard to the Greeks is continually showing itself, and finds its expression at the theatre, among other places. Several of the national plays are full of ridicule of the Greeks, of which the following extract may be taken as an example.

THE RUSTIC MARRIAGE.

Represented at Yassy, February 3, 1848.

By B. ALEXANDRI.

ALEKO (*the pupil*).

Good evening, good evening,

A bad day to you.

Friend, what news?*

Bread and salad.

GAITANIS (*the Greek schoolmaster, he mispronounces the Rouman words*).

I will break your ears

Since you have shot at me with a gun,

* Allusion to the insatiable curiosity of the modern as of the ancient Greeks for news, and to the parsimony of their mode of living.

And have caused a great fright
To the valiant Palikar.

ALEKO and FRANZ (*the servant*
together, laughing.

Alas for the unhappy teacher,
I see him scolding,
And his eyes inflamed
And his nose reddened.

GAITANIS.

What blasphemy,
What Yanissary's conduct;
Oh God! I die of spite,
I am bursting with rage.

SCENE III.

KURIOS GAITANIS.

Get along, get along, unblushing
blackguards. They have quite put me
out of gear! Ouf. In what times are
we living. The blackguard children,
they take to laughing at learned men.

It is gone, that pleasant time,
When a Greek teacher,
Armed with a great rod,
Expounded publicly
Arithmetic,
With grammar,
And history
Here and there.
But now the world is getting bad,
And we have remained as laughing-
stocks;
For the children without fear
Rap us on the noses.

Formerly when I entered the school
with frowning eyebrows, all the children
trembled like willows—like the rod,
which swung over their heads: and
when I had once said, silence, devils!
you could not hear a whisper. Then
when I called some one to say his lesson
seventy devils entered into him.

(*Imitating a Greek teacher in a
school-room.*)

Here, Burduzane, come here.
(*Imitating the schoolboy*)—At your
orders, schoolmaster.

Come here, my boy, how many parts
of speech are there?

The parts of speech - - - fifteen.

Fifteen - - - may you die fifteen times,
booby. And I used to begin to cut him
up with the rod, catch it, catch it, till
he learned how many parts of speech
there are; for

Then the rod on his back,
τυπτω, τυπτετε, explained to him,
And the bastinado to his feet
Taught him clearly through the soles
Arithmetic,
With grammar,
And history
Here and there.

But now the world is growing bad,
And we have remained as laughing-
stocks;

For the children without fear
Rap us over the nose.

It is for this that locusts come into
the country, for this reason the corn
and maize does not grow. But what am
I standing here for, talking of maize,
when Hlenutza is being married? Ah,
Kyrie Eleison, she is to be married to
another, a rustic, and I remain with
tears on my moustaches! I who love
her like my two eyes!—I who have
ruined myself in treating her to caroobs
and halva of Adrianople. But no! brother
Trochinus, no! Lady Hlenutza! it
shall not be as you calculate—for I too
am here—and I do not let any rustic blow
upon my soup. No, brother Trochin!
you owe me five hundred piastres, since
this winter, and if you do not pay me my
little money now, now, quickly, at once,
at once, I will put an execution* on
you, and I prevent your marriage. (*He
taps at the door of Trochin.*) Here
Trochin, Trochin; hey, come here.

This feeling against the Greeks
is by no means of recent growth.
It is not altogether due only to the
misgovernment of the Fanariots,
but is partly to be attributed
to the personal character of
the Greeks; for we find in 1669,
a chrysobul of Hospodar John
Radu Leon, ordering the expulsion
of the Greeks from Wallachia, on
account of the usury and extortion
practised by them among the
peasants, and their intrigues in all
departments of the State. The
same chrysobul forbids the dedica-
tion of the revenues of Wallachian
monasteries to Greek purposes, such
as the Greek monasteries on Mount
Athos, at Jerusalem, and at other
places. The Fanariot Hospodars
however restored to the Greek
monks the revenues of the Rouman
monasteries. This lasted till 1822,
when the Princes Gregoire Ghika
and Jean Stourdza protested against
the alienation of the revenues of
the monasteries; the Porte by a
firman obliged the Greek monks to
surrender them, and the State reco-
vered its own.

In 1828 the Russian occupation
brought with it the Greek monks,
who continued to enjoy a greater
or a less proportion of these re-

* An execution in Wallachia means quartering soldiers on a debtor; they live at
free quarters till he pays. This is a Russian custom.

venues till 1848, when the National Government was again able to apply them to the national purposes for which they had been originally designed by their founders. This Government was suppressed by the Russians, and the Greek monks once more entered into their abusive enjoyment of these revenues. This question, so long disputed, is again at this moment under discussion, and efforts are being made, especially in Moldavia, to recover these revenues for the State, which stands in great need of them for works of public utility. Of course the Greek monks and the Russian agents and partisans are making equal exertions to prevent these monies from being diverted from Mount Athos and the other Greek monasteries; and the interest Russia has in the matter is easily understood, since all the money carried to the treasury of these monasteries serves to further the intrigues of the Hetairists and Russian propagandists in Turkey.

The revival of Rouman literature began with J. Vacaresco; he was followed by his son and his grandson. George Lazar, a Transylvanian, was the first who opened a school for the Rouman language: in 1816 he opened one at St. Sava, at Bukarest. Petro Mayor was the first to turn his attention to the reform of the language, which had so long been confined to the country people only. He adopted the Latin characters, and wrote a work on the origin of the Moldo-Wallachians (*Despre începutul Rumânilor*), and another on the origin of the language; he also adopted the etymological orthography. Latin has now taken the place of Greek, and is very generally studied as the basis of the national tongue. Efforts are being made to eliminate the unnecessary Slavonic words for which Rouman equivalents exist, especially such as are not only foreign to the language, but are also politically distasteful from their signification, such as *tchin*, the Russian for rank, grade; *tchinste*, honour, esteem. There is naturally much difference of opinion among the men of letters, and even some opposition to any change. A literary journal printed at Yassy disputes the Russian pretension that Slav forms the basis, or even an

equal part, of the language, and describes the language as composed in the following proportions; viz., six-tenths of the words Latin, two-tenths Slav, and two-tenths of Hungarian, Turkish, and Greek. The writer on the subject in this paper objects to an undue elimination of words, which have taken root and become naturalized among the people, and makes the following very good observation:—‘And I would not wish to see in the books of my country the words, *pol*, *prikaz*, *predlojenie*, *let*, *lipon*, *kir*, and *dele* . . . when I can equally employ the Rouman words, *jumetate*, *porouke*, *propunere*, *au*, *dare*, *Domn*, *lucrare* . . . Also I cannot bear to hear in the Rouman country, Roumans saying or writing—He has given a ‘*petitiune la administratiune*,’ when a Rouman could very well say as a Rouman, he has given a ‘*cercere la dregetorie*,’ or, ‘*fula inpiede plezirurile*,’ instead of the correct expression, ‘*calca în picioare placerile*.’

The writer goes on to instance several languages, and among them French, English, and Italian, which are composed of other languages, and which have completely incorporated and assimilated the foreign words they have adopted from their neighbours.

Eliade Rodulesco, a pupil of Lazar, has done a great deal towards forwarding the progress of Rouman literature; but he has unfortunately fallen into the most extravagant exaggeration, tending to change Rouman into Latin, or something intended for it. It is in Moldavia especially that progress has been made: there the Hospodar Alexander Ghika has encouraged men of letters, and has installed M. Laurian in a professorship at Yassy. Laurian is a Rouman of Wallachia, from which province he was banished; he then resided in Transylvania and at Vienna, where he distinguished himself by his philological labours: and owing to these he was summoned, under the auspices of Prince Ghika, to Yassy, where he deservedly holds a high place in the public estimation.

In Wallachia, Vacaresco, Alexandresco, Bolentineano, Boliak, and Cretzianu, are the chief of the mo-

dern poets. In Moldavia, Alexandri may fairly claim the first place among all these modern poets; he has also written several plays for the National Theatre, in which he has satirized the prevailing vices and corruption. Among the prose writers, Kozalniciano and Baliesco are the most deserving of mention. Kozalniciano wrote a history of the two provinces in French in his younger days: he has long since made *amende honorable* for the Russian spirit in which this history is written.

The Roumans, separated from Europe by Austrian cordons and Russian quarantines, have not only suffered from the ignorance in which Europe has remained with regard to the language of this interesting nationality, but they have also to complain of having been misrepresented by nations who have fancied that by so doing they were serving their own interests. In a recent pamphlet, the Poles openly advocated the exchange by Austria of Galicia for these provinces: and Sadyk Pasha, in a novel written in Polish several years back, called *Kirjali*, and translated into English under the title of *The Moslem and the Christian*, has done the Roumans but very scant justice. This novel is good as a novel, and several of the characters, especially the Arnaut Mikhalaiki and a Pasha of Widdin, are well drawn; but it is defective in historical fidelity. Tudor Vladimiresco's insurrection was against the Fanariots and Ypsilanti, and in support of the Turks; and this is not the impression to be gathered from *Kirjali*. The Boyarina Eudoxia, moreover, exists only in the romance, for Vladimiresco was a man of the people, and it is not well known who his mother was. But the Roumans have just cause of complaint, that, in a novel, half of the scenes of which are placed in Wallachia, the author not only passes over in silence the existence of a Latin race, but studiously seeks to convey the idea that Wallachia is a Slavonic country, and praises the Slavonic ritual used in the Wallachian service; whilst, as we have already said, the Rouman language

had been reinstated in the churches long before Ypsilanti's time (1821). Whatever faults may be objected against the Roumans, or rather Boyars, corruption attributable more to Fanariot and Russian influence than to any other cause, for the people are sound, and the youth of the country patriotic, it is only necessary to dip into the pages of Rouman history to be convinced that there must be much courage and patriotism in a nation which has preserved its language and identity, though living in a plain, and continually exposed to the incursions of the Austrians, Hungarians, Poles, Russians, Tartars, and even in former times colonized by the predecessors of the Tartars, the Avars, Petchenegs, and Komans, — nations of the Turkish family which succeeded one another, and possibly varied only in the name by which they were known. The Roumans on this ground may well boast of being descended from the Roman legionaries; and when the Italians seek to gain their liberty, which they cannot win by the sword, by suggesting to Austria that the Rouman Principalities would be a fair equivalent for the plains of Lombardy, the Moldo-Wallachians may challenge the world to show the justice of imposing the Austrian yoke on a free Latin race, because forsooth that yoke is too oppressive to be borne by another Latin race. The sovereign rights of the Ottoman empire render the discussion of such a proposition needless, but it is to be regretted that the Italians and the Poles should show so much selfishness and so little manhood as to resort to such a subterfuge. The sovereignty of the Ottoman Sultans was not obtained by conquest; to avoid the fate of a conquered nation, the Moldo-Wallachians made submission to the Sultan, who by a firman granted them the right of self-government by their own laws and princes. This firman is the Magna Charta of the provinces; neither the Wallachians nor the Ottomans desire more than is there laid down. The machinations of the Russians have been incessantly

directed to undermine these rights. The firman is as follows:—

Hattı-Humayun of Sultan Bayazid I. Alderim. Nicopolis, Reby ul Evl, 795. A.D. January, 1393.

Art. 1. By our great clemency we consent that the Principality recently subdued by our invincible power be governed by its own laws, and that the Prince of Wallachia have the right of making war and peace, and that of life and death over his subjects.

Art. 2. All Christians who, having embraced the religion of Islam, should afterwards pass from the countries under our dominion into Wallachia, and should again become Christians, shall in no wise be demanded or prosecuted.

Art. 3. All Wallachians who may go into any part of our possessions shall be exempt from the haratch, and from all other tax.

Art. 4. Their Christian Princes shall be elected by the metropolitan and the boyars.

Art. 5. But by reason of this high clemency, and because we have inscribed this prince in the list of our other subjects, he also for his part shall be bound to pay yearly into our imperial treasury three thousand red piastres of the country, or five hundred silver piastres of our money.

It is to be observed that the right here granted of making peace and war did not confer, as at first sight it appears to do, any sovereign rights, since at that time, and till very much later, even recently, this right was shared by all the frontier walis or governors of the Ottoman empire, such as those of Baghdad, Tripoli, &c.

Another Firman was granted to the Wallachians by Mehemed II. in 1460, confirming that of Sultan Bayazid. In 1513 the Sultan granted a similar firman to Boydan, Prince of Moldavia, who, by the advice of his father, Stephen the Great, offered to become a vassal of the Sultan, in order to preserve the religion, laws, and elective Princes of Moldavia.

Subsequently some of the Moldo-Wallachian Princes revolted, and entered into alliances with enemies of the Porte, and the Turkish armies were compelled to enter the country to bring it back to its allegiance, and to leave garrisons at Giurgievo, Ibrail, Galatz, and Ismail, to keep the Hungarians and Poles

in check. The Turks only maintained these places as *têtes de ponts*, and if the garrisons committed any excesses, or went beyond the limits of these fortresses, this was the act of rebellious frontier-governors, and not authorized by the Ottoman Porte.

In 1710, Castriot, a Greek from St. Petersburg, and a Greek Patriarch of Jerusalem, induced Demetrius Cantemir, Prince of Moldavia, to enter into a treasonable alliance with Peter the Great, by which Russia recognised the Prince of Moldavia as an independent sovereign and ally of Russia, and binding him to maintain ten thousand soldiers, whose pay was to be provided by Russia, commenced that protectorate over the Principalities which Count Nesselrode has lately denied ever to have been claimed by Russia. On the publication of a new edition of the Organic Statutes in 1837, Russia endeavoured to obtain the insertion of the following words: *Toutefois cela ne saurait avoir lieu sans le consentement de la cour Suzeraine et Protectrice* [this, however, cannot take place without the consent of the sovereign and protecting court] at the end of the article which provides for the revision of the Organic Statutes by the Assembly with the consent of the Hospodar. The Wallachian Assembly protested decidedly against this encroachment, but Russia induced the Porte to issue a firman requiring the insertion of these words in the Organic Statute.

The treason of Cantemir and of the Wallachian Hospodar who followed him in forming an alliance with Peter the Great, brought upon the two provinces the disastrous rule of the Fanariot Hospodars. The Greeks succeeded in deceiving the Turks into the belief, that not only the Princes but also the body of the Moldo-Wallachian people were well affected to Russia, and, as a reward for their services, the Fanariots obtained the Hospodories of the provinces, which they misgoverned and impoverished during about a century. But the insurrection of Ypsilanti, and the counter-movement of Tudor Vladimiresco in support of the Turks

against the Greeks in the Russian interest, opened the eyes of the Ottoman Porte, and in reward for the fidelity of the Wallachian people, their native princes were restored to them by a Hatty-Sherif in 1821. This was against the interest of Russia, and accordingly was opposed by that power. But this act once accomplished, Russia took credit to herself for having gained this advantage for the Wallachians. An unofficial article in the *Moniteur* recently put forward this view, which is in opposition to historical facts and dates. This misstatement, apparently unimportant, appears to have been supplied to the *Moniteur* by one of the Fanariots at Paris.

Some writers have put forward the notion that the possession of Moldo-Wallachia was of small importance to the Porte, because the tribute is insignificant in amount. But this view, even with reference to the tribute only, is very erroneous. For it must be remembered that, though other provinces of the Ottoman Empire contribute a much larger revenue to the Imperial Treasury, yet a considerable sum has to be deducted for the expenses of government, administration, and justice; in addition to which, in the case of Moldo-Wallachia, the Porte is relieved from the burden of attending to the details of their internal administration. The chief value of these provinces is however strategical, and lies in the resources which, when once in the hands of the enemy, they are compelled to furnish against the Porte. These resources, of which Russia has largely availed herself, have been summed up as follows :

The budget of the Principalities.

The hospitals, whose revenues are drawn from other sources than the budget.

The provisioning and lodging of an army of two hundred thousand men by the inhabitants.

The money deposited in the municipal chests.

The provisions always contained in the magazines as a reserve in case of scarcity.

Provisions bought from the inhabitants at a price fixed before the occupation, with bonds which are never paid.

Eight hundred thousand carts, drawn by two or four oxen, which are taken for the transport of munitions and forage.

The labour of the peasants at field-works and fortifications.

Thirty or forty thousand troops, who are compelled to serve in the Russian army.

But for the preponderance Russia, and now Austria, have been allowed to obtain in the Principalities, all these resources would be at the service of Turkey and her allies. The thirty or forty thousand troops could easily be increased, and indeed one among the many causes of complaint made by the Wallachians against the Austrian occupation is, that it has prevented them from taking part in the war against Russia, and from sending a contingent to the Ottoman army, to be employed either in the Crimea or on the Pruth.

We have already alluded to the naturally good disposition of the Moldo-Wallachian peasantry; brigandage and assassination are unknown among them; yet they are frequently oppressed by the agents of the proprietors, and are subject to very heavy contributions of labour and of produce both to the proprietors and to the State: their condition, as the boyars themselves confess, is very inferior to that of the Bulgarian peasant in Turkey. Not only is the material condition of the Rouman peasant below that of the Bulgarian, but he is also far less protected by the law; and there is at this moment a greater distance, in the eye of the law, between the boyar and the peasant, than between the Turk and the Bulgarian.

Whilst the Sublime Porte was extending the Tanzimat to those of its subjects under its direct sway, Russia had been re-establishing serfdom in Moldo-Wallachia, and in drawing up the Organic Statutes, rendered the condition of the peasant more onerous than it was before. The revolution in 1848 brought this great question under consideration, and had enfranchised the gipsies, who up to that time had been sold separately from the soil, in the same way as negroes in the United States, when Russian

intervention destroyed the hopes of the peasants, and again reduced the gipsies to slavery. They however gained something, for they are no longer an object of commerce, as before 1848. When Russia took possession of Bessarabia in 1812, she proclaimed the emancipation of the peasants, not in their interest, but to ruin the boyars. The peasants then left their habitations, and wandered over the country, seeking more fertile situations and land on better conditions. This disorganization of labour ruined the Moldavian boyars, who could neither cultivate their lands nor pay the heavy taxes which the Russian Government imposed upon them. They were consequently compelled to sell their lands, and the greater part of them emigrated from Bessarabia to Yassy. When these lands had changed hands, the Russian Government adopted another tone, compelled the peasants to settle, and re-established serfdom; they at the same time abolished the schools in which Rouman was taught, and allowed Russian only to be taught in future. But the Bessarabian clings tenaciously to his language, and prefers to remain ignorant of reading and writing if it is to be at the expense of his mother tongue, and the Muscovite schools are not crowded with pupils. Notwithstanding the sufferings which the peasantry of the two Principalities have endured in present and in past times, they are strongly attached to their country; they alone preserved their language and the name of Rouman during the century of Fanariot oppression, when the Wallachian boyars basely joined with the Greeks in contemning their name and race, so that at one time the word Rouman came to be synonymous with peasant, and was used as such even by the native boyars. This bad feeling, however, lasted but for a short time, and now that the society of the two provinces has emancipated itself from the trammels of the Fanariots, national sentiments are predominant.

To conclude, the wants of the Rouman population may be very shortly summed up: they require and ask only to be reinstated in the rights granted them by

Sultan Bayazid and his successors. The Sublime Porte requires nothing more from these provinces than what is contained in these firmans, which, but for the pressure exercised by Russia, supported by a Fanariot party in the Principalities, would never have been infringed. All the treaties between the Porte and Russia which have been injurious to the right and interest of the two Principalities, and of the Sovereign paramount, from that of Kutchuk-Kainarjy down to that of Balta-Liman, have ceased to exist since the declaration of war. Yet the Organic Statutes are still in force, and the population have as little to say with respect to their Government as during the time of the Russian occupation. The occupying army, indeed, has changed its name but not its character; it has become more odious to all the classes of the Moldo-Wallachians than ever the Russian army was. But let the provinces be administered by princes faithful to their obligations and to the real interests of their countrymen; let the National Assembly be convened, and the Organic Statutes revised; let the autonomy of the two provinces be restored to them, unfettered by a Russian proconsul or by any other who may desire to imitate him; and the government of the Hospodar, by attending to works of public utility, and the gradual reform of the statutes regulating the contributions in labour and produce of the peasant, will do more to ameliorate his condition, and along with it the prosperity of the provinces, than can be expected from the plans produced by diplomatists at Vienna, ready prepared from their experience of the wants of France and England, but without regard to the condition of society in the provinces; and which, if carried into execution, would disorganize the social system, and impoverish the proprietors without corresponding benefit to the mass of the population. It must also be remembered, that though the boyars are a small class, the proprietors of the soil are a very numerous one, who must be reckoned with, and any measure that alarmed them would throw a serious weight into the scale of that insidious policy

which has so often availed itself of the jealousies existing between one class and another.

Such are the legitimate aspirations of the Roumans; if they have another hope, it is that they may see their brothers in Bessarabia re-united to them. They hope shortly to see the allied arms carried across the Pruth. They know that the Treaty of Vienna secured the freedom of the mouth of the Danube, and that so long as Ismail remains in the hands of the Russians, the new treaty will probably be no more faithfully observed

than the Treaty of Vienna has been. And they cannot forget that in 1812, in order to draw Russia into her alliance, England pressed the Porte to cede Bessarabia to Russia;—a cession which the fortunes of war had not made necessary. This negotiation was the first in which our present Ambassador at Constantinople took part: that he may have the good fortune to live to see the reversal of a measure he once advocated, is the sincere desire of every Rouman.

SONNET.

HOPE.

. Ah now,
Thou dost wear an alter'd brow,
Thou art gazing up on high,
With an angel's mien.—T. W.

'**H**OPE! Hope! my heart is dying, art thou dead?
My heart is dying from a poison'd shaft;
And even Faith is flown since thou art fled.'
But when I call'd her, mocking Memory laugh'd.
And when I call'd again at utmost need,
Madness through midnight glared with tiger-eye!
'Hope! Hope! yet hear me, if thou art indeed
God's angel comforter, and cannot die!'
She came, as I lay bleeding yester eve;
'A glory, without shadow, fell around;
She look'd . . . then turn'd her large wild eyes to Heaven,
As if she could not keep them on my wound;
I, clinging, saw that fear with rapture blending.
And following her gaze, beheld Faith redescending.

MARY J. J. REES.



FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

MARCH, 1856.

TRISTRAM SHANDY OR THE CAXTONS?

IN the present article it is our object to enter upon a comparison of the merits displayed by the popular romance of *The Caxtons*—which it is the fashion to represent as introducing a new element into the principles of novel-writing, and as forming the basis of a new school, distinct from that of the preceding age—with the immortal but eccentric fiction of Lawrence Sterne. We shall discuss the question with the strictest impartiality: we shall bear in mind that a considerable latitude has been allowed, by traditionary practice and presumed consent, to writers commanding high reputations for originality, in borrowing from the thought and invention of a preceding age; and we readily admit that such a licence forms an inevitable condition of the progressive character of literature. But it will be seen that there is a point from which a line of demarcation must be drawn, in order to separate the world of constructive originality from the nether world of copyism; and we shall endeavour to point out to which of these two spheres of existence *The Caxtons*, on the one hand, and *The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy* on the other, may be said to belong.

To Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton we readily concede—what indeed it would be superfluous to withhold—the first rank on either side of the Channel in point of imaginative power, since the death of Walter Scott, and of François René de Chateaubriand. It is no dispraise to any man to say that he may not have equalled the celebrity of Goethe, of Schiller, or of Klopstock; or that he may not have aspired to rival the traditions of the great Scotch novelist. The originality displayed by Sir E. Bulwer Lytton has perhaps been rather of English than of European character. For his plots, for the genius, and the dominant ideas of his mind, we search in vain for any exact prototype among the literary characters of this country. But if we extend our survey only so far as into France, we find a striking parallel to this seeming idiosyncrasy. Between the historical novels of Sir E. Bulwer Lytton and those of Scott we see indeed a very marked distinction. It was the character of the one to describe the social life of different periods of history; that of the other to portray great historic catastrophes, the fall of empires, of dynasties, and of great cities.

When, therefore, we compare *Waverley*, or *Ivanhoe*, or *Woodstock*, with *The Last Days of Pompeii*, *The Last of the Barons*, or *The Last of the Tribunes*, we find the distinction unequivocal and complete; and we are thence apt to acquiesce in the plausible conclusion, that the one class of fictions possesses the same claim to originality with the other. If we look for parallels to the historic romances of Scott, in the literature of modern Europe, we find that our search has been unprofitable and vain. But if we pass over into France, we find the almost exact parallels to the historical romances of Sir E. B. Lytton, which have succeeded the historical romances of Scott. We need only mention such works of fiction as the *Last of the Abencerrages*, by M. de Chateaubriand, who had introduced into prominence, contemporaneously with the rise of Scott, what we may term the tragical order of the historical romance. Nor is it difficult to find the key to much of that melancholy and shadowy cast of thought, if we may so speak, which pervades many other of the fictions of Sir E. B. Lytton, in the dreamy character of Rousseau.

That the interfusion of these foreign elements into what in Germany are commonly called the 'Bulwer Novels,' was marked by great talent, and by great mastery in their application to other, though chiefly cognate subjects, no man, probably, would be found so devoid of taste and perception

as to deny. Nor is the reality of this claim to high repute less strikingly evinced in the fact that, during a period of not less than twenty years between his first effort and the publication of *The Caxtons*, the celebrity of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton has been steadily progressive, though assailed on every side by the rivalry of a host of novel-writers, in an age to which works of fiction appeared to have grown an absolute and inherent necessity.

Such, then, was the character of the reputation secured by this eminent and gifted author, prior to the publication of *The Caxtons*. We were then told that the imaginative literature of this country was to undergo a signal change; that the age of historical novel-writing had definitively passed away. Such a prediction, no doubt, was in a great measure true, and the abandonment for some six or seven years of that character of imaginative writing, implied a repudiation of the principle it had involved.

We were next presented with 'A Family Portrait,' termed, as we have seen, *The Caxtons*. That novel has probably been now read by nearly every educated man in this country. Few, on the other hand, of the present generation, we dare say, have ever perused *Tristram Shandy*. That illustrious fiction has nearly expired through its complete antagonism to the taste and spirit of the present age, nor should we wish to witness a revival of the principles on which, in an evil hour for the celebrity of the author, it was composed. But we think it just to a great man, whose very memory has well nigh passed away, to show the influence which he must claim in any change or renovation in the imaginative literature of this country, which may be hereafter grounded on the idiosyncrasy of *The Caxtons*. We shall therefore discharge this duty by demonstrating the connexion of the two romances, and by showing how all that humour, how all that eccentricity in domestic life, how all that amazing talent in portraying character, which we now read in *The Caxtons*, exist—identical in kind, though far superior in degree—in *The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy*. We have searched in vain through the preface to *The Caxtons* for any statement acknowledging the extensive, indeed the almost total, obligations of the author to the original genius of Lawrence Sterne. Sir Edward might fairly have conceded this acknowledgment to an accomplished predecessor for whose turn of mind he evidently has so strong a sympathy. We may add, that he could also have afforded to have done so. But since he has not, we undertake to supply the omission, and we feel persuaded that he can scarcely quarrel with an act of justice which he has himself neglected to perform.

So far, indeed, are the prefatory remarks annexed to *The Caxtons* from acknowledging the existence of any such obligations, that their tenour inspires the general reader with the conviction that the work which they thus introduce to the public is one of the most original productions of creative fancy. We will quote from the preface in question the observations bearing on the originality of *The Caxtons* :—

If (says Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton) it be the good fortune of this work to possess any interest for the novel-reader, that interest perhaps will be but little derived from the customary elements of fiction. The plot is extremely slight; the incidents are few, and, with the exception of those which involve the fate of Vivian, such as may be found in the records of ordinary life.

Regarded as a novel, this attempt is an experiment somewhat apart from the previous works of the Author: it is the first in which humour has been employed less for the purpose of satire than in illustration of amiable characters; it is the first, too, in which man has been viewed less in his active relations with the world than in his repose at his own hearth; in a word, the greater part of the canvas has been devoted to the completion of a simple FAMILY PICTURE. And thus, in any appeal to the sympathies of the human heart, the common household affections occupy the place of those livelier or larger passions which usually (and not unjustly) arrogate the foreground in romantic composition.

Now we readily acquit the author of any intention to mislead the public; but we feel compelled to say that such observations tend to inspire the reader with prepossessions in favour of the work directly at variance with fact. When, therefore, Sir Edward characterizes this conception, 'as an experiment somewhat apart from the previous works of the author,'

the public naturally understand that it introduces a new element into novel writing. When, again, he observes that 'it is the first in which humour has been employed less for the purpose of satire than in illustration of amiable characters,' readers necessarily suppose that this novelty holds good not only against the previous works of the author, but also against the compositions of other writers. When, moreover, he speaks of it as 'the first that has viewed man at his own domestic hearth,' they adopt the same construction; and so on in regard to the other peculiarities enumerated in the preface. Now it is obvious that there exists every possible distinction between a writer who creates a new world of imagination, and a writer who can simply allege, in support of the originality of his work, that he has never been a copyist from a certain class of literature before. If, indeed, Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton had even been altogether silent in respect of the claims of *The Caxtons* to the character of an original fiction, we would have surrendered to Time the task of vindicating the rights of Sterne to the greater share of its celebrity. But since the author has willed it otherwise, and since *The Caxtons* has now been brought before the public in the shape of popular and cheap editions, it is only fair that its merits on the score of originality should be impartially discussed.

In the first place, then, it is one of the peculiarities of *The Caxtons*, that the *dramatis personæ* almost exactly correspond to the eccentric *dramatis personæ* of *Tristram Shandy*. Pisistratus Caxton is, under a certain ineffectual metamorphosis, Tristram Shandy himself. Between the incidents in the life of either there is, up to the period at which Sterne's narrative ceases, a complete parallel. Then Tristram has a father, and so has Pisistratus. They are both bookworms, both intended to be very learned men, both inordinate pedants, both make use of nearly the same ludicrously pedantic expressions, which are just tolerable for their eccentricity when original, but which are not quite so tolerable when reiterated, and both have the same characteristic and peculiar notions on all matters of social life. Austin Caxton is the reflection of Walter Shandy. Again: Tristram and Pisistratus each are possessed of a paternal uncle, Uncle Toby Shandy in the one case, and Uncle Roland Caxton in the other. Both are military men retired from active service; both retain the same passion for everything military; both suffer from the effects of a wound received in action, and both had fought in the war immediately preceding that of the periods into which the novels are respectively thrown.

Yet more: the two youthful heroes are each blessed with a mother—Mrs. Shandy and Mrs. Caxton. They are both the same weak and yielding characters—both are marked by the same subserviency to the views of the lord and master of each. Moreover, the health of either family is guarded over by a doctor, apothecary, or general practitioner, rejoicing in the euphonious name—in the one case, of Dr. Slop, in the other of Mr. Squills. The very selection of the names seems to spring from the same idea—that of apothecary's drugs. Slop attends on the birth of Tristram, is intimate in the Shandy household, and enjoys the after prerogative of physicking him whom he has attended on his natal day. We need not observe that Squills figures in the same threefold character in *The Caxtons*.

Once again—to descend to the inferior elements of the household. Young Tristram and young Pisistratus have each a nurse—Susannah in the creation of Sterne, and Mrs. Primmins by the copyism of Bulwer. Mrs. Primmins is the same factotum and confidential superintendent of the household in the nineteenth century, that Susannah had been in the eighteenth; she discharges nearly the same functions, and more than once becomes the actor in corresponding incidents. There is yet another parallel in the domestic economy of either family. Uncle Roland, in *The Caxtons*, is attended by a servant who had been a soldier engaged in the same campaigns with his master. If we turn from this character in the modern novel to find its prototype in *Tristram Shandy*, we shall be singularly struck by the exact correspondence presented by the servant of Uncle Toby in that romance. He, too, had been a soldier, and had

served under his master, Toby Shandy, in the campaigns of Marlborough; as Roland Caxton's servant had done in those of Wellington. The names of these two soldier-servants—Bolt and Trim—are similarly monosyllabic, suggest similar ideas of military habits, and correspond as much to each other's as to their respective characters. Each is the nearly exact portraiture of the other. We have scarcely even yet exhausted the parallels among the *dramatis personæ* of the two novels. But we need not go further. *The Caxtons*, of course, is not wholly devoid of new characters; but the principal ones are those in which we have already pointed out an exact similarity with the characters of *Tristram Shandy*. If, indeed, no sort of variety had been introduced into the latter romance, the public would scarcely have received it at all. As it is, we can only ascribe to the supposition that the splendid conception of Sterne has become nearly a dead letter in our own age, the extraordinary fact that *The Caxtons* should have maintained, as we believe it generally has maintained, the character of an original fiction.

The drama, in either case, opens with similar incidents. The accouchement of the lady of the household, and the consequent birth of the hero of the tale, form the first scene at once of *Tristram Shandy* and *The Caxtons*. Mrs. Shandy is attended by Susannah and Dr. Slop; Mrs. Caxton by their representatives, Mrs. Primmins and Mr. Squills. The father, in both instances, is summoned to behold his offspring: he is aroused, on this occasion, in *The Caxtons*, from an investigation into the origin of *The Iliad* (for which the author is apparently indebted to Mr. Grote), and in the work of Sterne from some cognate study. He entertains the same sentiments towards his offspring in either case—a sort of neutralized compound of natural affection and a bookworm's indifference to domestic happiness. Slop is here described by Sterne in the following words—'Imagine to yourself a little, squat, uncourtly figure of a Dr. Slop, about four feet and a half perpendicular height, with a breadth of back and a sesquipedality of belly which might have done honour to a sergeant in the Horse Guards.' Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton's characterization of Mr. Squills, though somewhat less graphic, is substantially similar. As soon, however, as the medical attendant could, in either case, be spared from attendance on the lady and her offspring, he is found, whether under the name of Slop or the alias of Squills, in the enjoyment of a jovial tête-à-tête with the father, and under the genial inspiration of wine in the one case and of punch in the other!

We might place some of these analogies in striking juxtaposition. Thus, in regard to the incident to which we have last alluded,—

The Caxtons, Vol. I., p. 8.

Tristram Shandy, Vol. I., p. 57.*

'Tender creatures, those women,' soliloquized Mr. Squills, as, after clearing the room of all present, save Mrs. Primmins and the nurse, he took his way towards my father's study. Encountering the footman; 'John,' said he, 'take supper into your master's room, and make us some punch, will you!—Stiffish!'

In a word, my mother was to have the old woman, and the operator was to have license to drink a bottle of wine with my father and my uncle, Toby Shandy, in the back parlour.

Dr. Slop had been thrown from his horse on his way to Mr. Shandy's house, and made his appearance covered with mud. As this incident appeared rather too prominently in the tale to be appropriated *totidem verbis*, Mr. Squills on this occasion is invested with the facetious variety of upsetting the punch over Mr. Caxton's person, and the host is as effectually drenched with the liquid in the one case, as the apothecary had been with the mud in the other.

* We should state that the references to *Tristram Shandy* are taken from the edition of 1819, comprising the whole of the works of Sterne, in four volumes. Those from *The Caxtons* are from the ordinary edition in three volumes.

We next pass to the conversation maintained respectively over this bottle of wine and this bowl of punch:—

The Caxtons, Vol. I., p. 12.

Squills, *log*.—‘Who knows what may be in store for you yet? Here’s a health to Master Caxton, and lots of brothers and sisters to him!’

‘*Brothers and sisters!* I am sure Mrs. Caxton will never think of such a thing, sir,’ said my father, almost indignantly. ‘She’s much too good a wife to behave so. Once in a way, it’s all very well; but twice—and as it is, not a paper in its place, nor a pen mended the last three days.’

This is certainly a cool appropriation. Nor is it easy to deny that the superiority in graphic character is also on the side of the originality. The dialogue, too, here falls, in either case, into classical allusions. Sterne draws an argument from Plato; and the author of *The Caxtons* follows him with an argument from a much more common source—a well-known passage in Homer. The latter novelist informs us somewhat ostentatiously that a certain passage in *The Iliad* regarding the Ilithyæ is to be found in Book XI,—a piece of information very uninteresting to those who had not cared to make themselves aware of it before, and very unnecessary to those who had. Mr. Caxton is then made to answer a question propounded by Squills, as to ‘who were those Ilithyæ?’ apparently in order that the erudition of the author might stand out in bold relief to the factitious ignorance of the imaginary apothecary!

We mention this, not as abstract criticism on *The Caxtons*, for which the period for ordinary reviewing has now perhaps passed away, but in illustration of the general truth that copyism, independently of its abstract demerits, is never so apposite as the original idea. When Sterne throws out classical allusions, he does so much as Johnson tells us of Milton in regard to *Paradise Lost*—‘not as forced, but as natural similitudes and ideas.’ The classical allusions in *The Caxtons*, on the other hand, are introduced in that unnatural, not to say awkward, manner which is the obvious and almost inevitable result of a determination to follow the treatment of a subject by a preceding author.

From the birth of Pisistratus Caxton, the narrative passes to his christening. Nor does this ceremony betray less of its original in *Tristram Shandy* than the preceding dialogue. We cannot, however, afford space for long quotations:—

The Caxtons, Vol. I., 19.

Mr. CAXTON.—‘Barnes says Homer is Solomon. Read Omeros backwards in the Hebrew manner.’

‘Yes, my love,’ interrupted my mother, ‘but baby’s Christian name!’

‘Omeros—Soremo—Solemo—Solq-mo.’

‘Solomo! shocking!’ echoed my mother.

‘Shocking, indeed,’ said my father, ‘an outrage to common sense.’

My mother continued, after a short pause—‘Arthur is a pretty name. Then there’s William—Henry—Charles—Robert. What shall it be, love?’

‘Pisistratus,’ said my father (who had hung fire till then), in a tone of contempt; ‘Pisistratus indeed!’

‘Pisistratus! a very fine name,’

Tristram Shandy, Vol. II., p. 216.

‘What signifies it, Brother Shandy, said my uncle Toby, ‘which of the two it is, provided it will but make a man marry, and love his wife, and get a few children!’

‘A few children!’ cried my father, rising out of his chair and looking full in my mother’s face, as he forced his way betwixt hers and Dr. Slop’s—‘A few children!’ cried my father, repeating my uncle Toby’s words as he walked to and fro.

Tristram Shandy.

Your son, your dear son, from whose sweet and open temper you have so much to expect—your Billy, sir, would you for the world have called him Judas? . . . Would you, sir, if a Jew of a godfather had proposed the name of your child (Solemo?), and offered you his purse along with it, would you have consented to such a desecration of him?—p. 60.

But of all the names in the universe, he had the most unconquerable aversion for Tristram. ‘No,’ he would say, ‘Tristram! the thing is impossible.’

Andrew was something like a negative quantity in algebra with him; it was worse, he said, than nothing. William stood pretty high with him, &c.—pp. 64, 65.

said my mother, joyfully; 'Pisistratus Caxton. Thank you, my love. Pisistratus it shall be.'

'He shall be christened Trismegistus, brother.'

'I wish it may answer,' said my Uncle Toby, rising up.—p. 336.

So far so like. The similitude, however, does not cease here. Mr. Shandy and Mr. Caxton are equally annoyed at the result:—

The Caxtons.

Four days afterwards, on his return from the book-sale, to my father's inexpressible bewilderment, he was informed that 'Pisistratus was growing the very image of him.'

When at length the good man was made thoroughly aware of the fact—and it was asserted to be a name which he himself had suggested,—he was as angry as so mild a man could be.

'But it is infamous,' he exclaimed; 'Pisistratus christened! Pisistratus, who lived six hundred years before Christ was born. Good heavens, madam, you have made me the father of an anachronism!'

My mother burst into tears; but the evil was irremediable. An anachronism I was, *and an anachronism I must continue to the end of the chapter.*—I., p. 21.

Tristram Shandy.

['My father,' in this case Mr. Shandy, was in bed at the hour of the christening, the ceremony being performed at night, and in haste, in consequence of the illness of young Tristram.]

'No, no,' said my father to Susannah, 'I'll get up.'

'There is no time,' cried Susannah.

'Trismegistus,' said my father. 'But stay: thou art a leaky vessel,' added my father to Susannah; 'canst thou carry Trismegistus in thy head the length of the gallery, without scattering it?'

Susannah ran with all speed along the gallery. 'Tis Tris—something,' cried Susannah.

'There is no Christian name in the world beginning with Tris, but Tristram,' said the curate.

'Then 'tis Tristramgustus,' quoth Susannah.

'There is no 'gustus' in it, noodle,' replied the curate.

So Tristram was I called, *and Tristram shall I be to the day of my death.*—I., p. 346.

Sterne's narrative thus continues, and supplies what may appear deficient in the above comparison:—

'And what's the matter, Susannah?'

'They have called the child Tristram, and my mistress is just got out of an hysteric fit about it. No, it was not my fault. I told him it was Tristramgustus.' 'Make tea for yourself, Brother Toby,' said my father, taking down his hat; but how different from the sallies and agitations of voice and members which a common reader would imagine.

'Still, Brother Toby, there was one cast of the die left for our child after all. Oh Tristram, Tristram, Tristram!'

What singular coincidences are these between the circumstances and mishaps under which Tristram and Pisistratus are respectively received, first into the natural world, and thence into the communion of the Christian Church! We cannot, however, linger at this stage of the history of either, and must pass to other phases of character. We will take, then, the characters of Uncle Roland and his servant Bolt, and see how far they are identical with Uncle Toby and his servant Trim. Even as we write it becomes difficult to avoid a confounding of these characters, through the strong similitude subsisting between them.

Captain Toby Shandy, then, and Captain Roland Caxton are, as we have already said, retired officers, who had both been wounded in battle, and whose characteristics are essentially similar. They both carry an inordinate love of military affairs into the commonest interests of domestic life, as is exemplified in such incidents as these:—

The Caxtons, Vol. II.

At the sound of the word 'honour,' Captain Roland stood mute, and raised his head quickly.—p. 94.

'What say you, then, Captain; up

Tristram Shandy, Vol. I.

'That is the reason that some of the lowest and flattest compositions pass off (as Yorick told my uncle Toby one night) by siege.'

with our knapsacks and on with the march!

'Right about face,' said my uncle, as erect as a column.

'Full in front of the enemy: up Guards, and at 'em!'

'England expects every man to do his duty!'

My uncle Toby looked brisk at the sound of the word *siege*.

'For my own part,' replied Yorick, 'I had rather direct five words point-blank to the heart.'

As Yorick pronounced the word *point-blank*, Toby rose to say something upon projectiles.—p. 377.

[So a similar military disquisition was commenced by Toby on mistaking the word 'evolutions' for 'revolutions.']

These may be thought, perhaps, by some, to be less significant analogies. But they are at any rate unquestionable parts of a general identity.

Then, Roland and Toby have each a singular habit of whistling, and this idiosyncrasy of Roland is given with a circumstantiality which seems to imply a determination to subordinate all other considerations to the abstract love of copyism. The respective whistles, too, were both of military import: 'Lillabullero,' that of Uncle Toby, being a ballad of watchwords used by the Papists of Ireland in their massacres of the Protestants. Similarly, Uncle Roland's whistle was '*Malbrook s'en va-t-en guerre*.' Thus—

The Caxtons, Vol. I.

'My son, Roland,' said Mr. Caxton, 'has seen the Trevanions. They remember us.'

The captain sprang to his feet and began whistling—a habit with him when he was much disturbed.—p. 232.

'Since our great ancestor invented printing,' said I, majestically.

My uncle whistled '*Malbrook s'en va-t-en guerre*.'

I had not the heart to plague him further.—p. 158.

Tristram Shandy, Vol. I.

Though it might have suited my uncle Toby's character as a soldier excellently well, and had he not accustomed himself in such attacks to whistle the 'Lillabullero,' &c.—p. 96.

It was no inconsistent part of my uncle Toby's character that he feared God and revered religion. So the moment my father finished his remark, my uncle Toby fell a whistling 'Lillabullero,' &c.—p. 285.

We might continue these 'whistling' parallels almost *in infinitum*. If we pass, however, to the characters of 'Bolt' and 'Trim,' we shall not less clearly recognise our old friend the soldier-servant of Uncle Toby in our new acquaintance the soldier-servant of Uncle Roland. We are really delighted to find once more an eccentric character, who was at once the solace and amusement of our early years, and whom we had regarded as altogether defunct to the general world. But it seems rather hard that when we desire to resume these old traditions, and rather to find our friends alive again than to believe them definitively extinct—and to look upon friendships cultivated in early life, according to the author of *Harold*, as being 'beyond the reach of laws and kings'—to have all these associations trampled on by a distinguished moralist, who had himself asserted their ascendancy alike over *lex* and *rex*! It is really too much to have these old friends, so long estranged from the world in which we dwell, brought back to us as new acquaintances—as utter strangers, wholly dissociated from the recollections of our past lives. We had long entertained the sincerest regard for Uncle Toby and his servant Trim, for Mr. Shandy, for Tristram, and for Dr. Slop. We mourned that they had passed away from the world *that is*. When, therefore, we learnt that they were alive again, we sought with the keenest pleasure the joyful prospect of meeting them once more upon this side of the grave. Imagine only for a moment our disappointment, vexation, and chagrin, in finding that they did not condescend to recognise our acquaintance—that we were, in fact, signally 'cut'—that they considered themselves a notch above us, and intended to dwell henceforth in a very different sphere. Our proffered hand was encountered with a formal bow, and like a certain class of people who had begun life respectably enough, but now, alas, held their repute on rather precarious conditions, they had each assumed an *alias*! Captain

Roland de Caxton, to be called, indeed, by his original appellation of Captain Toby Shandy, which he had altogether discarded! The thing was monstrous. The commonplace of Tristram to be remembered in the face of the classical traditions of Pisistratus. The plebeian Dr. Slop to be taken for the same man as the apothecary Squills, whose name was to be found on the rolls of the *Pharmacopæia*! These old friends are grossly insulted; they emphatically disclaim all such antecedents; and for a certain time they figure on the theatre of social life as a delightful family, devoid of all kind of pretence, and admissible into those select circles which are glad to encourage clever and eccentric characters, provided only that they are not of spurious origin, that they have a title to the names they bear, that they know who their fathers and grandfathers were, and that both the one and the other were *bonâ fide* Caxtons. At length, however, inquiry is made into their antecedents; and it turns out that they commenced life under the name of Shandy. Society expresses its regret at the adoption of the *alias* in question, for it always entertained a deep regard for its old friends, the Shandy family. Society, however—in consideration of that natural eccentricity of character which had of course no more deserted Captain de Caxton since he had foregone his legitimate name of Captain Toby Shandy, than an Ethiopian would change his skin by calling himself an European, and by which, indeed, the Shandy and Caxton families were identified as one,—resolved still to tolerate the presence of the Caxton family, in spite of the slur thus resting upon them, within its select precincts. But society especially bargained that Captain de Caxton and his family should consider themselves as no others than ‘Captain Toby Shandy and his family,’—that they might bear the surname and arms of Caxton if they preferred them to the surname and arms of Shandy,—but that they should regard their original introduction to the world as the act and deed of Mr. Lawrence Sterne.

This is, perhaps, the best and briefest characterization that we are able to give of the true position of the romance termed *The Caxtons* in the world of literature. If, in fact, its merits of execution had been less, its merits of originality had been greater.

We will now, if our readers please, resume the consideration of the parallels between the two stories, which the above description of their relation to each other may, perhaps, save from becoming wearisome, as a continuous process throughout the present article. We pass, then, to the characters ‘Bolt’ and ‘Trim.’ In point, indeed, of general character their identity is complete; and their actions themselves are marked by a very close analogy. They have imbibed in war and have retained in peace the same all-pervading military passion with their respective masters. Uncle Roland returns to his old tower; and Bolt sets himself to work to make everything as military in its aspect as possible. An old military saddle, used in action, an old sword, a brace of pistols, and some other such implements, are displayed by him in an imposing manner as the emblems of war. If we recur to *Tristram Shandy*, we find Trim similarly occupied in arranging his master’s garden, with a view to the preservation of some military manœuvres in a limited scope (vol. i. p. 157), and facetiously constructing a couple of mortars out of a pair of top-boots, which, for some unexplained cause, had been asserted, like the saddle in *The Caxtons*, to be heir-looms of the Shandy family. Thus, again, we read (*Tristram Shandy*, vol. i. p. 247), ‘the Corporal Trim thought there was nothing in the world so well worth showing as the glorious works which he and my Uncle Toby had made,’ &c. So, in *The Caxtons* (vol. ii. p. 167) we read—‘Bolt had caught the spirit of the thing; certainly he had penetrated down to the very pathos which lay within the depths of Roland’s character.’ And the narrative then states very much such military arrangements as were the work of Trim and Uncle Toby.

We might, in truth, fill the present number to overflowing, and should assuredly have to discard all other subjects of discussion, were we to follow out these parallels at their full length. We will pass, then, to the cha-

acters of Mr. Caxton and Mr. Shandy, in their relations respectively with their brothers, Captain Roland and Captain Toby.

Mr. Caxton and Mr. Shandy are similarly portrayed as bookworms and simulated philosophers. They entertain a similar aversion to the hobbies of their respective brothers. Fortifications, and other such sham military devices, formed the hobby of Toby; chivalry and ancestral pride (another phase of the same character) that of Roland. We shall see that, in either case, the brothers quarrel with each other on the subject of these very hobbies, and are similarly on the point of a rupture of social relations in consequence of their dispute. The following quotation from *The Caxtons* relates to a controversy between Roland and Augustine Caxton as to the descent of their family from Caxton the printer, or from an old family long resident in a parish in Cumberland, where there yet existed ancient records of a family of that name. The corresponding quotation from *Tristram Shandy* has reference to Uncle Toby's sham fortifications, which were ridiculed, as we have said, by his brother, Walter Shandy.

The Caxtons.

'What is it you must believe in, brother,' said my father, coming up, 'no matter what the proof against you?'

My uncle was silent.

'He will not believe in our great ancestor, the printer,' said I, maliciously.

'Brother,' said the captain, loftily, 'you have a right to your own ideas, but you should take care how they contaminate your child.'

'Contaminate!' said my father; and for the first time I saw an angry sparkle flash from his eyes. 'Change the word, my dear brother.'

'No, sir, I will not change it, to belie the records of the family.'

'Records!—a brass plate in a village church against all the books of the College of Arms.'

* * * * *

My uncle turned round, perfectly livid. 'Enough, sir; I am insulted sufficiently! I ought to have expected it. I wish you and your son a very good morning.'

My father stood aghast. The captain was hobbling off to the iron gate; and in another moment he would have been out of our precincts.

My father had now come up and caught his hand. 'What are all the printers that ever lived, and all the books that ever were printed, to one, wrong to thy fine heart, brother Roland? Shame on me! A bookman's weak point, you know.'—p. 127.

Tristram Shandy.

MR. SHANDY.—'I wish the whole sciencé of fortification, with its inventors, at the devil; it has been the death of thousands, and it will be mine in the end. I would not, brother Toby, have my brains so full of saps, mines, blinds, gabions, palisadoes, ravelins, half-moons, and such trumpery, to be proprietor of Namur and all the towns of Flanders with it.'

My father, as you have observed, had no great esteem for my uncle's hobby-horse, for he thought it the most ridiculous horse that ever gentleman rode.

As soon as my father had done insulting his hobby-horse, he turned his head, without the least emotion, from Dr. Slop, to whom he was addressing his discourse, and looked up into my father's face with a countenance so fraternal that it penetrated my father to his heart.

He rose up hastily from his chair, and seizing both of my Uncle Toby's hands as he spoke, 'Brother Toby,' said he, 'I beg thy pardon; forgive, I pray thee, this rash humour,' &c.—p. 132.

Furthermore, it appears that the earlier and more lasting quarrel between the brothers Austin and Roland Caxton, on the subject of the ancestral printer (vol. i., p. 113), also has its parallel in a similar quarrel between the brothers Walter and Toby Shandy, on the corresponding subject of the fortifications. While, again, Uncle Toby squanders his money upon sham fights, Uncle Roland is equally improvident in purchasing the old tower of the Caxtons at a price so largely above its value as to reduce his income to less than two per cent. on the sum which had been bequeathed to him for investment.

All this similitude, again, is not restricted to characters: it extends

even to the pedantic words employed in either novel. When *The Caxtons* was first published, we believe it was frequently demanded by its readers, where its author could have obtained a knowledge of the technical words with which it abounded. The following comparison may perhaps serve to set the question at rest :—

The Caxtons, Vol. II.

'Tut!' cried my uncle, parrying the EPIPHONEMA with a masterly APOSIOFESIS (or breaking off); 'if you had done what I wished, I should have had more pleasure for my money.'

My poor mother's rhetorical armoury supplied no weapon to meet that artful APOSIOFESIS, so she dropped the rhetoric altogether.—p. 283.

Tristram Shandy, Vol. I.

If, on the contrary, my Uncle Toby had not fully arrived at the period's end, then the world stands indebted to the sudden snapping of my father's tobacco-pipe for one of the neatest examples of that ornamental figure in oratory which rhetoricians style the APOSIOFESIS.—p. 115.

* * * * *
'Make this dash—'tis an APOSIOFESIS.'—p. 116.

The capitals are Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton's own.

Thus, again, we find indifferently in the two romances such words as *Epiphonema*, *Antanaclasis*, *Catastasis*, *Peripeitia*, *Protasis*, &c. &c. &c. These expressions moreover (and we readily stake our veracity on the assertion) appear in either work, not casually or occasionally alone, but lie

Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks

In Vallombrosa,—

marked by no other difference than that which exists between a sort of humorous pedantry—which is not without its merit when original, but of which we must be allowed to say that that originality constitutes its only redeeming and tolerating feature—and a sort of pedantry which loses as well its humour as its originality by unacknowledged reiteration.

There is another singular characteristic of *Tristram Shandy*. It contains a sermon, and a very excellent, serious, and practical sermon it is, such as Sterne could preach in his religious moments. We do not indeed find any imitation of this characteristic in *The Caxtons*. That imitation was reserved for 'MY NOVEL'!

But the character of 'my father' in either of these romances—that is, of Walter Shandy in the one, and of Augustine Caxton in the other—displays perhaps the closest approximation. They are each engaged in the composition of a long and voluminous work, involving a vast amount of book-learning and the consumption of an immense period of time. Mr. Caxton was engaged in a tedious 'refutation of Wolfe's monstrous theory' (p. 5), of which he had not completed fifty pages at the birth of his child, after a period of ten months from the commencement of the enterprise. Mr. Shandy, on the other hand, is engaged in the accomplishment of an equally laborious and voluminous conception, designed as a manual of instruction for his son. So commensurately do the two works proceed, that while the progress of Mr. Caxton's book had been such as we have just described it, Mr. Shandy more than once expressed his apprehensions that his son would be too old to profit by this manual by the time that it should be completed.

Again: let us compare for a moment Mr. Shandy's *Tristram-pædie* with Mr. Caxton's *Great Book*. Sterne writes :—

In about three years, or rather more, my father had advanced almost into the middle of his work. Like all other writers, he met with disappointments. He imagined he should be able to bring whatever he had to say into so small a compass, that when it was finished and bound it might be rolled up in my mother's housewife. Matter grows under our hands. Let no man say, 'Come, I'll write a duodecimo.'

Every reader of *The Caxtons* recollects the almost interminable period occupied in the composition of the 'Great Book,' the hopes the author had entertained for its abbreviation, and the disappointments to which he was subjected at the hands of the publishers, who refused to undertake the risk and expense of printing the work, except on conditions destructive of the scheme.

We might pursue the points of analogy between the two characters in question at length. Thus Mr. Shandy gives his companions a dissertation on the views of Politian respecting the conjugal origin of society—on the views of Plato respecting love—on those of Ficinus and Velasius upon the same question, &c. It is needless to refer to the pages of *The Cartons* for cognate discussions which are no doubt fresh in the minds of the great majority of its readers, and bear an unmistakable impress at once of the mind of Sterne, and of the treatment of such subjects in *Tristram Shandy*. Both writers, again, by a singular coincidence, diverge from very alien subjects to discuss the doctrines of the Pythagoreans; nor is the general similarity in the discussion itself much less striking. So also there is a corresponding parallel between the strange conversation maintained by Mr. Carton with Trevanion and Sir Sedley Beadesert 'on the saffron-bag,' and one or two eccentric conversations in *Tristram Shandy*.

These examples represent of course but a small proportion of the striking analogies between the romance of Sterne and that of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton. It has been our object, indeed, simply to take up some salient peculiarities in illustration of a general identity between the two novels, which neither the space at our command nor the attention of that at our readers', would enable us completely to follow. Details of copyism are scarcely possessed of any great attractiveness to the general public, except in so far as they tend to the establishment of truth, and the rendering of justice to the celebrity of the dead. For these purposes the instances which we have already selected are sufficiently numerous to establish the proposition for which we contended at the outset of our present inquiry. And these instances, we believe, are peculiarly just, whether in their application to Mr. Lawrence Sterne or to Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton; inasmuch as they occupy the mean between a great number of other parallels, on the one hand, for which we have no space at command, and a small class of incidents, on the other, in which such parallels between the two romances are not discoverable.

The Cartons, in fact, is a romance, not simply grounded upon *The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy*, but embodying the *dramatis persone*, together with the whole character, the spirit, the eccentricity, and nearly all other attributes of that work of fiction, under just such a variation in its plan and incidents as is necessary to the realization of the idea of a MODERN NOVEL. Thus, the introduction of such characters as Trevanion and Sir Sedley Beadesert is a feature of this romance which has no parallel in *Tristram Shandy*. And we might mention one or two other personages in the drama, to which the same observation would equally apply. But it happens that all such characters are entirely subordinate to those principal ones to which we have already found the exact parallels in the work of Sterne; in the delineation moreover of which, nearly the whole talent and charm of the novel by Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton consists.

It is, therefore, with sincere regret that we feel called upon to record our opinion that the work entitled *The Cartons*, on which the public has already bestowed so large a share of popularity, is, in its most essential characteristics, scarcely a work of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton at all. Its whole idiosyncrasy, which has formed the basis of its celebrity, vanishes at once. It is with the more concern that we bring this fact under the consideration of the public, inasmuch as the author is one of the most distinguished writers of the age; and if appropriations such as these—which we do not see how, with any justice to the dead, we can characterize by any term less strong than that of plagiarism—are to be sanctioned by men holding so high an intellectual rank, what confidence are we to repose in the honesty and purity of our literature in its inferior grades? If these things are done in a green tree, what shall be done in the dry?

We cannot conclude the present observations without offering a few words in regard to the merits of *Tristram Shandy*. We look upon that illustrious romance as, beyond all comparison, the most eccentric, the most original, if not also in other respects the most clever, of all our works of

fiction. In one respect, no doubt, it may be considered as deficient. It has no plot, no dramatic character; it defies all rules of historical perspective. All these conditions and laws of the theorists of fiction, Sterne casts boldly to the winds. In this respect his hardihood and self-confidence appear more strikingly than the self-confidence even of Ariosto. There were few who could afford to stake all upon such a hazard; and assuredly, if romances were to be written at this day upon such a principle, the talents of their authors would never command a perusal of so much as fifty pages of their contents. That Sterne wrote wholly without forethought is consistently evinced by the whole internal evidence of his work; and would be implied, indeed, if even the truth were only demonstrable by passages such as this,—‘I have a strong temptation to begin this chapter very nonsensically!’ That such a mode of construction was a mistake on the part of the author, and an error in his design, is not perhaps to be controverted. But we very much doubt, on the other hand, whether the unpopularity of *Tristram Shandy*, at this day, is attributable in any degree to the want of what may be termed ‘artistic principles of construction.’ We think, on the contrary, that its novelty of design would render it a pleasing relief to the wearisome uniformity of the existing school of novel writing. The present proscription of *Tristram Shandy* is to be sufficiently accounted for by its antagonism to the polished taste and the stricter delicacy of the nineteenth century. The strong influence of this change in the national character has already served to exclude other works which had stood the test of longer time, and borne the traditions of more extensive popularity. And although there is scarcely anything which can be deemed immoral in the tendencies of *Tristram Shandy*, it could scarcely be expected that a work which did violence to the canons of existing taste would maintain itself in an antagonism which had already overpowered the claims of other and more successful rivals.

And now, one word on Lawrence Sterne himself. He was born at Clonmel, November 24th, 1713, the year of the Peace of Utrecht. Irish by birth, he narrowly escaped being enrolled among the people of the Low Countries, his mother having arrived from Dunkirk only a few days prior to that date. His sister had been born at Lisle in French Flanders during the previous year. Misfortune seems to have clouded the days of many of Sterne’s immediate family. On the very day of his birth, his father, according to his own statement, ‘was broke, with many other brave officers, and sent adrift into the wide world with a wife and two children. His eldest sister, Mary, died of a broken heart. She had unhappily married a spendthrift of the name of Weemans, of Dublin, who after becoming bankrupt, ‘used her,’ as Sterne himself tells us, ‘most unmercifully, and left her to shift for herself, which she was able to do but for a few months, for she went to a friend’s house in the country, and there died.’ Sterne’s father left Ireland almost immediately after the birth of young Lawrence, with his family, and went into Yorkshire to stay with his mother, who lived at a village called Elvington in that county. Within a year the father again received a commission, and returned to Ireland; but he appears to have been ordered from place to place at very short intervals. He was sent first to Dublin, thence to Exeter, and to Plymouth. Finally, he returned with his family to Ireland from the latter place; and they had a very narrow escape of foundering on their voyage.

Sterne’s early days, indeed, appear to have been passed in all kinds of perils. His family had scarcely been reestablished in Dublin when, in 1719 (and while young Lawrence was barely six years old), his father’s regiment was ordered to Spain in the expedition bound for Vigo. The ship was first driven into Milford Haven, and thence into Bristol; whence the young Sternes were sent by land to the Isle of Wight, to await their father’s return. Again, when afterwards living in Ireland, Lawrence Sterne fell into a mill-race while the mill was at work, and after being, of course, given up for lost, killed, or drowned, and perhaps all the three, he was taken up without having sustained the slightest injury. The story, he confesses, is well nigh incredible; but it was well known, he adds, in the

district in which the accident took place. The poor people around him for many miles distant, flocked in hundreds to see the boy who had been rescued from almost inevitable death, as though for some wise and beneficent purpose. With the sincerest admiration, however, for the high intellectual character of Sterne, it may well be doubted whether such a flattering hypothesis were altogether tenable; for although he was no doubt a kind-hearted and benevolent man, he left behind him few other monuments of his industry and exertions than those which survive in *Tristram Shandy* and *The Sentimental Journey*.

Sterne went to school at Halifax when about ten years of age. His father had returned to Ireland in 1722, when he happened to discover a collateral relation, who was a collateral descendant of Archbishop Sterne. They appear to have all determined to make the most of the discovery, for they immediately quartered themselves, according to Sterne's own statement, on this hospitable third or fourth cousin, during a whole year! The newly discovered relative (happily for all parties) was a wealthy man, and lived in an old castle, which no doubt was materially transformed by the enlivenment afforded by a young Irish family, of which Lawrence Sterne was a member. Once more the regiment was sent abroad again; and at Gibraltar the Quixotic father was 'run through the body in a duel, by a Captain Phillips.' The quarrel, Sterne informs us with truly Irish *nonchalance*, had originated in a dispute regarding a goose. But the Sternes enjoyed the charmed lives which a common proverb ascribes to the feline race. The father though 'run through the body,' recovered this shock to the laws of life, but at the expense, (and very naturally so,) 'of an impaired constitution.' He was finally sent to Jamaica, where he died at length, in the year 1731, leaving his illustrious son at the age of eighteen.

The development of Sterne's mind appears to have been early and rapid. He tells us that while at school, 'the ceiling of the schoolroom was new whitewashed; the ladder remained there, and one unlucky day I mounted it, and wrote with a brush in large capital letters, LAU. STERNE, for which the usher severely whipped me. My master was very much hurt at this, and said before me, that never should that name be effaced, for I was a boy of genius, and he was sure I should come to preferment.' Two years after his father's death, in 1733, he was entered at Jesus College, Cambridge. He was then twenty. He gained the degree of B.A. in 1736, that of M.A. in 1740. He went to York, and obtained the living of Sutton, in the gift of one of his uncles. In 1741, he married a lady for whom he had conceived an affection which the lady reciprocated in an almost romantic degree. Between the formation of the acquaintance and the marriage, she became consumptive, and every notion of matrimony was then abandoned. 'My dear Laury,' she said to him, 'I never can be yours, for I verily believe I have not long to live, but I have left you every shilling of my fortune.' 'Upon that,' adds Sterne, 'she showed me her will. This generosity overpowered me. It pleased God that she recovered, and I married her in 1741.'

Sterne appears to have entertained notions of a peculiar character, and which would scarcely be regarded as tenable in these days, in regard to that species of political warfare which is now conducted by the press. Newspapers no doubt were very inferior organs a century ago to what they are at this day. But Sterne entertained an unconquerable aversion to what he called writing 'paragraphs in the newspapers' on political subjects; and this aversion was not grounded, it appears, so much upon an abstract distaste to the employment, as upon the notion that the office was 'beneath him.' His uncle, who had presented him to his living, and soon afterwards made him a prebendary of York Cathedral, was a violent political partisan, and discovered in his accomplished nephew the talents of an inestimable pamphleteer. But Sterne was immovable in his resolution, and so deeply offended his patron-kinsman that a total estrangement between them appears to have ensued almost immediately after the refusal had been given. So deeply did this disappointment rankle in the breast of the uncle, that 'he became,' in Sterne's own words, 'my bitterest enemy.' Our author then turned for further preferment to his wife's

relations, who procured him the additional living of Stillington. Sterne now set up for a pluralist. An amusing compact, indeed, had been formed between his wife, before her marriage, and the relative who was possessed of the advowson to this living, that if she married a clergyman, the dower which she should receive at his hands should be the presentation of her husband to this incumbency on the occurrence of the next vacancy.

I remained (says Sterne) twenty years at Sutton, doing duty at both places. I had then very good health. Books, painting, fiddling, and shooting were my amusements. As to the squire of the parish, I cannot say we were on very friendly terms; but at Stillington the family of the C——s showed us every kindness: 'twas most truly agreeable to be within a mile and a half of an amiable family who were ever cordial friends.

In 1760, Sterne went to London to arrange the publication of the two first volumes of *Tristram Shandy*, the first edition of which had appeared at York in the previous year. This extraordinary work appeared in nine volumes, which must certainly have been of diminutive size. The *Sentimental Journey*, the author's last production, appeared in 1768, which was the year of his death. His sermons were chiefly given to the world in earlier life; and the other works, which are of less interest, were posthumous publications. The autobiographical memoir from which these facts are chiefly taken, appears to have been composed about six months before his death.

In 1762, Sterne went abroad, and visited France before the conclusion of the Peace of Fontainebleau. Two years afterwards he began to be sensible of the influence of time, although he was then scarcely more than fifty, upon a constitution which nature had never endowed with great elasticity or strength. Accordingly, in 1764, he proceeded from France to Italy in search of health, but returned to his living in Yorkshire without having derived any lasting benefit from foreign scenes. Here he remained up to 1767, when he quitted Yorkshire for the last time, to publish the *Sentimental Journey*, of which his travels on the Continent had furnished the conception. Early in the following year, we are told, he began to regard his days as numbered upon earth; 'and, with the concern of a good man and the solicitude of an affectionate parent, devoted his attention to the future welfare of his daughter.' He was then lodging in Old Bond-street. He there gradually sank, less under the force of positive disease than of a shattered constitution, and expired on the 18th of March, 1768, at the age of fifty-five, death closing on the retrospect of a life which exhibited the most striking contrasts in its incidents and characteristics; and the manner in which the licence of his writings was viewed by many of his contemporaries, who, with the generation that preceded them, had bowed to the stern virtue of Addison, is shadowed forth in the lines,—

Yet what though keenest knowledge of mankind
Unsealed to him the springs that move the mind,
What did it cost him? Ridiculed, abused,
By fools insulted and by prudes accused!
In his, mild reader, view thy future fate,
Like him despise what 'twere a sin to hate.

Here, then, we stop. If we have done anything to bring before our readers a fairer appreciation of the genius of Sterne, we shall be satisfied. To one who, by the adoption of a style of writing wholly antagonistic to the taste of the present age, has excluded himself from its popularity, and has rendered a work which might have been the manual of all time, the possession and the study of the few, a tribute of justice is peculiarly due. We believe we have redeemed the pledge which we offered at the outset of the present observations, to record that justice faithfully upon either side. For the talents of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton we have the fullest appreciation and the sincerest respect. It is, however, our object simply to revive the memory and the claims of Lawrence Sterne. We shall therefore abstain from offering criticism on the other productions of the living novelist. Nor indeed do any considerations of justice to the dead call in the same degree for such an extension of the present subject; although it

might not be difficult to trace the pen which has delineated some of the finest historic scenes that appear in the different works of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton to pens on the other side of the Anglo-French Channel. There are other objects for which our journal was called into existence; and we shall be glad if the author of *The Caxtons* can offer any other solution of the present question than that which we have been compelled to record, placed as we have been by him in the dilemma of the patriarch—the words are the words of *Sterne*, but the voice is the voice of *Bulwer*.

A FEW MEDIÆVAL PAINTERS.*

THE attention of the lovers of art appears to be somewhat forcibly directed at the present time to that period in its history when, amidst the decaying elements of Pagan civilization and luxury, a school of painting arose, mystical and ascetic perhaps at times, and betraying the feebleness of youth, but still full of the noblest promise—the child of Christian faith; having its origin in that seed so small and apparently so contemptible, which was eventually to spring up into a mighty growth, and to spread abroad its branching arms to heaven, overshadowing all the peoples of the earth. Justly do we regard that period with no common interest. Justly do we gather into our bosoms as a sacred thing every symbol it may picture, and any the smallest truth it may teach; for at that eventful epoch in man's history such a revolution, or rather regeneration, was effected in national and individual life, in literature, and very particularly in the fine arts, as the world had never known before and can never know again. When we say that a school of painting then arose, we do not intend to assert that the means and appliances which are necessary to express the artist's meaning were in any way improved for some centuries. In fact, that technical skill by which the painter develops his thought declined with the declining age. But the thought which he expressed was in every way totally different. It was altogether another art. Pagan art had been inimitably successful in the delineation of form. It had given the varied expressions of passion, of hope, and of fear. But through the marble of antiquity no solitary ray gleams forth of that sublimest part

of man which is not of the body, of the intellect, or the heart. Christian art employed itself with expressing the emotions of the soul, and it could never be wholly lost thenceforth till all its work was done. The ruthless rage of Iconoclasts might tear down and scatter to the winds; and the still more dangerous friendship of Medicis and Borgias might for a time divert it from its path. But still with humility and a childlike reverence it pursued its way. From the gloom of the catacombs it emerged into the light of day, and was installed amid the magnificence of stately basilicas. It crossed the Alps, and penetrated the forests of Germany and France. It strove, but unsuccessfully, to gain a footing amongst our wild Saxon forefathers. Its steady advance may be compared to the progress of that fiery cross immortalized by our Northern poet, which was sped by an unbroken chain of swift messengers through deep morasses and over mountain heights; when the foot, which had trodden the elastic heather wet with morning dew, clambered wearily up the steep hillside, which the slant rays of the evening sun bathed in rosy light, still the cross was not delayed on its mission by individual weariness, but, transferred to a fresh and eager messenger, pursued more vigorously its appointed course.

Of the early history of Christian art, unfortunately we know but little. The vehicles employed were not generally very enduring. Italy was for many ages the scene of constant devastations; a torrent of Northern barbarians incessantly pouring over the Alps, and stagnating in her fruitful plains. And, above all, subsequent neglect and

* *History of Christian Art.* By F. Rio. London: Bosworth. 1854.
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indolence have suffered much that was spared by Goths and Vandals to fall into irretrievable decay, and perish. We cannot but express our gratitude, therefore, to any one who has eliminated and sifted facts which bear on the subject, and who presents us with a clear and vivid picture of those dark and obscure ages. In Rio's *Christian Art* we have a somewhat enthusiastic, but picturesque and spirited, delineation of the progress of painting from the second to the sixteenth century. The common division of painting into schools destroys in some measure the unity of the narrative; and we cannot but think that a *coup d'œil* of the subject would be preferable in a work of no great size, and not embracing a wide range of topics. Some of Rio's opinions must, of course, be taken *cum grano*; especially that whereby he advances the Romano-Christian school at the expense of the Byzantine, which was undoubtedly the fountain-head of Italian and of all Christian art, more especially in its technicalities; for Byzantium, until 1204, had not been attacked by any foreign enemy, whilst Italy was a constant prey to devastation and ruin. We do not find an equal measure of attention devoted to all the schools of painting which played a prominent part in the first sixteen centuries. Nor, indeed, does the author profess to give a history of the art. He principally treats of painting as one form of Christian poetry: and considers it 'in the period of its development, as the imperfect, but progressive, expression—the voice, as it were, of the nations of Europe, before the formation of their language.' It is evident that he regards the mystical school with greater favour than he accords to the others; but we must entirely disagree with him when he calls naturalism 'the great element of decadence in art.' Altogether the book will be a charming companion for the art-traveller in Italy; more especially with reference to those pictures which date from a pre-Raphaelite origin.

Amid the subterraneous shade of

the catacombs of Rome all that we desire to know of Christian painting and sculpture during its first rudest ages, must be sought.* The connoisseur will find nothing to admire there. All is dim, shapeless, and barren, as regards the material and the expression. The pleasure and the thought will be subjective rather than objective. He who looks for correct form and outline—for the delineation of natural objects in any way faithful to nature, will not there find what he seeks; yet there is not one single little relic but speaks of the indomitable fortitude—the nobility of soul—the love which is purified and exalted through suffering—of those who kept the faith and fought the good fight in the dark and bloodstained days of old; of those to whom, until Constantine's time, the description St. Paul gives of still earlier martyrs may well be applied—they were stoned, they were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword; they wandered about in sheep-skins and goat-skins, being destitute, afflicted, tormented. We should expect, in examining the works which the early Christians have left us in the catacombs, a great number of them being decorations of their simple tombs, we should expect to find memorials or hints of those fearful scenes of suffering through which they were passing daily, as through a baptism of fire. There is especially something in the artist-mind which leads it to select the objects on which to direct its skill from the common nature that surrounds it, feasting its love upon that, beautifying and adorning the simplest things of that nature with a thousand symbolisms and fancies drawn from its own inner consciousness. And it is a pure and healthy exercise of the intellect and heart so to do. We are all, in fact, affected in a greater or less degree by the persons and things around us. We take much of our tone from them. It would not, then, seem improbable that in adorning the tombs of their brethren, many of whom had sealed the faith with their blood, the early Christian artists should picture

* Many of the tombs in the catacombs have been rifled, and the relics removed to the Galleria Lapidaria in the Vatican. Our conclusions with respect to early Christian Art must necessarily be drawn from inspection of the works of Bosio and Bottari.

some event in the martyr's life, and particularly that last and greatest event which had constituted him an object of deep affection, almost of veneration, to them and their children for evermore. But we do not discover any traces of the kind. The entire range of subjects betrays an utter forgetfulness of self. Their thoughts are occupied with higher things than the vicissitudes, and the pleasures, and pains of those bodies which are the sport of elements, the prey of the worm. There are no allusions to the enemies who were daily torturing and persecuting. If the voice of hope and expectation finds escape and expression at all, it is only through that universal love which embraces humanity in its arms as one individual man; in the noblest aspiration, in the looking for that time when not their own particular wrongs shall be redressed, but when all the perplexities of mankind at large shall be solved; all the distractions of the world reconciled; all suffering cease; all happiness be perfected.

It is evident that with the first Christian painters, art was not imitative. They did not regard the labours of their pencil as works of art at all. They did not seek for skill in design, or beauty of colouring. If with a few rude touches they can set forth some religious doctrine, to elevate or comfort the souls of men, it is enough for them. Against the sensuous representations of human beauty, in which pagan artists had revelled, they would revolt as against an unholy thing. Their whole attention appears to be absorbed in the wondrous mystery of the redemption of fallen man; and they love to picture any and everything which may bear relation to that. The resurrection, too, was another favourite subject; symbolized by the Raising of Lazarus; by Jonah; by the Return of the Dove. The rude sketches in the catacombs constitute in fact a cycle of Bible illustrations, allegorical rather than historical. Commencing with the Fall, they picture the redemption of mankind through its prophetic and typical aspects. Above all, the Resurrection was the subject on which those early painters dwelt with the deepest love and

devotion. It was the focus to which all the rays of their heart converged. They are never weary of representing in their simple manner the Good Shepherd collecting his sheep; or he is going forth into the wilderness to seek and save that which was lost. In that and kindred parables they found a comfort and a peace which was denied to them in this world.

But when Christianity became the religion of the empire, Christian art had no longer any need to hide itself in the secret places of the earth. It was employed now in decorating the vast basilicas of Rome and Constantinople; and it used the endurable vehicle of mosaic, discovered in the reign of Claudius. The subjects too which it treats of are rather different from those which the artists of the catacombs had loved to picture. We now find the figure of Christ placed in the sanctuary; and frequently the Apostles Paul and Peter, the buttresses of the Church. Of course if we look for any authentic pictures of our Lord, none such exist. Legendary accounts there are, dating from the third and eighth centuries, the one giving an Asiatic, the other a European type; and if any credit is to be attached to either, it will be, we presume, to the description given by John of Damascus. The early Byzantine and Roman pictures of the Saviour, as of the Madonna, are invariably dark and sombre in colour; and this can scarcely be accounted for by the effect of time, as we know that the fair portraits of the Madonna by Cimabue and Giotto were at first considered strange and untrue. But it would seem that we are intentionally barred from any knowledge of the person of Him 'who spake as never man spake.' One or two, indeed, of the early fathers have alluded to the subject: Tertullian says with reference to it, *Ne aspectu quidem honestus . . . Si inglorius, si ignobilis, mens erit Christus*. But the lips of Evangelists and Apostles are sternly silent on the point; and although prophets and seers of old time may have declared that 'He hath no form nor comeliness; and when we shall see Him, there is no beauty that we should desire Him;'

yet perhaps it would not be just to put a literal interpretation on their words. They stood as a man stands in the blackness of night; looking out upon the east, where the gloaming dawn tells of the sunrise, yet knowing not with certainty whether that sun shall come amid the fury of tempest or in the glory of a calm and peaceful day.

We must not forget that at this time appear the first traces of that Mariolatry which was destined afterwards to play so important a part in the religious art of Italy. But in the realization of such subjects there is a great difference between the Byzantine and the Roman mind: the imagination of the Western artist is comparatively healthy and pure; that of the Eastern is feeble and debased:—

Whenever (says Rio) we meet with a Madonna of a blackish hue, dressed in the Oriental manner, with pointed and disproportionately elongated fingers, bearing a deformed infant in her arms, the whole painted in a style much resembling the Chinese; or a Christ on the Cross, which would seem to have been copied from a recently exhumed mummy, did not the streams of blood which flow from each wound, on a greenish and cadaverous body, announce that life is not yet extinct; in both of these cases it may be affirmed, without fear of mistake, to be a work conceived by Greek artists, or executed under their influence. In all the productions of the Romano-Christian school, the Roman costume is pretty faithfully observed in the figure of Christ, and in those of the apostles and prophets; and the Virgin herself is constantly attired as a Roman matron; whilst the same personages in the Byzantine representations are generally enveloped in heavy and magnificent garments, the choice of which has been determined by a taste at once Oriental and barbarous.

There is no doubt that Constantinople exercised a great influence on all the rude art of this period; an influence perhaps of evil rather than of good. Her Iconoclastic emperors endeavoured indeed to uproot and exterminate it; but as in most other instances with which we are acquainted, persecution only fanned that flame into a fiercer glow, which might have flickered and expired if neglected and left in peace. Everywhere Italy rose in arms against Leo the Isaurian, who had com-

menced a crusade against the plastic arts. Those monks who escaped from the hands of that savage tyrant were received into the many monasteries which the popes caused to be prepared for them; and in the peaceful quietude of those secluded abodes pursued their wonted occupations, especially that of painting. Thus they disseminated the art, and with it, unfortunately, their Byzantine taste. Painting itself was rapidly decaying and dying out in Italy. It made a few ineffectual struggles for progress, which we trace through the MSS. of the period, and the mutilated mosaics in the basilicas. It perished however, and gave no sign. We cannot but consider it strange that the Byzantine artists—the descendants of those old Greeks who lived in an atmosphere of beauty which coloured their every thought and action—should have lost in a few ages all perception of the beautiful; and that the mantle of grace should have descended on the shoulders of the painters of Italy, in howsoever small a measure. Yet so it is. The two schools of art are antagonistic in this particular. The superiority of Italian artists may perhaps be attributed to that growing inclination towards image-worship, first publicly recognised by Gregory the Second, which in the Council of Trent burst into a mighty flame. Men would naturally wish the objects of their devotion to be grand and majestic; or at any rate for that devotion to be quickened by a sense of the beautiful. But the arts may be considered to have become effete in Italy about the commencement of the ninth century.

The seeds of art, swept onward by the current of civilization, were not destined to be lost to man. They found a resting place in rocky ground, it is true; in a somewhat sterile and stubborn soil. But the Teutonic mind was not the less fitted to foster and nourish them, because it was practical, energetic, and active.

It may perhaps be a mooted point whether this impulsive movement amongst the nations of the North originated from their intercourse with the more polished citizens of Constantinople. It seems probable that it commenced before the time

of Charlemagne. And, at any rate Grecian art did not exercise much influence over the German mind. With the artists of Byzantium, painting, as we have seen, assumed a form of asceticism. But with a young and ardent people, who were practical rather than contemplative, the natural bias of their minds would lead them to prefer the historical and dramatic form of treatment. Christian art seems to have taken a firm hold on the hearts of the great Frank nation; and the Old Testament afforded them a wide field on which to develop their skill. Unfortunately the climate north of the Alps is not very favourable to the preservation of works of art, especially of paintings. Many of the MSS. of that period have however been handed down to us in all their pristine freshness; and by these we may in some measure determine the power and skill of the painters of the age. They appear to have been by no means contemptible in their own peculiar province. A new vehicle too is used about the tenth century. Painting on glass begins to employ the pencils of many artists; and this art not only served to enhance the beauty of the great Gothic piles, but it also tended to instruct the common people in Old Testament history and the great truths of religion. Often indeed

Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem,

Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus.

But still it may be a matter of doubt how far the uninstructed yet religious mind is penetrated by the objective teaching and inspiration of art; or if it be affected at all, whether the stream of thought is always directed into a healthy channel. We are of course speaking of art in its symbolical and mystical forms. Of the power of painting to convey a plain truth of fact, and that in a more direct and simple way than words could, or of the high value of art as acting upon an educated intellect and heart, none can doubt. So too its rays will, we hope, in time illumine the poor pale plants of this age, over which the tangled forest-growth of neglect has spread, when education shall have done something to lop, and prune, and organize. Skill in the arts appears to have

received a more solid reward than fame. The monastery of St. Gall in Switzerland was a notable school, where two caligraphic painters had acquired celebrity as early as the ninth century, and where the traditions left by them had been collected by the monk Notker, who cultivated poetry and painting with equal success; by the monk Tutilon, who was at once painter, poet, musician, carver, and statuary; and by the monk John who was invited to Aix-la-Chapelle by the Emperor Otho to paint an oratory, and whose services were afterwards rewarded by the bishopric of Liège. The union of high ecclesiastical dignities with pre-eminence in the cultivation of art was still more frequent in the eleventh century, a period of redoubled activity for those whose imaginations had been paralysed by the expectation that the end of the world was approaching. Heldric and Adelard—the one abbot of St. Germain d'Auxerre, the other abbot of St. Tron—were celebrated in their time as painters of miniatures; and his episcopal functions did not prevent St. Berward, Bishop of Hildesheim, from painting with his own hands the walls and ceilings of his church, and from forming pupils, who afterwards accompanied him to the courts whither he was sent as ambassador. We also find that his successor, Godeschard, founded a school of painting in his palace, an example followed by the Bishop of Paderborn; while the monk Thiérmon, after having employed his pencil in the decoration of a great number of convents, took his seat as a mitred archbishop on the archiepiscopal throne of Saltzburg.

Like a small and silvery rivulet, which rises in some highland mountain and pursues its devious course; now widening out as it passes through the valleys into a still and glassy pool, and now resuming its humble way, a little rivulet once more, till it becomes fed with many streams and broadens into the proud, sweeping river; so the course of the stream of art in Italy is sometimes almost hidden from view; sometimes a more skilful painter or school arises for a time, and then passes away and leaves no worthy successor; but still the art is never wholly lost, and now in the thirteenth century it has passed the rocks and the quagmires, and travels forward on its tranquil and majestic journey.

We have good authority for considering the thirteenth century as

the foundation and root of all art. Schools then arose simultaneously at Pisa and Siena, under the painters Giunta and Guido, who were still indeed trammelled by the Byzantine method and traditions; but at Florence the fetters of tradition were shaken off, and the names of Cimabue and Giotto fitly head the list of great painters who made that city not only the cradle, but the home of art. We cannot say that Cimabue was altogether free from the debased manner of Greek painting. Undoubtedly he very much improved upon it. But his pupil, Giotto, broke from it, as it were, *per saltum*. Not only have we to notice the excellence of the artists, but also the joyous and healthy spirit which animated the people at this period. One of the suburbs of Florence received the name of the *Borgo Allegri*, or quarter of joy, from the enthusiastic delight of the multitude, who, taking advantage of the presence of Charles of Anjou, flocked to the house of Cimabue to inspect a picture which that artist had just completed.

Pursuing the occupation of a shepherd, but an artist at heart, the boy Giotto was taken from his wild native hills, and placed in the midst of the great city, beautiful and stately even then. Fancy how swiftly and deliciously the blood must have coursed through his veins, as he saw for the first time the realization of those dreams which had haunted him, far away amid the lonely hills of Vespignano, in his early childhood. Doubtless the shepherd-artist had drunk deeply from the cup of Nature, simple and wild as that nature was in his village home. A landscape of valley and hill, of scorched grass and grey rocks, with here and there a solitary farm and cultured fields; such was the scene which surrounded the boy. But above him the purple clouds rolled and gathered, and the setting sun tinged them with burning fire; and at night, whilst he tended his flock, the myriad eyes of heaven glanced and sparkled in the blue-black abyss of air. For the first few years of his life as a painter, Giotto seems to have divided his time between travelling about seeking for employment and a small

workshop at Florence, where he laboured at water-colour or tempera drawings. In fact, he turned his hand to any and everything which bore relation to form and colour. His genius was soon recognised, and he was sent for to Rome, when he was about twenty years of age. He appears to have been a man of sound common sense, of a kindly and joyous disposition, and of deep religious feeling. The revolution which Giotto effected in art was indeed great. He entirely transformed it. The Byzantine element is no longer to be found henceforth. The greatest improvement he introduced was in colour, which had been sombre and dark, but in his pictures it is bright, brilliant, and well massed. His chief pupils and successors were Taddeo Gaddi, and Orcagna, 'the Michael Angelo of his age,' who cultivated with success sculpture and architecture, as well as painting. The artists of this age may be considered, in fact, as architects rather than as painters. The labour of their pencil was not an end in itself, but subsidiary to the decoration of their buildings. There is no doubt that Dante exercised a great influence over the minds of Giotto's pupils. In the principal paintings of Orcagna we have the *Nine Circles of Hell*, borrowed ideally from the Divine Comedy. But let us not forget that the minds of men were then generally imbued with devotional feeling.

The artist who felt conscious of his high vocation, considered himself as the auxiliary of the preacher, and in the constant struggle that man has to sustain against his evil inclinations, he always took the side of virtue. This is not only proved by the deeply religious impress with which the monuments still existing are stamped, but I find a more direct proof of it in these words of Buffalmacco, one of the scholars of Giotto:—'We painters occupy ourselves entirely in tracing saints on the walls and on the altars, in order that by this means men, to the great despite of the demons, may be more drawn to virtue and piety.' It was the same spirit of mutual edification which presided over the foundation of the confraternity of painters established in the year 1350, under the protection of St. Luke. They held their periodical meetings, not to communicate to each other

discoveries, or to deliberate on the adoption of new methods, but simply to offer up thanks and praises to God. Amid these pious preoccupations, the studio of the painter became, as it were, transformed into an oratory; and it was the same thing with the sculptor, musician, and poet, at this period of marvellous unity, when every kind of inspiration sprang from the same source, and flowed instinctively towards the same end; from thence resulted also an intimate sympathy between the artists and the people, which manifested itself either with *éclat*, as in the Madonna of Cimabue, or in a manner still more touching, as when the painter Barna was killed by a fall in the church of San Gimignano, and the inhabitants of the city came daily to suspend epitaphs in Latin or Italian over his tomb.

We have in this description a very cheerful picture of the state of the arts at that time. The people's estimation of the artist resulted from a deeper feeling than mere admiration of his work. Pictures were then a necessity of the age. They filled a void in the heart; they quickened devotion, and formed fresh channels through which it might flow. This may indeed have tended to foster superstition, but it purified and ennobled art.

We have now to notice the introduction of new elements into the arts of Italy. There is a gradual but general breaking up of old systems and methods, or rather the feeble frame is strengthened by the infusion of fresh and youthful blood. Technical skill, which had been for the most part subservient to the thought which the painter expressed, now assumes a prominent place in the pictures of the century. And by improvement in technical skill we mean a decided progress, not only in the method by which the artist sets forth his ideas—in his use of materials and appliances, but also in design and form. Colour perhaps rather lost than gained ground in the century after Giotto; but the artist is striving laboriously to picture as faithfully as he can the form and features of man. There is no sudden leap from mediocrity to perfection; progress of any kind is ever slow in its development. The solemn twilight gradually broadens into the dawn, and that again into the bright and cheerful day.

Portraiture now takes its place in the ranks of art. Giotto had successfully painted the portraits of his friend Dante, and of some other of his contemporaries; the artist had also introduced himself in one of his pictures, in the attitude of prayer. The likenesses of individuals were generally thus pictured, in a posture of devotional reverence, for the proudest and the greatest were not too great or too proud to bear witness to their faith and openly to confess their Lord before men. Portraits were afterwards generally introduced into historical pictures. We may consider Paolo Uccello as one of the first who set the example of this innovation. This painter is also noticeable for having commenced a system of careful lineal perspective, which had been before wholly neglected. To the study of it he devoted his days, the greater part of the night, and in fact the whole of his time and attention. His success was perhaps scarcely commensurate with his labour; but we owe him no small amount of gratitude, for having directed the attention of artists to an element of no little importance in art. What had been so happily commenced by Uccello was afterwards, in great measure, perfected by Pietro della Francesca, who studied perspective scientifically, and laid down many excellent rules for the guidance of future painters. The entire want of perception with regard to *chiar' oscuro*, exhibited by the Byzantine artists, has not hitherto been improved upon by the artists of Italy. But in the frescos of Masolino, in the Chapel of the Carmine, executed about the middle of the fifteenth century, we find a well-balanced and correct system of light and shade. It is at once evident, to any one examining the pictures from the Chapel of the Carmine, that much ground has been gained by the Quattrocentisti painters, in perspective, in *chiar' oscuro*, and in design. But a new influence is to be exercised on art, and painters are to be exposed to no common temptation.

As to the moral effect of the patronage of the Medici, which commenced in the fifteenth century, it is not difficult, we think, to assign it its proper place. The Medici are said

to have fostered and protected art. So does the upas-tree extend its branching arms, to shade and to protect, but it also blights and destroys all that comes within reach of its baneful influence. The art which the merchant-princes of Florence encouraged was wholly an irreligious art. On what subjects do we find them employing the painters whom they assembled at their court? Sensuous representations of the human figure, pagan deities, the loves of the gods—such are the objects which these enlightened patrons loved to accumulate about them; to discover an antique statue or a classical manuscript, to emendate, and write Ciceronian Latin—this is the serious business of their lives. The painters whom they patronized were expected to prostitute their art and talent to this newly-revived paganism. The time was however not wholly ripe for the development of infidelity, at least amongst the middle classes. A few of the painters of the age may have grovelled in the mire of paganism and sensuality, but for the most part they passed through it immaculate and pure. It was reserved for more skilful artists but less pious men to deny that faith, the assertion of which was the glory and the boast, and the very purpose of all art in Italy, up to the sixteenth century. Christian art was shaken and overthrown, but it had not yet received its deathblow. The introduction of *genre* painting, and the fact of decoration being transferred, in great measure, from the churches to the palaces of the wealthy and great, must be considered as elements of decadence.

One by one, with care, toil, and assiduity, the corner stones of the foundation of painting were laid. The early labourers schemed and worked with a childlike humility and faith, and others have im-

proved on the structure, and have entered upon the fruit of their industry. We, of a later age, who have witnessed what may be called perfection, if to anything human that name may be applied, in the realization of form and of colour in the fine arts, though we may feel inclined to smile at those abortive productions of the infancy of painting, should yet remember that there is nothing ludicrous, that there is much very precious in any work, however faulty, on which a human heart has lavished the wealth of its love and its devotion. The freshness and purity of the dawn seems to linger lovingly with those old painters still. A halo of gratitude and of kindly thoughts encircles their memory, as in their simple pictures a golden halo surrounds the head of saint or prophet; for out of their labours all modern art is developed, all that pleases the eye and gratifies the heart on our walls and in our galleries. Regarding painting as the art of imitation only, the names of Giotto, Pietro della Francesca, Masolino, Lippi, and Masaccio must ever be remembered, as of men who walked in a path almost untrodden of any before them—a path which brought them severally nearer to their destination—as of men who gave a most impulsive onward movement to art. Richness of colour, breadth, form, light and shade, and perspective,—for all these, we are in some measure indebted to them, for they first experimentally studied the necessary elements of painting. And our esteem and regard for these early artists cannot but be increased, when we remember that with most of them painting was not merely a profession or an amusement. It was something far higher and nobler. It was the expression, however imperfect, of a living, practical faith.



THE DUTCH ARMY.

WE have that a sketch of the present state of the Dutch army will not prove entirely devoid of interest. In the first place, all information on military affairs in the present war-like times has a claim to our serious attention, and, in the event of a prolongation of the war, it is of no small importance to be able to form some just estimate of even the most trifling weight to be thrown into the scale on either side; in the second place, the days of misrule in the War Office at home seem likely to be drawing to an end, and many useful lessons may be picked up abroad, even in the smallest states, which might be advantageously applied to the reforms we hope soon to see introduced in England.

We shall thus give in the present paper a succinct account of the state of the Dutch army as it now exists, and of the expense at which it is maintained, and we shall particularly direct our readers' attention to the way in which military officers are educated and promoted in the Netherlands. All the details we give are drawn from official sources, and we can answer for their being perfectly correct.

The peace establishment of the Dutch army is as follows:

I. MINISTRY OF WAR.

Consisting of the Minister at War; salary 12,000fl.*
Secretary-General . . . 5,000fl.

1. *Bureau of the Secretary*, at the head of which is a referendary, with 22 subordinate civil officers, enjoying salaries from 600 to 3000 florins a-year.

2. *Bureau for the 'Personnel' and Military Affairs*.—Under the control of a field officer, assisted by 3 captains and 6 first lieutenants, with 18 civil officers. The officers, besides their full pay, with an extra allowance from 300 to 600 florins; the other *employés* have salaries varying between 600 and 2400 florins.

3. *Bureau of the Artillery*.—Directed by a field-officer and 2

captains, with 5 clerks or assistants. Pay and allowances as above.

4. *Bureau of the Engineer Corps*.—Likewise under the orders of a field-officer, with 1 captain, 3 first lieutenants, and 7 assistants, civilians. Pay and allowances as above, except one designer and engraver on a salary of 1200 florins, and a second designer with 1095 florins.

5. *Bureau of Administration*.—At the head of this bureau is a field-officer of the military administration. Under his orders are—1 captain, 1 captain quartermaster, 2 sub-intendants (second class), 4 lieutenants (quartermasters), and 14 clerks. Pay and allowances as above.

6. *The Topographical Bureau*.—Superintended by a field-officer, as above, with a staff of 14 designers, engravers, and printers.

7. *Bureau of the Inspector-General of the Medical Service*.—Consisting of 5 clerks, under the orders of the inspector-general, on salaries varying between 750 and 1300 florins.

Besides these officers, there is a captain, charged with the daily service of the ministry and the necessary staff of porters, messengers, &c.

The sum total of the annual expenses of the ministry for the whole army, amounts in round figures, as nearly as possible, to £1,000,000.

II. THE STAFF (*Groote Staf*)

of the army contains—

1. The field-m Marshals;
2. Such other high dignitaries as the King may please to appoint;
3. The *aide-de-camps*, orderly and other officers on the personal staff of his Majesty, the Princes of the Blood Royal, &c.

III. THE GENERAL STAFF

is composed of—1 lieutenant or major-general; 1 colonel; 3 majors; 9 captains—3 first class, 3 second and third class; 6 first lieutenants.

The highest pay (of the general) is 5500fl.; the lowest (of the first lieutenants) 1400fl.

* The Dutch florin or guilder is equivalent to 1s. 8d. of our money.

The officers are selected from the various arms of the service.

IV.—PROVINCIAL AND LOCAL STAFF,

consisting of—1 lieutenant-colonel, or major-adjutant, in each of the ten provinces; 9 colonels, lieutenant-colonels, or majors—local commanders; 10 captains and 16 captains second class, or lieutenants—

local adjutants; and a certain number of porters, at the fortress gates, &c.

V.—MILITARY INTENDANTS.

Of these there are altogether 9 intendants, 1st or 2nd class; and sub-intendants, *idem*. They take rank from captain up to colonel. The highest pay is 4000fl., the lowest 1600fl.

VI.—MEDICAL SERVICE,

Is constituted as follows:

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1 inspector-general (colonel or major-general). | |
| 2 lieutenant-colonels, | } Chief, or first, second, and third-class medical officers, according to the rank they hold in the army. |
| 4 majors, | |
| 24 first-class captains, | |
| 50 first lieutenants, | |
| 50 second lieutenants, | |

Apothecaries, 26—captains, first or second lieutenants, but without the epaulet.

Veterinary surgeons, 16—captains or lieutenants, with the epaulet.

First, second, and third-class pupils, veterinary surgeons, of which only first and second class are paid.

All these officers have the same pay as the corresponding ranks in the army.

VII.—ROYAL MILITARY ACADEMY.*

We shall have to speak more at length of this establishment when we treat of the military education of the Dutch officers. The staff consists of some 50 officers and professors, besides a numerous corps of non-commissioned officers, &c., and about 300 cadets.

VIII.—INFANTRY.

The Dutch infantry is subdivided into—The staff: 1 regiment grenadiers and *jagers* (rifles), 8 regiments of the line, 1 battalion of instruction, 1 general disciplinary dépôt for punishment, 1 recruiting dépôt for colonial troops.

THE STAFF of the infantry consists of the inspector-general of that arm (8000fl. a-year), of major-generals commanding brigades, and of infantry officers not belonging to any regiment, but detached on special services, such as at the War Ministry, at the Military Academy, &c.

A REGIMENT OF INFANTRY contains 4 battalions and a dépôt; each battalion has 5 companies, and the dépôt consists of two. The *nominal* force of the regiment is as follows: 91 officers and 4829 non-commissioned officers, musicians, artificers, rank and file. The latter are subdivided as follows:

Volunteers	896
Conscripts	One year with the regiment								698
	Six weeks ditto								698
	On furlough								1400
	Reserve								700

Non-commissioned officers, musicians, artificers, &c. ... 439²
437

4899

As the number of volunteers is scarcely ever anything like complete, it has to be made up by conscripts, and the effective force on the peace

establishment scarcely exceeds 800 men to each regiment, or about one-sixth part of the grand total.

It is calculated that in time of

* Hitherto Royal Naval and Military Academy; as the cadets for the navy received their elementary instruction likewise at this institution. They are henceforth to be instructed on board a frigate, laid up for that purpose at the Nieuwe-Diep.

war the Dutch could bring into the field about 40,000 foot. The *cadre* of officers in each regiment is kept as complete as possible, but is still far below what it is fixed at—viz.,

REGIMENTAL STAFF.

	Pay—Fl.
1 colonel	4000 *
1 lieutenant-colonel } commanding {	3000 (with the depôt.)
4 majors } battalions {	2600
1 captain	1700
5 first or second lieutenants } adjutants {	1100 or 900
1 captain	1800
2 first lieutenants } quartermasters {	1000
3 second lieutenants }	800
1 captain (magazine-master)	1600

The 22 companies of the regiment, including the depôt, are officered as follows:—

	Pay—Fl.
22 captains, first, second, or third class...	1800, 1600, and 1400†
25 first lieutenants	900
25 second lieutenants	800

The non-commissioned officers are paid, according to their rank, from one shilling and eightpence down to thirteenspence a day; corporals sixpence; privates firepence.

IX.—THE BATTALION OF INSTRUCTION.

The object of the formation of this battalion is to educate non-commissioned officers and quartermasters for the army. Its quarters are at Kampen, where there are very large barracks and schools. It is commanded by a lieutenant-colonel, or major, assisted by 27 officers, and an adequate staff of subordinates (no civilians). The officers have besides their regular infantry pay, an extra allowance of 300fl. for field-officers, and 150fl. or 100fl. for subalterns. About 600 young men are educated there for the army.

X.—THE DISCIPLINARY DEPÔT FOR PUNISHMENT

is commanded by a major, with 10 officers of inferior rank under him. Its quarters are at Woerden, and it consists of men from all the regiments of the line who have misconducted themselves, and are detached there for a certain time for punishment.

XI.—THE COLONIAL RECRUITING DEPÔT

is stationed at Harderwyck, on the Zuyder-Zee. Its object is to obtain troops for the colonies, that are officered in the same manner as the rest of the army. It is commanded by a lieutenant-colonel, with 13 officers under him. The recruits are drilled there, drafted into the different colonial regiments, and shipped as soon as they are fit for service.

XII.—THE ARTILLERY

has a staff, 1 regiment of field artillery, 3 regiments of heavy artillery (siege train), 1 regiment of horse artillery, 1 corps of *ponton-niers*.

The Staff consists of the inspector-general, on a salary of 6500fl. (in time of war increased to 8000fl.), of the officers detached on special services—to the military academy, to the arsenals, &c., and acting as magazine-masters.

One regiment of *Field Artillery* consists of the regimental staff, 10

* The officers' pay in the Dutch service is always fixed at so much *per annum*; they receive it monthly. Non-commissioned officers and privates are paid by the day.

† Seventy-one captains of the infantry, the eldest in rank, are first-class captains; the 70 following, second-class; the remaining 70, third-class captains. The promotion and rank is not confined to the regiment, but extends over the whole arm, so that the officers are continually being shifted, as a vacancy occurs, from one regiment to the other.

companies, 1 company of the Limburg Contingent, and 1 dépôt company, to serve 11 batteries of 8 guns.

The nominal strength of the regiment is 75 officers and 2553 rank and file, of which, besides the officers, only 323 are mounted.

The effective force kept up scarcely exceeds one-third of the nominal amount. The pay of the officers and men is a trifle higher than that of the infantry.

One regiment of Siege Artillery has, besides the staff, 12 companies and 1 dépôt-company, to be augmented in time of war by 4 companies of militia, of which the *cadres* are to be taken from the regimental staff and companies. The nominal strength of this regiment is 64 officers and 1720 rank and file, of which half at most are kept under arms.

One regiment of Horse Artillery consists of the regimental staff, 4 companies, and 1 dépôt-company, to serve 4 eight-gun batteries, 2 of which are armed with six-pounders and two with twelve-pounders; to each gun six horses. The nominal strength of the regiment is 30 officers and 716 rank and file; of the latter only 326 are kept under arms.

The Pontonnier-corps, for the construction of bridges, &c., is commanded by a major, with 6 officers under him, and consists of 200 non-commissioned officers, artificers, and rank and file, of whom about half are kept under arms in time of peace.

XIII.—CORPS OF ENGINEERS, SAPPERS AND MINERS.

This corps consists of 102 officers, 32 overseers (*opzigters*), and 632 rank and file. Thirteen of the officers remain with the battalion, the rest are detached in the various fortresses. The pay is the same as in the artillery. The effective force of the battalion scarcely exceeds 250 rank and file.

XIV.—CAVALRY.

The Dutch cavalry consists of the staff and 5 regiments of dragoons.

The Staff includes, besides 1 lieutenant-general, inspector of cavalry, and 2 major-generals, commanding brigades, a few officers detached on special services.

One regiment of Dragoons has 4 squadrons and 1 dépôt, and contains 36 officers and nominally 871 rank and file, of which at most 450 men per regiment are kept under arms. The pay is the same as in the artillery.

XV.—ROYAL MARECHAUSSEES.

This corps, of which about one-half is mounted, is organized for the same purposes and nearly on the same footing as the French gendarmerie. The privates have all the rank of corporal in the line; they are picked men, and have non-commissioned officers' pay. The officers are taken from the cavalry regiments, and all mounted. The corps is divided into two companies, and has 10 officers (2 captains), and 182 mounted and 172 rank and file not mounted.

The above is the constitution of the Dutch army at the present day, and on reviewing the figures given, we find they could bring into the field, of regular troops in round numbers at most:—

	Officers & Men.
Infantry	40,000
Artillery: Field Artillery (88 guns)	3000
One Siege Train	1800
Horse Artillery (32 guns) ...	750
Pontonniers	250
Engineers, Sappers and Miners	750
Cavalry	4500
Grand total	51,050

The colonial troops, about 16,000 men, are barely sufficient for the requisites of the service in India, and could never be rendered available in a European war.

Of the militia or *Schutterij*, about 45,000 men might be called out.

The method of recruiting is the Napoleonic conscription; the recruits are, in time of peace, merely kept under arms until they are drilled, and then allowed to go home on furlough, and only called out again in case of need. Besides the regular army, the Dutch depend for the defence of their frontiers, in case of invasion, on their militia, in which all able-bodied men between the ages of 25 and 35 are enrolled. A reserve consists of all able to bear arms in case of need

between 18 and 60 years of age. The militia may only be sent in exceptional cases and by a law passed through both Chambers and ratified by the King, beyond the frontiers. Their officers, in time of peace, militiamen, are in war time assisted by officers detached from the line, and in 1830 they rendered excellent services to their country.

EDUCATION OF OFFICERS.

From what we have already stated, it will be readily perceived, that the greater part of the Dutch army being in time of peace merely on paper, a paramount necessity exists for having a *cadre* of officers fully adequate in every respect for the arduous duties that must devolve on them in war time, when they would have to take the field with troops of which the majority have been but partially drilled and then sent back to their homesteads, only to be called out on emergencies.

It has thus been the aim of the Dutch government, since the events of 1830, to form as complete a *cadre* of officers as possible for all branches of the service, and the foundation of the Royal Military Academy at Breda was considered necessary in order to ensure their having a thoroughly scientific military education. The results have proved in every way satisfactory, and some detailed account of that establishment will, we believe, not be devoid of interest at a moment like the present.

The military academy, formerly a palace of the Princes of Orange, at Breda, is a handsome and extensive quadrangular edifice, surrounded by large grounds, and separated by a broad moat from the rest of the town. Within its walls there is accommodation for upwards of 350 cadets, a hospital, a residence for the governor, for the doctor, and three officers in charge of the police of the establishment. Besides this, there is a large riding-school, stabling for forty horses, a barrack for the sergeants attached to the academy, and for upwards of one hundred servants, &c. There is also in one of the wings of the building a handsome library, a collection of models, and in fact every

other requisite for all branches of the service. The governor of the academy is a major-general or colonel, who has under his orders forty-seven military and civil officers of different ranks, all charged with giving instruction in various branches of the sciences.

Every year the ministry of war settles the number of cadets to be admitted to the academy, and the candidates are then examined by a mixed commission of the officers and professors of the academy. As there are generally many more candidates than vacancies, the examination is very severe, and boys are admitted to the competition only between the ages of fourteen and eighteen. They must be acquainted with the Dutch and French languages, cyphering, the elements of mathematics, and the rudiments of history and geography. The cleverest scholars are proposed to the minister by the commission and the governor, and invariably appointed. Neither interest nor connexions of any kind avail.

The cadets for the engineers, artillery, and cavalry pay 600fl. a-year (£50); for the infantry only 450fl. (about £38.) They remain in general four years at the academy, but in case of incapacity can be kept longer or discharged at once from the service. During the last year of their stay at the academy, the cadets hold the rank of sergeant or corporal in the army. The government can remit the yearly fees in favour of the sons of distinguished civil or military officers, who have no adequate means.

The course of study includes the following branches, in which the cadets have to pass a severe examination before obtaining their commissions; and their seniority in the service (in a promotion of the same date) is determined by the results of this last examination.

• INFANTRY.

1. Algebra.
2. Geometry.
3. Trigonometry.
4. The elements of the higher mathematical studies.
5. The elements of mechanics, applied to their arm of the service.

6. Physics, (a general knowledge of the principles).

7. The rudiments of surveying.

8. Universal history, history of the wars since the sixteenth century, and history of the Netherlands.

9. Geography of Europe, and more in detail of the Netherlands and their colonies, and the neighbouring states.

10. The Dutch, French, and German languages, and a summary of the history of their literatures.

11. Rectilinear drawing, and sketching.

12. A thorough knowledge of the regulations of the service, tactics, and the rudiments of strategy.

13. Military law.

14. Infantry exercise and manœuvres.

15. Riding, fencing, dancing, swimming, and gymnastic exercises.

Instead of French and German, the cadets for the colonial service are taught the English and Malay languages.

CAVALRY.

• The same as the infantry, except that of course their infantry exercise, &c., is replaced by the necessary instructions in their own arm.

ARTILLERY.

The mathematical studies of the infantry are carried on into the higher branches, differential and integral calculation, &c., besides which the cadets are taught—

1. Statics;

2. Hydrostatics;

3. Dynamics;

4. Chemistry;

5. Fortification;

6. Pyrotechnics;

and all other studies, history, &c., as the infantry, besides those relating to their arm.

ENGINEERS.

The same branches of study as the artillery, besides which—

1. Hydrodynamics;

2. Hydraulics;

3. Architecture;

4. Surveying;

5. Fortification, (the higher branches).

From this sketch it will be perceived that every officer who leaves the academy, is well acquainted with

the duties he has to perform, and can directly be employed, as is frequently the case, in instructing the non-commissioned officers and privates of the regiment to which he may be attached. For the establishment of the academy by no means precludes the advancement of those who by their conduct and education may be thought worthy of rising from the ranks. Every year an examination is held at Breda of such unmarried non-commissioned officers, not above 30 years of age, as aspire to the epaulet, and a certain number of them are promoted as vacancies occur, and cannot be filled up by the academy. This examination is comparatively very easy to pass, and does not include officers for the engineers.

As in Prussia, there are no regimental schoolmasters in the Netherlands. Instruction is given to the privates by non-commissioned officers, and to these by the officers themselves—a system which seems to work remarkably well, as this duty is not absolutely forced on the officers, and it is considered rather as a mark of distinction than otherwise, to be designated for it by the colonel of the regiment.

In all branches of the military service, the promotion takes place regularly by seniority, as vacancies occur, up to the rank of major. Only a certain number of commissions are reserved for '*promotion by choice*' (*bij keuze*), which are given to officers who have distinguished themselves in any way that may fairly entitle them to be placed above the heads of their seniors in the service. Captains, whom the ministry do not think fit to hold the rank of field officer, are allowed to retain their companies or to retire on pensions. No officer can be discharged from the service, unless by a court-martial, without a pension, which can never exceed two-thirds of the full pay;—the exact amount is regulated by the number of years the claimant has been in the service. Subalterns are not allowed to marry unless they can prove they themselves, or their intended, have an income of at least £50 above their pay.

In conclusion, we shall offer a few general remarks we have not found

any opportunity of inserting above. The promotion is excessively slow in the Dutch army; lieutenants of fifteen years' standing are by no means scarce, and only the strictest economy will enable a young man to live on his pay, which he *can*, however, do. There are no obligatory regimental messes; every officer dines where he pleases, generally some half-dozen subs together, at a very trifling expense, or at the *table-d'hôte* of an hotel. The uniforms are (with the exception of the horse-artillery, which is rich,) plain and neat, and by no means expensive. Officers in garrison at the Hague, and who are expected to attend the court balls, &c., receive

an extra allowance; anything like profligacy, drinking to excess, or running in debt, meets with the severest reprobation, and is sure to incur dismissal from the service; and where there is so little encouragement given to these vices, they are naturally of rare occurrence.

Such is the present state of the Dutch army, which we have sketched as briefly as possible, carefully avoiding all comparisons, invidious or otherwise; our only aim was to afford some information on a subject certainly hitherto almost ignored in England, leaving it to our readers to draw their own inferences.

M. P. L.

THE ROSE GARDEN OF SADI.

DURING the thirteenth century of our era lived and died Shekh Sadi, of Shiraz, one of Persia's most memorable sons. While Europe was sunk in barbarism, or rather was just beginning to emerge from her long sleep, as 'the ten dumb centuries' which were to make 'the speaking Dante,' drew to their close, Sadi, with his keen sense and poet's heart, was wandering in his derwish dress from city to city throughout the Mohammedan world, everywhere studying manners and mankind, and everywhere gathering wisdom and experience. He travelled in Barbary, Egypt, Palestine, Asia Minor, Arabia, Tartary, and India; fourteen times he made the pilgrimage to Mecca; and this wide knowledge of the world leaves its traces in every page that he wrote. 'Long,' he tells us in one of his poems, 'have I wandered in the various regions of the earth, and everywhere I have spent my days with everybody: I have found a gain in every corner, and gleaned an ear from every harvest.' His long* life was chequered with every variety of fortune; for in those days war was abroad in the earth, and rapid changes were sweeping over the fair face of Asia. The Franks still held part of Palestine, though the enthusiasm of the early

Crusades had long since passed away; and the fierce hordes of the Tartars and Moguls, which had burst forth under Zingis Khan from the wilds of Scythia, were laying waste, under his generals or successors, the fairest seats of Asiatic civilization; and in 1258 his grandson, Hologou Khan, took Bagdad by storm, and put to death the feeble Mostasem, whose name closes the long and glorious line of the Abbasside dynasty of the Caliphs.

Amidst this shaking of empires, individuals of course could not escape. Life and property were fearfully insecure, and a shadow must have darkened every home. Sadi, who long resided at Bagdad, where he held a fellowship in the Nizamiah College, has commemorated in one of his elegies the devastation of the city by Hologou; and in his travels in Syria he fell into the hands of the Crusaders, who set him to work with other slaves in repairing the fortifications of Tripolis. But Sadi carried a brave heart in his bosom, which no threats of adverse fortune could subdue. The dangers of travel but added a keener zest to his enjoyment; for the world in those days was still fresh to the traveller, and every forest and every hill had its adventure and its romance. Science

* Sadi was born at Shiraz, A.D. 1175, and died there, A.D. 1290.

had not then mapped out sea and land, and stripped travel of its wonder and danger; and Nature rewarded her votary with a far deeper relish for her charms. Life to the traveller was fuller and richer, and his feelings were stronger and deeper; nor was it merely the hills and the woods that breathed their fuller life into his heart, but he learned a deeper sympathy with his fellow-man. The fellow-travellers of the caravan were linked by their community of hardship and danger, and heart answered to heart in their intercourse; for the desert solitudes annihilate fashions, and leave men bare as nature around them. These influences wrought deeply on Sadi's character, and it is these which lend such a living charm to his books.

Sadi has written many works, but the two on which his fame chiefly rests are the *Gulistan*, or 'Rose-Garden,' and the *Bostan*, or 'Orchard.' The former, to which we would invite our readers to accompany us, is one of those books which are thoroughly Eastern in every part. Its form, its matter, its style, its thoughts, all wear an Oriental colouring; everywhere we breathe in an Oriental atmosphere. In itself it is a book of morals; but this description could never convey to the English reader the faintest idea of its real character. It is a book of morals, but written for the story-loving East, that native home of romance in every age; and instead of laboured disquisitions and logical systems, we have everywhere life and human interest. Morality descends from the universal to the individual; she steps from the schools to the bazaar; and, instead of dealing with words and abstractions, clothes her thoughts with flesh and blood in the forms of living men.

The work is divided into eight sections, seven of which are so many series of stories and apoloques to illustrate some leading point, which gives the title to the section, and unites, as by a thread, the otherwise unconnected series of which it is composed. The book is written in prose; but distichs and

tetrastichs, and sometimes longer poems, are continually introduced to vary the narrative, and also to give force and piquancy to the lessons which it may be intended to convey. In no other book is the beauty of the Persian language so fully displayed; no other author has ever wielded the instrument so well, or tried, like Sadi, all its capabilities to their full. And yet the style is generally simple, and singularly free from that rank luxuriance of ornament which in later times disfigured Persian poetry, and which indeed is the chief characteristic that the bare mention of Oriental poetry, alas! too often suggests to the English reader. From this fault Sadi is generally free, and his language is usually pointed and concise; indeed, one of his peculiar characteristics is the poignant brevity of many of his sayings, which stamps them with a kind of proverbial significance. His poetry is always graceful and easy, with no great power of imagination, but an inexhaustible flow of imagery and fancy; and we frequently find that tender pathos which wins its way to the reader's heart by no forced appeals of rhetorical art, but by its native simplicity and home-felt truth.

But one great charm of the book, as we said, is its being so thoroughly un-Western and new. The characters who flit before us in its stories, and the scenery which forms the background as they move, are alike Oriental; the moment we open the volume we find ourselves in another clime. It reminds us of the view which Mr. Curzon describes from the window of the Alexandrian hotel, when he gazed on the street and bazaar below: 'Here my companion and I stationed ourselves, and watched the novel and curious scene; and strange indeed to the eye of the European, when for the first time he enters an Oriental city, is all he sees around him. The picturesque dresses, the buildings, the palm-trees, the camels, the people of various nations, with their long beards, their arms and turbans, all unite to form a picture which is indelibly fixed in the memory.*'

* Curzon's *Monasteries in the Levant*, p. 3.

To Sadi indeed these were but the every-day scenes in the midst of which his life was passed; and much that now charms us with its beauty may have been but commonplace to him, for the distance of

time and space alike 'lend enchantment to the view;' and the very events and scenes which were so familiar to him, it requires now the true poet's imagination to recover from the past:

When the breeze of a joyful dawn blew free
In the silken sail of infancy,
The tide of time flow'd back with me,
The forward-flowing tide of time;
And many a sheeny summer-morn,
Adown the Tigris was I borne,
By Bagdat's shrines of fretted gold,
High-walled gardens green and old;
True Mussulman was I and sworn,
For it was in the golden prime
Of good Haroun Al Raschid.*

Yet not the less did it need the seeing eye in Sadi to portray so vividly these familiar scenes around him,—to catch their evanescent features as they flitted past in life's quick procession, and daguerreotype them for ever in his book. And not the less was it the poet's insight which detected under this everyday disguise the latent beauty and truth, and thus made

The barren commonplaces break,
To full and kindly blossom.

The *Gulistan* is one of those books which are never written but by the poetic temperament, and saddened (shall we say darkened?) by a deeper insight into life and the world. The glowing visions of genius in its youth have faded in life's cold daylight; the Philoctetes, with his chivalrous generosity, has himself become the Ulysses whose voice he once refused to hear; yet with the cold wisdom of the world, some gleams of his former self still linger, and shed a softening hue on what would else be stern and repulsive in his character. It is not the old age of one who has never known a genial youth, for this were indeed gloomy to the heart's core; but here, under all the mask of cynicism, if we pierce through the incrustation which years have left, we shall

find the warm true heart beating as of old. Thus the Horace who in his youth had sung of Lalage and Cinara, in his riper years writes of man and the world; the poet's gift of insight, which had once seen Bacchus and his satyrs among the hills, now turns to life and society, and gazes with an Apollonius-like eye on the Lamia phantasms of the world. Yet how wide is the difference between the fierce Lucilius ('quoties Lucilius ardet') and the genial Horace, who

Admissus circum præcordia ludit;

between the stern declaimer with his rhetorical indignation, and the kindly poet with his human sympathies, which soften all the rough teaching of his knowledge of life. Can we not trace a somewhat similar course in the highest instance of all, our own Shakspeare? It is, we believe, a remark of Schlegel's, that Shakspeare's genius grew harder with years; he passes on from the warm and glowing world of *As You Like It* and *Twelfth Night*, to the colder region of *Lear*, *Coriolanus*, and *Timon*—plays which, with all their splendour of poetry and thought, are yet deeply tinged with a subjective gloom.

In a lower degree it is the same with Sadi. The *Gulistan* in every

* Tennyson's *Recollections of the Arabian Nights*. Perhaps in *Maud* we have a still more striking instance, where the hero is recalling that dreamy memory of infancy, and hears his father and Maud's projecting a marriage between their children:—

'Is it an echo of something
Read with a boy's delight,
Viziers nodding together
In some Arabian Night'

page bears the impress of a mind which had long looked with a keen insight into life, and read its characters with an experienced eye. The picture is tinged with a somewhat sombre colouring; the hue of youthful hope is gone, for grey hairs have come—to quote an Eastern poet, ‘the messengers which bid cease to hope.’ Yet this sombre hue is not unrelieved gloom, for the poet’s warm heart is still alive, to soften the angry satire with genial humour; nor has the poet’s eye forgot its power, but its self-created ‘light which never was on land or sea’ still glows with something of its ancient glory even on these sterner realities,

And colours Life’s dark cloud with
orient rays.

We now turn to the volume itself to support our remarks by extracts. Where these are in prose, we shall chiefly follow the late very faithful translation published by Professor Eastwick; but the occasional verses we have ventured to render into prose, unless his verse (as is sometimes the case) is peculiarly terse and elegant, so as to be no mean equivalent for the original.

The *Gulistan*, as we said, consists of eight chapters, each of which (except the last, which consists of maxims) is a series of apologues, all intended to illustrate, however remotely, some moral lesson which is the subject of the chapter. These subjects are as follow—

1. The manners of kings;
2. The qualities of derwishes;

Well I remember my father’s life-time,—

The rain of God’s mercy every moment be on him !—

How in my childhood, he bought me a tablet and book,

And he bought me withal a ring of gold.

Lo suddenly a buyer came and won

With a date that ring from off my hand.

Little the child knows the worth of a ring,

And a sweetmeat will bribe him to yield it up.

And *thou* too knowest little the worth of life,

Who canst fling it away in sweet pleasure.’

Nor can the lines have a fitter accompaniment than the following parallel from the *Gulistan* (ii. 7.)—

I remember that in the time of my childhood I was devout and in the habit of keeping vigils, and eager to practise mortification and austerities. One night I sat in attendance on my father, and did not close my eyes the whole night,

3. The excellence of contentment;

4. The advantages of taciturnity;

5. Love and youth;

6. Decrepitude and old age;

7. The effect of education;

8. The duties of society.

In none of these chapters have we any laboured disquisitions on the nature or grounds of morality; Sadi’s philosophy (like that of Horace’s father) always teaches by example,—not the dead general formula, but the living man. When we open the book, we step at once into life and action, far away from the disputations and logic of the schools into the street and the bazaar; we are no longer talking of abstractions and shadows; we are face to face with living agents—we are jostled in the crowd. Behind Sadi’s book rises in perspective Sadi’s own long life of adventure and travel; and it is this which gives to it its freshness and reality. The old man, as he writes, recalls the past scenes in which he himself has felt and acted; every desert journey, every night adventure, every caravanserai’s guests have added some figure to the long succession of images which his memory calls up from the past. His childhood and its quiet home, his studious youth, his restless manhood and settled age, are summoned in turn to ‘the sessions of sweet silent thought,’ and each brings its store of memorials. We cannot refrain from quoting from the *Bostan* the following touching incident of his childhood—

and I held the precious Koran in my lap while the people around me slept. I said to my father, ‘Not one of these lifts up his head to perform a prayer; they are so fast asleep that you would say they were dead.’ ‘Life of thy father,’ he replied, ‘it were better if thou too wert asleep, rather than thou shouldst be backbiting others.’

STANZA.

The braggart sees only his own self,
 For he draws close the veil of conceit before him ;
 If they but gave him an eye to see God ;
 He would see no one weaker than himself.

Or this from the sixth chapter,—

One day, in the ignorance and folly of youth, I raised my voice against my mother. Cut to the heart, she sat down in a corner, and, weeping, exclaimed, 'Perhaps thou hast forgotten thine infancy that thou treatest me with this rudeness !'

Sadi ever seems to turn with a peculiar zest to the various scenes which he had witnessed in his days of travel ; the figures of old companions in the caravanserai rise up before his mind's eye, and byegone hours of social intercourse are re-

called in the silence of thought. Thus how vividly does such an incident as this from the second chapter depict the dangers and hardships of the caravans, while the sturdy robustness of the derwish stands out like the Antæus beggar in Elia's essay.

A man on foot, with bare head and bare feet, came from Kufah with the caravan proceeding to Hijaz, and accompanied us. I looked at him, and saw that he was wholly unprovided with the supplies requisite for the journey. Nevertheless he went on merrily, and said—

VERSES.

I ride not on a camel, but am free from load and trammel,
 To no subjects am I lord, and I fear no monarch's word :
 I think not of the morrow, nor recal the byegone sorrow,
 Thus I breathe exempt from strife, and thus moves on my tranquil life.

One who rode on a camel said to him, 'O derwish, whither art thou going ? turn back, or thou wilt perish from the hardships of the way.' He did not listen, but entered the desert and proceeded on. When we reached the palm-

trees of Mahmud, fate overtook the rich man and he died. The derwish approached his pillow and said, 'I have survived these hardships, and thou hast perished on the back of thy dromedary.'

COUPLET.

A watcher wept the livelong night beside a sick man's bed ;
 When it dawned, the sick was well, and the mourner, he was dead !

Sadi delights in such antitheses as these,—those unexpected contradictions of life, which mock the calculations of prudence, and so often force on us the conviction that life has an element of 'time and chance' which we cannot eliminate ; that in spite of all our forecasting, 'the race is not to the swift nor the battle to the strong.'

Another story from the third chapter gives a different phase of these contradictions of life, and will remind the reader of the scene in *Robinson Crusoe*, where he finds the doubloons on board the wreck.

I once met an Arab amid a circle of jewellers at Basrah, who was relating the following story :—'Once on a time I had lost my way in the desert, and not a particle of food was left, and I had made up my mind to perish, when suddenly I found a purse full of pearls. Never shall I forget my joy and ecstasy when I thought that they were parched

wheat ; nor again the bitterness and despair, when I found that they were only pearls.'

From the second chapter we extract the following very interesting glimpse of his own derwish life, for Sadi himself was a wandering derwish ; and in the picture adjoining to his tomb, Colonel Franklin found him represented as wearing a derwish's *khirkah*, or long blue gown,* with a pilgrim's staff in his hand.

I once, in the principal mosque of Baalbek, addressed a few words, by way of exhortation, to a cold congregation, whose hearts were dead, and who had not found the way from the material to the spiritual world. I saw that my speech made no impression on them, and that my fire took no effect on their green wood. I grew weary of instructing brutes, and holding up a mirror in the district of the blind ; still the door of utterance continued open, and the

* 'The outer mark of a Derwish is a patched garment and shaven head, but his essential qualities are a living heart and mortified passions.'—*Gulist.* ii. 47.

chain of my discourse kept lengthening, as I dwelt on that text of the Koran, 'We are nearer to him than the vein of

his neck.* I had brought my discourse to this point, when I exclaimed,—

VERSES.

The Beloved is closer than I to myself;

Yet strange to say, I am still far off.

What shall I do, and to whom shall I tell it?

He lies on my bosom, and still—I am parted from Him.

I was drunken with the wine of this discourse, and the remainder of the cup was yet in my hand, when a traveller passed by the edge of the assembly, and the last round of the cup which I handed went to his soul. He gave such a shout that the others also in sympathy

joined in the excitement, and the most apathetic shared his enthusiasm. 'Glory to God,' I exclaimed, 'those afar off who have knowledge of him enter into his presence, while those near at hand, who have no vision, are kept aloof!'

VERSES.

If the hearer comprehendeth not what is spoken,

Look not for vigour of genius in the speaker.

Wide be the field of the willing attention,

That the orator may strike over it the ball of eloquence.†

Sadi's narratives often wear such an air of life and reality, that they almost involuntarily stamp their essence into a proverb; in Persia many of them have become 'household words.' How completely the following is a proverb disguised:—

Once a king of Persia had a very precious stone set in a ring. On a certain occasion he went out with some of his favourite courtiers to the Musella of Shiraz to amuse himself, and he bade them suspend the ring over the dome of Azad, that the ring might be his who

could send an arrow through it. It chanced that four hundred professed archers of the royal train took their aim, but all missed. But a stripling at play on the terrace roof of a monastery was shooting his arrows at random; and lo! the morning breeze carried his shaft through the circle of the ring. They bestowed the ring upon him, and loaded him with numberless gifts; and the boy forthwith burned his bow and arrows. They asked him, 'why did you do so?' He answered, 'that my first glory might remain unchanged.'

VERSES.

It may sometimes chance that the clearheaded sage

Shall offer mistaken counsel;

And at times peradventure the untaught stripling

By mistake may hit the target with his shaft.

Nor is the next story inferior with its barb of keen worldly wisdom at its close. In the plates of the first volume of Sir W. Ouseley's *Travels in Persia*, there is a curious representation of the scene, copied from a Persian MS. in his collection.

A certain man had become a master in the art of wrestling; he knew three hundred and sixty first-rate sleights in this art, and every day he wrestled with a different throw. But a corner of his heart conceived a liking for the beauty of one of his pupils, and he taught him three hundred and fifty-nine of his sleights, all he knew save one, the teaching of which he continually deferred. In short, the youth was perfect in skill and strength, and none

could stand up against him, until at length he boasted before the Sultan, 'My master's superiority is but from his superior years, and my reverence for all he has taught me; else in strength I am nowise his inferior, and in skill I am fully his equal.' This want of respect displeased the king, and he bade them wrestle together. A vast arena was selected, and the great nobles and ministers of the king attended. The youth entered like a furious elephant, with a shock that had his adversary been a mountain of iron would have uprooted it from its base. The master perceived that the youth was his superior in strength. So he fastened on him with that curious grip which he had kept concealed, and the youth knew not how to foil it. The master lifted him with both hands from the ground, and raised

* Koran, ch. l. v. 15.

† Alluding to the game of Chugan, like the Golf in Scotland, but played on horseback.

him above his head and dashed him to the earth. A shout of applause arose from the multitude. The king bade them bestow a robe of honour and reward on the master, and heap reproaches on the youth, saying, 'Thou hast presumed to encounter him who taught thee, and thou hast failed.' He answered, 'Sire, my master overcame me not by strength or power, but a small point was left in the art of wrest-

ling, which he withheld from me; and by this trifle hath he to-day gotten the victory over me.' The master said, 'I kept it for such a day as this; for the sages have said, 'give not to thy friend such power, that, if he one day become thy foe, he will prevail over thee.' Hast thou not heard what once was said by one who had suffered wrong from a pupil of his own?

STANZA.

Either gratitude itself, there is none in the world,
Or none in our generation practiseth it;
None ever learned from me to shoot the arrow,
Who in the end made not me his target.*

We trace in the above story, what in truth is so common in all the practical moral writings of the East, that deep sense of the need of caution and suspicion which long ages of irresponsible despotism have branded into the very heart of the people. It was indeed no casual equivocation through which, 'by degrees, the name *Frank*, which may originally have indicated merely a national, came to indicate a moral, distinction as well;† the personal freeman stood out from among a degenerate race by an independence of character and proud scorn of deceit; it is not in the East, amid a world of slaves, that the chivalrous generosity implied in Frank takes root. Tyranny and oppression run down from rank to rank; concealment and suspicion darken and chill every heart, and the finer feelings are stifled by their influence.

It is strange to note how all Persian poets feel bound, on every plausible occasion, to convey indirect exhortations to the governors against tyranny and extortion towards those beneath them; and if we view these passages in the light of the poet's present, how deeply

affecting is their significance. The ever-reiterated praises of Nushirwan the Just will come home to us with a new meaning and power, if we think of the living viziers and pachas whom the poet would have branded by name had he dared.

We have one or two curious stories in the *Gulistan* which exemplify the mode of administering justice in the East, and show that the 'law's delays' are not found only in the highest states of civilization.

Two derwishes of Khurasan travelling together united in companionship. One was weak, and used to break his fast after every two nights. The other was strong, and made three meals a day. It happened at the gate of a city that they were seized on suspicion of being spies, and were both imprisoned, and the door closed up with mud. After two weeks it was discovered that they were innocent. They opened the door, and found the strong man dead, but the weak man safe and alive. They were still wondering thereat, when a wise man said,— 'The opposite of this would have been strange; for this man was a great eater, and could not bear the want of food, and so perished. But the other was in the habit of controlling himself; he endured, as was his wont, and was saved.'

STANZA.

When to eat little is one's natural wont,
If hardship cross us, we easily bear it:
But if we pamper ourselves in our hour of ease,
When want comes, we of hardship die.

We have many stories to illustrate the vanity of worldly grandeur, the nothingness of earthly prosperity, even at its highest estate; and

* Compare with this the beautiful lines of another Persian poet:

They say that once in a thousand years
There cometh a true friend into our world:
He came, and I had not risen from nothingness;
He shall come, and I have lain down in sorrow.

† Trench, *Study of Words*, p. 12.

thoughts like these must indeed have often forced themselves on Sadi's mind when he saw the devastations of Asia by the scourge of the Mogul invasions.

One of the Arabian kings was sick in his old age, and the hope of surviving was cut off. Suddenly a horseman entered the portal, and brought good

tidings, saying, — 'By the auspicious fortune of my lord we have taken such a castle, and the enemies are made prisoners, and the troops and peasantry in the quarter are entirely reduced to obedience.' When the king heard this speech he heaved a cold sigh, and said, 'These joyful tidings are not for me, but for my enemies, that is, the heirs of my crown.'

VERSES.

In this hope, alas ! hath precious life been passed,
That what was in my heart might enter in at my gate ;
My long-bound hope hath come—yet what profit withal,
Since hope is none that life passed can return !
The hand of death hath struck the drum of departure,
Eyes of mine, ye must bid adieu to my head ;
Palm of my hand, wrist, and arm,
Ye too must bid farewell to each other.
On me hath fallen Death, the enemy of desire,
And you, oh my friends, must at last pass from me.
All my days have passed in folly,
I have failed, and do you by me take warning !

The old legendary splendours of Persia are ransacked to bear a similar testimony, in the inscription over the portico of King Feridūn's* palace.

The world, oh brother, abides with none,
Set thy heart on the world's Maker—let that suffice thee.
Rest not thy pillow and support on this world's domain,
For many a one such as thee hath she fostered and slain.
When the pure soul prepares to depart,
What is death on a throne, or death on the bare ground ?

He reads also a like warning, 'written in letters of gold, upon Kai-Khusraw's crown.'

What generations of mankind shall tread,
What ages roll above my buried head,
For hand from hand to me descends the crown,
And hand from hand to others shall go down !†

We have the following wild story about the great Mahmud of Ghazni, the conqueror of India, and the iconoclast hero of the temple of Somnath.

One of the kings of Khurasan saw, in a dream, Sultan Mahmud Sabuktigin, a hundred years after his death, when all

his body had dissolved and become dust, save his eyes, which, as heretofore, moved in their sockets and looked about them. All the sages were at a loss to interpret it, except a derwish, who made his obeisance, and said, 'He is still looking about him, because his kingdom is in the possession of others.'

VERSES.

Many are the heroes whom they have buried under the ground,
Of whose existence above it not one vestige is left ;
That old carcase which they committed to earth,
Earth hath so devoured it that not one bone remains.
Still lives by his justice Nushirwan's glorious name,
Although long ages have passed with no Nushirwan here.
Do good, my friend, while thou canst, and seize thy life as a prey,
Ere the cry rises in the street, 'such an one is gone !'‡

* To this ancient hero of Persian romance, the discoveries of comparative philology have lately added a new and deeper interest. He has been identified with the Traitana of the Veda, and forms one great link between the ancient Persian and Hindu mythologies.

† We have given these fine lines in a friend's translation.

‡ Compare what Jeremy Taylor says, that one day the bell shall toll, and it shall be asked 'for whom ?' and answered 'for us.'

This insight into life runs through the *Gulistan*; no tinsel deceives him for an instant. Hear how he weighs the lot of the despot and the derwish in this life and the next.

A king was regarding with a scornful eye a company of derwishes. One of them, acute enough to divine his feelings, said, 'Oh king, in this world we are inferior to thee in military pomp,

but happier in our enjoyment; in death, thy equals; and at the day of judgment, if it please the most High God, thy superiors.'

A similar feeling appears in the following, and how deeply beautiful is the couplet which closes it:—

A king said to a holy man, 'Dost thou ever remember me?' 'Yes,' he replied, 'whenever I forget my God.'

DISTICH.

To every side shall he wander whom God drives from His gate;
But him whom He calls to His gate, He will never let go to another's.

Connected with the above, we find in the first chapter a very striking parallel to Wolsey's dying words,—

Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

A vizier went to Zu'l-nun of Egypt, and requested the aid of his prayers, saying, 'I am day and night employed in the service of the sultan, hoping for his favour and dreading his wrath.'

Zu'l-nun wept, and said, 'If I had feared the most High God as thou fearest the sultan, I should have been of the number of the just.'

VERSES.

Could he cease from all thoughts of earthly ease and pain,
The derwish's foot would touch the sky;
And if the vizier but feared his God
As he fears his king, he would be an angel.

Nor are Sadi's stories drawn only from human experience, as seen in others' lives or his own; the resources of fable are also at his command, and many a charming specimen may be quoted from his works. Fable indeed has been always native to the East, since the days of Pilpay and Lokman; and its graver writers have not scrupled to employ it (like Dryden in his *Hind and Panther*) in the service of philosophy and religion—for

getful that these must lie beyond its sphere, since no effort of the imagination can suppose beasts to share in their interests. Two of Sadi's are too well known to need quotation,—the clay that gained its perfume by association with the rose, and the drop of rain that fell into the sea and became a pearl. The following are less familiar; the first we give in Professor Eastwick's graceful translation:—

I saw some handfuls of the rose in bloom,
With bands of grass suspended from a dome;
I said, 'What means this worthless grass, that it
Should in the rose's fairy circle sit?'
Then wept the grass and said, 'Be still, and know
The kind their old associates ne'er forego;
Mine is no beauty, hue, or fragrance, true!
But in the garden of my lord I grew!'

In the leaves of the Koran I found a peacock's feather;
'This place,' I said to it, 'is higher than thy worth.'
'Silence,' it made answer, 'for to the beautiful,
Wheresoever they set foot, all cross their hands in service!'

Mr. Eastwick remarks in his preface, with somewhat of a translator's natural partiality, that 'Sadi in wit is not inferior to Horace, whom he also resembles in his *curiosa felicitas*.' Without however claim-

ing for him so eminent a place, there can be no question that Sadi's sparkling wit lends a great charm to the *Gulistan*. Beside the varied interest of the stories, the sudden turns of thought and quick re-

partees of the dialogue add an air of great lightness and vivacity, which is heightened by a profusion of lively antitheses and ingenious

conceits. We have selected a few of these scattered sayings, some of which have quite the point of proverbs.

Though a Guebre keep his fire alight an hundred years,
If he once fall into its flame it will burn him.

You must bear with patience suppliants like me,
For none throws a stone at a tree that bears no fruit.

The deep sea is not turbid for a stone,
The sage that is vexed is a shallow brook still.

If the king declares that the day is night,

You must answer, 'See, there are the moon and the Pleiads!'

Either the merchant with both his hands gathers gold into his bosom,
Or else the wave one day tosses him dead on the beach.*

Some of his shorter stories display a good deal of caustic humour; as that of the doctor, who gives to his pupil the following advice to get rid of his friends, when their visits took up too much of his time:—'Lend to such as are poor, and ask to borrow of such as are rich; and neither will trouble you any more:' or that of the derwish, who had been struck on the head by a stone, and having no power to return the blow, had carefully laid the stone by, until, years after, finding his enemy in a pit, where the king's displeasure has thrown him, he creeps stealthily up and returns the old blow with the identical stone!

Sadi's poetry is of no very high order, yet it is always light and graceful. A vein of real feeling runs through it all, like a little silver thread; and there is plenty of fancy in the images and thoughts. Moreover, his verses in the *Gulistan* are always short; the subject is handled with so light a touch, and the transitions are so rapid from theme to theme, that the reader is never wearied, but is lured on from story to story, verse to verse, with an ever-fresh variety.

How beautiful, and yet how thoroughly Oriental, is the following tetrastich:—

The muezzin† unseasonably raised his voice from the minaret,

For he knows not how much of the night is gone.

Ask the length of the night from my eyelashes,

For not one moment hath sleep passed on my eyes!

Or these lines on youth and age:—

When thou art old, let go thy childishness;

Leave to the young sport and merriment.

Seek not from the old man the gladness of youth;

For the stream that hath flowed by shall never return;

Now that the corn is ripe for the sickle,

It waves not in the wind like the young blade.

There are some striking lines on Jacob and Joseph, with a mystical reference under them to the changing state of the holy man in his communion with God, 'for the vision of the pious is between effulgence and obscurity:—

One asked of that once desolate father,

'O old man, bright of soul and wise of knowledge,

Thou didst smell the breath of thy son's garment from Egypt,

Why then sawest thou him not in Canaan's pit?

'My state,' he answered, 'is as the lightning,

Which one moment gleams and the next disappears.

* There is an untranslatable play on the two meanings of *kandr*, 'the bosom' and 'the shore.'

† 'I was awakened this morning, about an hour before sunrise, by the crowing of cocks and the voice of the muezzin, heard beautifully through the stillness of the night, as he summoned all true believers to the house of prayer, proclaiming that prayer is better than sleep.'—Pashley's *Oriente*, i. p. 285.

At one time I sit on heaven's highest pinnacle,
 At another I see not my own feet for darkness.
 If the derwish remained at one stay for ever,
 He might wash his hands of both worlds.*

The following lines might almost suggest the thought that Sadi had read the words of St. Paul, that 'if one member suffer, all the members suffer with it;' and it is at least singular that they occur in a story where Sadi represents himself as offering prayers at the tomb of Yahya, or John the Baptist, at Damascus:

The sons of Adam are members one of another,
 For in their creation they have a common origin;
 If fortune bring one member into pain,
 To the other members remains no rest;
 And thou who feelest not for another's sorrow,
 Hast no claim to the name of man.

Sadi was a man of deep religious feeling, and there are ample proofs of it in his books. Like most Persian authors, he adopts the mystical phraseology of the Sufis; but we find in him far less of this style than in most of his contemporaries. It is confined chiefly to scattered verses, and incidental allusions, which just serve to give a shade of deeper colouring to the *Gulistan's* varied picture. Such are lines like these:—

Know'st thou what that nightingale of dawn said to me?
 'What man art thou who art ignorant of love?'
 All that thou seest is loud in extolling Him;
 The heart, that is an ear, well knows the mystery;
 'Tis not the nightingale alone that sings His praise to the rose,
 For in His praise its every thorn is a tongue!

A deep feeling of natural piety breathes through such lines as the following, which express a sentiment such as one would hardly have looked for in a Mohammedan:—

I have brought an excuse for my defect of service,
 For in my obedience I have no claim.
 The wicked repent them of their sins,
 But the holy seek forgiveness for their worship.

Sadi, although a derwish and recluse (for the latter years of his life were spent in retirement), had too deep an insight into character to be deceived by the hermit's exterior; and his true estimate of seclusion is thus given:

If every moment thy heart be wandering,
 Even in solitude thou wilt find no purity;
 And though wealth, rank, fields, and merchandize be thine,
 If thy heart be with God, thou art still a hermit.

The idea in the following lines is a favourite with him, and occurs several times in different forms:—

Should the creature injure thee, sorrow not;
 For from the creature cometh neither joy nor pain.
 Know, from God is the contrariety of friend and foe,
 For the heart of each is in his disposal.
 What though the arrow speeds from the bow?
 The wise of heart know that the archer gave it aim.

Sadi's addresses to the Deity abound with striking thoughts; witness these fine lines from the opening of the *Gulistan*.

Oh loftier than all thought,
 Conception, fancy, or surmise,
 All vainly thou art sought,
 Too high for feeble man's emprise;

* That is, attain his re-union with God.

Past is our festive day,
And reached at length life's latest span;
Thy dues are yet to pay,
The firstlings of thy praise by man!

Nor must we forget, when we would estimate Sadi's true character and position, that these thoughts and feelings have been the product of Mohammedanism's sterile soil. With all its grave errors, by its unwavering acknowledgment of the divine Unity, Mohammedanism has been an immense advance on the paganism and idolatry which it superseded; and may we not affirm, that it is by this amount of truth involved in its system, that it still keeps its ground as it does? Contrasted with the literature of a heathen nation—even of Greece or Rome—how far more noble and elevating are the *moral* ideas of the Arabians and the Persians.

Sadi may have met with Christians in his various wanderings, especially with Nestorians and Armenians, but in his day the deep heartburnings which the successive invasions of the Crusaders had raised were not yet quelled; and in his own case, the treatment which he had received at their hands at Tripolis, was little likely to prepossess him in favour of their doctrines. Sadi's travels, in truth, except so far as they led him in contact with individuals, were exclusively confined to the Mohammedan world. Within that wide circle he wandered

'with hungry heart,' like Ulysses of old, and his keen eye read with intensest interest the ever-varying pictures of human character; but beyond that sphere all was hid from him in Cimmerian darkness. Dim rumours may have reached him of Europe and its kingdoms, like Homer's 'great river Ægyptus';* but it was in Asia that he was at home. It was to the Mohammedan world that all his sympathies were bounded; Europe, with all its rude strength and energy, is non-existent to him. The declining feudal system and the rising municipal towns lay beyond the Mohammedan's gaze: modern Europe was slowly bursting into life, but he knew it not. The decrepit Byzantine empire still lingered at Constantinople, and its shadow hid the substance from his eyes. Little did Sadi dream that during his very lifetime Asia's sun was finally setting, to rise with fresh splendour in the West. He could see and mourn the shadows which were fast gathering over the East, in the fall of dynasties and the ruin of empires; but it was not for him to see, beyond the horizon, modern Europe slowly gathering together her latent elements, or to hear the herald of modern thought, Dante, singing his first song.

SONNET.

SORROW should visit us when we are young,
Not when the journey of our life has pass'd
Into the shadows tremulous and vast,
That from our own ill-govern'd hearts have sprung.
Are not the leaves in drooping autumn flung
Upon the earth by the careering blast,
While in fresh spring they bow to it and last?
Young spirits thus can bend and rise unwrung.
Come, Sorrow, while my heart all venture braves,
While to itself my mind is still a realm!
Then, tho' the thunder roars, the whirlwind raves,
And hungry surges threaten to o'erwhelm,
Hope will unfurl the sail, Love grasp the helm,
And the good ship shall dash aside the waves!

T. B.

* *Odyssey*, iv. 447.

KATE COVENTRY.

An Autobiography.

EDITED BY THE AUTHOR OF 'DIGBY GRAND.'

CHAPTER IX.

SO the bells rung merrily at Dan-gerfield, and the rustics huzzaed for their landlord, and the comely village maidens envied the bride; and Lucy was Lady Horsingham now, with new duties and a high position, and a large, fine, gloomy house, and jewels in her hair, and an aching heart in her bosom. Nevertheless, she determined to do her duty as a wife; and every hour of the day she resolved *not* to think of Cousin Edward.

Years elapsed, and pretty Lucy became a gentle, handsome woman—kindly courteous, and beloved by all, timid and shrinking only with Sir Hugh. Her husband, wearied and discontented, mixed himself fiercely in all the intrigues of the day—became a stanch partisan of the House of Stuart, and sought for excitement abroad in proportion as he missed congeniality of feeling at home. It was an unhappy household. Their one child was the mother's sole consolation; she scarcely ever let it out of her presence. They were a pretty sight, that loving couple, as they basked, in the sun of a fine summer's morning, on the terrace in front of the manor-house. The boy with his mother's blue eyes and his own golden curls, and the arch, merry smile that he never got from stern Sir Hugh; and the fair, graceful woman, with her low white brow and her soft brown hair, and her quiet gestures and gentle, sorrowing face—that face that haunts poor Cousin Edward still.

'Mamma!' says the urchin, pouting his rosy lips, 'why don't you play with me?—what are you thinking of?' and a shade passes over that kind face, and she blushes, though there is no one with her but the child, and catches him up and smothers him in kisses, and says, 'Now, my darling,' but nevertheless, I do not think at that moment she

was thinking either of her boy or Sir Hugh.

And where was Cousin Edward all the time? Why, at that particular instant sword-point to sword-point with Colonel Bludyer of the Dragoons, slightly wounded in two places—cool and wary, and seeming to enjoy, with a sort of fierce pleasure, such a safety-valve for excitement as a duel with one of the best fencers in Europe.

Cousin Edward was an altered man since he stood with the future Lady Horsingham in the moonlight. 'An evil counsellor is despair;' and he had hugged that grim adviser to his heart. He had grown handsomer, indeed, than ever; but the wild eye, the haggard brow, and the deep lines about his mouth, spoke of days spent in fierce excitement—nights passed in reckless dissipation. He had never forgotten Lucy through it all, but even her image only goaded him to fresh extravagances—anything to deaden the sting of remembrance—anything to efface the maddening past. So Cousin Edward, too, became a Jacobite; and was there a daring scheme to be executed, a fool-hardy exploit to be performed—life and limb to be risked without a question—who so ready and so reckless as 'handsome Ned Meredith?'

In the course of their secret meetings and cabals, he became slightly acquainted with Sir Hugh Horsingham; and with the inexplicable infatuation peculiar to a man in love, he took a pleasure in even being near one so closely connected with Lucy, although that one was the very person who had deprived him of all he valued on earth. So it fell out that Sir Hugh Horsingham and Ned Meredith were supping at the Rose and Thistle, in close alliance, the table adjoining them being occupied by those

stanch Hanoverians, Col. Bludyer and Mr. Thornton.

'Here's 'the Blackbird,'* said Cousin Edward, tossing off a huge goblet of Bourdeaux, and looking round the room with an air of defiance as he proposed so well known a toast. Sir Hugh was a man of a certain grim humour, and as he drained his goblet and nodded to his companion, he added, 'May the rats dance to his whistle, and the devil—that's *you*, Ned—take the hindmost!'

Colonel Bludyer rose from his chair, placed his cocked-hat on his head, and turned the buckle of his sword-belt in front. 'The King!' he shouted, raising his hat with one hand and filling a bumper with the other. 'The King!' he repeated, scowling fiercely at his two neighbours.

'Over the water!' roared Ned Meredith; and the Colonel, turning rapidly round, and mistaking his man, flung his cocked-hat right in Sir Hugh Horsingham's face. Swords were out in a second—thrust, parry, and return passed like lightning, but the bystanders separated the combatants; and Meredith, determining for the sake of Lucy that Sir Hugh should encounter no unnecessary danger, took the whole quarrel on himself, and arranged a meeting for the following morning with the redoubtable Colonel Bludyer. Thus it was that while Lucy and her boy were basking in the summer sunshine, Cousin Edward was exhausting all his knowledge of swordsmanship in vain endeavours to get within that iron colonel's guard. The duel was fought on the ground now occupied by Leicester-square, Sir Hugh and Mr. Thornton officiating as seconds, though the latter being disabled from the effects of a recent encounter, they did not, as was usual in those days, fight to the death, merely '*pour se désennuyer*.' Stripped to their shirts—in breeches and silk stockings, with no shoes—the antagonists lunged, and glared, and panted, and twice paused for breath by mutual consent, with no further damage than two slight wounds in Ned's sword-arm.

'Very pretty practice,' said Mr. Thornton, coolly taking a pinch of snuff, and offering his box to Sir Hugh; 'I'm in despair at not being able to oblige you this fine morning.'

'Some other time,' replied Sir Hugh, with a grim smile; 'D—ation,' he added, 'Ned's down.'

Sure enough, Cousin Edward was on the grass, striving in vain to raise himself, and gasping out that he 'wasn't the least hurt.' He had got it just between the ribs, and was trying to stanch the blood with a delicate laced handkerchief, in a corner of which, had he examined it closely, Sir Hugh would have found embroidered the well-known name of 'Lucy.' Poor Cousin Edward! it was all he had belonging to his lost love, and he would have been unwilling to die without that fragment of lace in his hand.

'A very promising fencer,' remarked Colonel Bludyer, as he wiped his rapier on the grass. 'If he ever gets over it, he won't forget that '*plongéant*' thrust in tierce. I never knew it fail, Thornton—never, with a man under thirty.' So the Colonel put his coat on, and drove off to breakfast; whilst Sir Hugh took charge of Ned Meredith, and as soon as he was recovered—for his wound was not mortal—carried him down with him to get thoroughly well at Dangerfield Hall.

It is an old, old story. Love outraged and set at defiance, bides his time, and takes his revenge. Dangerfield looked like a different place now, so thought Lucy; and her spirits rose, and the colour came back to her cheek, and she even summoned courage to speak without hesitating to Sir Hugh. When Cousin Edward was strong enough to limp about the house, it seemed that glimpses of sunshine brightened those dark oak rooms, and ere he was able to take the air, once more leaning on Lucy's arm, alas! alas! he had become even dearer to the impassioned, thoughtful woman, than he ever was to the timid vacillating girl. There was an addition now to the dinner party on the terrace in the bright autumn mornings, but the little boy needed no longer to ask mamma 'What she was

* One of the many pass-words by which the adherents of the Chevalier distinguished that ill-fated Prince.

thinking of; and the three would have seemed to a careless observer a happy family party—husband, wife, and child. Oh! that it could but have been so.

In the mean time, Sir Hugh was again as usual busied with his State intrigues and party politics, and absented himself for weeks together from the Hall; riding post to London night and day, returning at all sorts of unexpected hours, leaving again at a moment's notice, and otherwise comporting himself in his usual mysterious, reserved manner. Yet those who knew him best opined there was something wrong about Sir Hugh. He was restless and preoccupied; his temper less easily excited about trifles than was his wont, but perfectly ungovernable when once he gave way to it. No man dared to question him. He had not a friend in the world who would have ventured to offer him a word of advice or consolation, but it was evident to his servants and his intimates that Sir Hugh was ill at ease. Who can tell the struggles that rent that strong proud heart? Who could see beneath that cold surface, and read the intense feelings of love, hatred, jealousy, or revenge that smouldered below, stifled and kept down by the iron will, the stubborn indomitable pride? There is a deep meaning in the legend of that Spartan boy who suffered the stolen fox to gnaw his very vitals, the while he covered him with his tunic, and preserved on his brave face a calm smile of unconcern. Most of us have a stolen fox somewhere; but the weak nature writhes and moans, and is delivered from its torment, while the bold unflinching spirit preserves a gallant bearing before the world, and scorns to be relieved from the fangs that are draining its very life away.

Whatever Sir Hugh saw or suspected, he said not a word to Lucy, nor was it until surmise had become certainty that he forbade 'Cousin Edward' the house. To him he would not condescend to explain his motives; he simply wrote to him to say that on his return he should expect to find his guest had departed, and that he had sufficient reasons for requesting his visits might not be repeated. With his wife he was

if possible more austere and morose than ever, so once more the hall resumed its old aspect of cheerlessness and desolation, and its mistress went moping about more than ever, miserable and broken-hearted. Such a state of things could not long go on: the visits forbidden openly, took place by stealth, and the climax rapidly approached which was to result in the celebrated Dangerfield tragedy.

At this period there was set on foot another of those determined plots which, during the first two reigns of the House of Hanover, so constantly harassed that dynasty. Sir Hugh, of course, was a prime mover of the conspiracy, and was much in London and elsewhere, gathering intelligence, raising funds, and making converts to his opinions. Ned Meredith, having, it is to be presumed, all his energies occupied in his own private intrigues, had somewhat withdrawn of late from the Jacobite party; and Sir Hugh heard, with his grim unmoved smile, many a jest and innuendo levelled at the absentee.

One stormy winter's day the baronet, well armed, cloaked, and booted, left his own house for the metropolis, accompanied by one trusty servant. He was bearing papers of importance, and was hurrying on to lay them with the greatest dispatch before his fellow conspirators. As the evening was drawing on, Sir Hugh's horse shied away from a wild figure, looming like some spectre in the fading light, and ere he had forced the animal back into the path, his bridle was caught by a half-naked lad, whom the rider at once recognised as an emissary he had often before employed to be the bearer of secret intelligence, and who, under an affectation of being half-witted, concealed much shrewdness of observation, and unimpeachable fidelity to the cause.

'Whip and spur, Sir Hugh—whip and spur,' said the lad, who seemed flustered and confused with drink—'you may burst your best horse betwixt this and London, and all to get there before you're wanted. A dollar to drink, Sir Hugh, like Handsome Ned gave me this morning—a dollar to drink, and I'll save

you a journey for the sake of the 'Bonny White Rose' and the 'Bird with the Yellow Bill.'

Sir Hugh scrutinized the lad with a piercing eye, flung him a crown from his purse, and bid him 'out with what he had to say, for that he himself was hurried, and must push on to further the good cause.' The lad was sobered in an instant.

'Look ye here, Sir Hugh,' he said, eagerly; 'Handsome Ned went down the road at a gallop this morning. There's something brewing in London, you may trust me, Sir Hugh, and I tried to stop him to learn his errand; but he tossed me a crown, and galloped on. He took the hill-road, Sir Hugh, and you came up the vale, but he's bound for Dangerfield, I know, and mayhap he's got papers that will save your journey to London; no offence, Sir Hugh,' added the lad, for the baronet's face was black as midnight.

'None, my good boy,' was the reply in a hoarse, thick voice. 'Hold, there's another crown for you—drink it every farthing, you villain! or I never give you a sixpence again;' and Sir Hugh rode on as though bound for London, but stopped a mile farther forward, at a place where two roads met, and entrusting his papers to his servant, bade him hasten on with them, whilst he galloped back through the darkness in the direction of his home.

Home, indeed! had it ever been home to Sir Hugh? would it be home to-night? When he got back there, and skulked into his own house like a midnight thief—what would he do?—why was he galloping back so fast? Sir Hugh set his teeth tight, and holding his powerful horse hard by the head, urged him on faster than before. The lights are all out in the little village of which he is sole master, and his horse's hoofs clattering through the street rouse the sleepy inmates for an instant, ere they return to their peaceful rest. Sir Hugh is not sleepy, he feels as if he never should want to sleep again.

How dark it is in the park, under those huge old trees. He fastens his horse to one of them with drooping branches, and after removing his pistols from their holsters, spreads

his cloak over the heaving flanks of the heated animal. Habit is second nature, and he does not forget the good horse. He strides through the shrubberies, and across Lucy's garden, crushing with his heavy boot-heel the last flower that had lingered on into the winter. There is a light streaming from one of the windows in the gallery. Ha!—he *may* be right—he may not have returned in vain; for an instant a feeling of sickness comes over him, and he learns for the first time that he *had* cherished a hope he might be deceived.

He can let himself in by the garden gate with his own pass-key. Ere he is aware, he is tramping up the corridor in his heavy horseman's boots—his hand is on the door—there is a woman's shriek—and Sir Hugh's tall dark figure fills the doorway of Lucy's sitting-room, where, alas! she is not alone, for the stern, angry husband is confronted by Ned Meredith.

Lucy cowers down in a corner of the room, with her face buried in her hands. Cousin Edward draws himself up to his full height, and looks his antagonist steadily in the face, but with an expression of calm despair that seems to say fate has now done her worst. Sir Hugh is cool, collected, and polite, nay, he can even smile, but he speaks strangely, almost in a whisper, and hisses through his set teeth. He has double-locked the door behind him, and turns to Cousin Edward with a grave courteous bow.

'You have done me the honour of an unexpected visit, Mr. Meredith,' he says; 'I trust Lady Horsingham has entertained you hospitably? Pray, do not stir, Madam. Mr. Meredith, we are now quits, you saved my life when you encountered Colonel Bludyer. I forbore from taking yours, when I had proofs that it was my right. We have now entered on a fresh account, but the game shall be fairly played. Mr. Meredith, you are a man of honour—yes, it shall be fairly played.' Ned's lip quivered, but he bowed, and stood perfectly still. 'Lady Horsingham,' continued Sir Hugh, 'be good enough to hand me those tables, they contain a dice-box. Nay, Mr. Meredith,' seeing Ned

about to assist the helpless, frightened woman, 'when *present*, at least, I expect my wife to obey me.' Lucy was forced to rise, and, trembling in every limb, to present the tables to her lord. Sir Hugh placed the dice-box on the table, laid his pistols beside it, and taking a seat, motioned to Cousin Edward to do the same. 'You are a man of honour, Mr. Meredith,' he repeated; 'we will throw three times, and the highest caster shall blow the other's brains out.' Lucy shrieked, and rushed to the door; it was fast, and her husband forced her to sit down and watch the ghastly game.

'Good God! Sir Hugh,' exclaimed Cousin Edward, 'this is too horrible, for your wife's sake; any reparation I can make, I will, but this is murder, deliberate murder.'

'You are a man of honour, Mr. Meredith,' reiterated Sir Hugh; 'I ask for no reparation but this—the chances are equal, if the stakes are high. You are my guest, or rather I should say *Lady Horsingham's guest*. Begin.' Cousin Edward's face turned ghastly pale: he took the box, shook it, hesitated, but the immovable eye was fixed on him; the stern lips repeated once more, 'You are a man of honour,' and he threw—'Four.' It was now Sir Hugh's turn. With a courteous bow he received the box, and threw—'Seven.' Again the adversaries cast, the one a six, the other a three; and now they were even in the ghastly match. Once more Cousin Edward shook the box, and the leaping dice turned up—'Eleven.' Lucy's white face stood out in the lamp-light, as she watched with stony eyes that seemed to have lost the very power of sight.

'For God's sake, forego this frightful determination, Sir Hugh,' pleaded Cousin Edward; 'take my life in a fair field. I will offer no resistance, but you can hardly expect to outdo my throw, and nothing shall induce me to take advantage of it: think better of it, Sir Hugh, I entreat you.'

'You are a man of honour, Mr. Meredith, and so am I,' was the only reply, as Sir Hugh brandished the box aloft, and thundered it down on the table—'Sixes!' 'Good casting,' he remarked, and at the same

instant, cocking the pistol nearest to him, discharged it full into his antagonist's bosom. The bullet sped through a delicate lace handkerchief which he always wore there, straight and true into Cousin Edward's heart. As he fell forward across the table, a dark stream flowed slowly, slowly along the carpet, till it dyed the border of Lucy's white dress with a crimson stain. She was on her knees, apparently insensible, but one small hand felt the cold, wet contact, and she looked at it, and saw that it was blood. Once more she uttered a shriek that rang through those vast buildings, and rushed again to the door to find it locked. In sheer despair she made for the window, throw open the casement, and ere Sir Hugh could seize or stop her, flung herself headlong into the court below. When the horrified husband looked down into the darkness, a wisp of white garments, a bruised and lifeless body, was all that remained of Lady Horsingham.

That night one-half of Dangerfield Hall was consumed by fire. Its mistress was said to have perished in the flames. The good neighbours, the honest country people, pitied poor Sir Hugh, galloping back from London to find his house in ruins and his wife a corpse. His gay companions missed 'Ned Meredith' from his usual haunts, but it was generally supposed he had obtained a mission to the court of St. Germain, and there was a rumour that he had perished in a duel with a French marquis. A certain half-witted lad might have elucidated the mystery, but he had been kidnapped and sent to the plantations. After many years he returned to England, and on his death-bed left a written statement implicating Sir Hugh in the double crime of arson and murder. But long ere this the culprit had appeared before a tribunal which admits of no prevarication, and the pretty boy with the golden curls had become lord of Dangerfield Hall. The long corridor had been but partially destroyed. It was repaired, and refurnished by successive generations; but guests and servants alike refused to sleep again in that dreary wing, after the first trial. Every

night, so surely as the old clock tolled out the hour of twelve, a rush of feet was heard along the passage—a window looking into the court was thrown open—a piercing scream from a woman's voice rung through the building—and those who were bold enough to look out, averred that they beheld a white figure leap wildly into the air and disappear. Some even went so far as to affirm that drops of blood, freshly sprinkled, were found every morning on the pavement of the court. But no one ever doubted the Dangerfield ghost to be the nightly apparition of Lucy, Lady Horsingham. At length, in my grandfather's time, certain boards being lifted to admit of fresh repairs in the accursed corridor, the silver-mounted guard of a rapier, the stock and barrel of a pistol, with a shred of lace on which the letter 'L' was yet visible, were discovered by the workmen. They are in existence still. Whatever other remains accompanied them turned to dust immediately on exposure to the air. That dust was however religiously collected and buried in the mausoleum appropriated to the Horsinghams. Since then the ghost has been less troublesome; but most of the family have seen or heard it at least once in their lives. I confess that if ever I lie awake at Dangerfield till the clock strikes twelve, I invariably stop my ears, and bury my head under the bed-clothes for at least a quarter of an hour. By these means I have hitherto avoided any personal acquaintance with the spectre, but nothing on earth would induce me to walk down that corridor at midnight, and risk a private interview with the Dangerfield ghost!

CHAPTER X.

As for spending a whole morning in the drawing-room with the ladies, it is what I cannot and will not submit to. Working and scandal, scandal and working, from half-past ten till two, is more than I can stand, so the very first morning I was at Dangerfield I resolved to break the chain at once, and do as I always meant to do for the future. Accordingly, immediately after

breakfast I popped my bonnet on, the lavender one, that had done a good deal of London work, but was still quite good enough for the country, and started off for a walk by myself, confiding my intentions to no one, as I well knew if I did I should have Aunt Deborah's 'Kate, *pray* don't overheat yourself, my dear. Do wrap yourself up, and take care not to catch cold;' and Lady Horsingham's sarcastic smile, and 'In *my* time, Miss Coventry, young ladies were not in the habit of trailing all over the country by themselves, but I expect soon to hear of their *farming* and fishing, and shooting, I shouldn't wonder—not worse than *hunting*, at any rate. However, I say nothing.' And Cousin Amelia, with her lackadaisical sneer, and her avowal that she 'was not *equal* to much walking;' and her offer to 'go as far as the garden with me in the afternoon.' So I tripped down the back staircase, and away to the stables, with a bit of sugar for Brilliant, who had arrived safely by the train, in company with White-Stockings; and on through the kitchen-garden and the home farm up to the free, fresh, breezy down. I do enjoy a walk by myself, and it was the last chance I should have of one, for Cousin John was expected that very day, and when Cousin John and I are anywhere together, of course we are inseparable. But I am sure an occasional stroll quite by oneself does one more good than anything. I think of such quantities of things that never occur to me at other times. Fairies, brigands, knights, and damsels, and all sorts of wild adventures, and I feel so brave and determined, as if I could face anything in a right cause, and so *good*, and I make such excellent resolutions, and walk faster and faster, and get more and more romantic, like a goose, as I know I am. Well, it was a beautiful morning, early in autumn—blue sky, light fleecy clouds, a sharp clear air from the north, the low country studded with corn-ricks, and alive with reapers, and cart teams, and cattle. A green valley below me, rich in fine old timber, and clothed with high thick hedgerows, concealing the sluggish river that stole softly away, and only gleamed out here and there to

light up the distance, whilst above and around me stretched far and wide the vast expanse of down, cutting sharply against the sky, and dwarfing to mere shrubs the clumps of old fir-trees that relieved its magnificent monotony. I was deep in a day-dream, and an imaginary conversation with Frank Lovell, in which I was running over with much mental eloquence what *I* should say, and what *he* would say, and what *I* should reply to *that*, when a shrill whistle caused me to start and turn suddenly round, whilst at the same instant a great black retriever bounced up against my legs, and two handsome pointers raced by me as if just emancipated from the kennel. The consequence of all this was, that I stepped hastily on a loose stone, turned my foot the wrong way under me, and came down with a slightly sprained ankle, and the black retriever, an animal of exceedingly noisome breath, affectionately licking my face.

'Down, Juno! I beg your pardon a million times; get down, you bitch! How shall I ever apologize; confound you, get down;' said an agitated voice above me; and looking up, I espied the red-haired stranger of the railway, dressed in a most conspicuous shooting costume, white hat and all, whose dogs had been the means of bringing me thus suddenly to the earth, and on whom I was now dependent for succour and support till I should be able to reach home.

In such an emergency my new friend was not half so confused and shy as I should have expected. He seemed to summon all his energies to consider what was best to be done; and as my foot pained me considerably when I tried to walk, particularly down-hill, he made no more ado, but lifted me carefully in his arms, and proceeded incontinently to carry me off in the direction of Dangerfield Hall, where he seemed intuitively to know I was at present residing.

It was, to say the least of it, an unusual situation. A man I had never seen but once before in my life—and here was I lying in his arms (a precious weight he must have found me!), and looking up in his face like a child in its nurse's,

and the usages of society making it incumbent on us both to attempt a sort of indifferent conversation about the weather, and the country, and the beauty of the scenery, which the juxtaposition of our respective faces rendered ludicrous in the extreme.

'A tempting day for a walk, Miss—ah—ah—' (he didn't know my name—how should he?—and was now beginning to get very red, partly from the return of his constitutional shyness, and partly from the severity of his exertions). 'I hope your foot does not pain you quite so much; be good enough to lean a little more this way.' Poor man—how his arms must have ached!—whilst I replied somewhat in this fashion:—'Thank you; I'm better, I shall soon be able to walk, I think; this is indeed a lovely country; don't you find me very heavy?' 'I think I could carry you a good many miles,' he said, quietly; and then seemed so shocked at such an avowal, that he hardly opened his lips again, and put me down the very first time I asked him, and offered me his arm with an accession of confusion that made me feel quite awkward myself. Truth to tell, my ankle was not sprained, only *twisted*, and when the immediate pain wore off, I was pretty sound again, and managed, with the assistance of my new acquaintance's arm, to make a very good walk of it. So we plodded on quite sociably towards the Hall, and my friend took leave of me at the farm with a polite bow, and a sort of hesitating manner that most shy men possess, and which would lead one to infer they have always got something more to say that never is said. I knew I should be well scolded if I avowed my accident to any of the family; besides, I did not quite fancy facing all the inquiries as to how I got home, and Cousin Amelia's sneers about errant damsels and wandering knights, so I stole quietly up to my room, bathed my foot in eau de Cologne, and remained *perdue* till dinner-time, in despite of repeated messages from my aunts, and the arrival of Cousin John.

People may talk about country pleasures and country duties, and

all the charms of country life, but it appears to me that a good many things are done under the titles of pleasure and duty which belong in reality to neither; and that those who live entirely in the country, inflict on themselves a great variety of unnecessary disagreeables, as they lose a great many of its chief delights. Of all receipts for weariness, commend me to a dinner-party of country neighbours by *day-light*,—people who know each other just well enough to have opposite interests and secret jealousies,—who arrive ill at ease in their smart dresses to sit through a protracted meal with hot servants and forced conversation, till one young lady on her promotion being victimized at the piano-forte, enables them to yawn unobserved, and welcome ten o'clock brings round the carriage and tipsy coachman, in order that they may enter on their long, dark, dreary drive home through lanes and bye-ways, which is only endurable from the consideration that the annual ordeal has been accomplished, and that they need not do it again till this time next year.

There was a dinner-party at Dangerfield regularly once a month, and this was the day. Aunt Horsingham was great on these occasions, astonishing the neighbours as much with her London dresses, as did Cousin Amelia with her London manners. We all assembled a few minutes earlier than usual in the drawing-room, so as to be ready to receive our guests, and great was the infliction on poor Aunt Deborah and my humble self. How they trooped in, one after another! Sir Brian and Lady Banneret, and Master Banneret, and two Miss Bannerets: these were the great cards of the party, so Lady Horsingham kissed Lady Banneret and the young ladies, and opined Master Banneret was *grown*, much to the indignation of that young gentleman, who being an Oxonian of course considered himself *a man*. Sir Brian was a good-humoured, jolly old boy, with a loud laugh, and stood with his coat-tails lifted and his back to the empty fire-place in perfect ease and contentment: not so his lady; first she scrutinized

everything Lady Horsingham had got on, then she took a review of the furniture, and specially marked one faded place in the carpet; lastly, she turned a curious and disappointed glance on myself. I accounted for the latter mark of displeasure by the becoming shade of my gown; I knew it was a pretty one, and would meet with feminine censure accordingly. The Bannerets were soon followed by Mr. and Mrs. Plumridge, a newly-married couple, who were fêted accordingly. Mr. Plumridge was a light-haired, unmeaning-looking individual, partially bald, with a blue coat and white satin neckcloth; his bride a lively, sarcastic, black-eyed little woman, that must have married him for her own convenience—they said afterwards she was once a governess, but at all events she held her own handsomely when alone with the ladies after dinner, and, partly from good humour, partly from an exceedingly off-hand natural manner, forced even Lady Banneret to be civil to her. Then came the Marmadukes and the Marygolds, and old Miss Finch in a sedan-chair from the adjoining village, and a goodish-looking man whose name I never made out, and Mr. Spriggs, the curate; and lastly, in a white heat and a state of utter confusion, my shy acquaintance of the railway and the pointers, who was ushered in by Lady Horsingham's pompous butler under the style and title of Mr. Haycock. He appeared to be a great friend of the family, and, much to his own discomfiture, was immediately laid violent hands on by my aunt and cousin, the former not thinking it necessary to present him to me, till he offered me his arm to take me in to dinner, when her face of reproof on his stammering out he 'had met Miss Coventry before,' was worth anything, expressive as it was of shocked propriety and puzzled astonishment.

When you have a secret only known to your two selves, even with a shy man, it is wonderful how it brings him on. Before the soup was off the table, Squire Haycock and I had become wonderfully good friends. He had hoped 'my ankle did not pain me,' and I had trusted 'his arms did not ache,' he had even

gone the length of 'vowing' that he would have shot his clumsy retriever for being the cause of the accident, only he let him off because if it hadn't been for the dog—' and here, seeing Cousin Amelia's eye fixed upon us, my companion stopped dead short, and concealed his blushes in a glass of champagne. Taking courage from that well-iced stimulant, he reverted to our railway journey in company.

'I knew you again, this morning, Miss Coventry, I assure you, a long way off; in fact, I was going the other way, only, seeing you walking in that lonely part of the Down, I feared you might be frightened' (he was getting bright scarlet again), 'and I determined to watch you at a little distance, and be ready to assist you if you were alarmed by tramps, or sheep-dogs, or——'

I thought he was getting on too fast, so I stopped him at once by replying:

'I am well able to take care of myself, Mr. Haycock, I assure you, and I like best walking *quite* alone;' after which I turned my shoulder a little towards him, and completely discomfited him for the rest of dinner. One great advantage of diffidence in a man is, that one can so easily reduce him to the lowest depths of despondency; but then, on the other hand, he is apt to think one means to be more cruel than one does, and one is obliged to be kind in proportion to one's previous coldness, or the stupid creature breaks away altogether. When the ladies got up to leave the dining-room, I dropped my handkerchief well under the table, and when it was returned to me by the Squire, I gave him such a look of gratitude as I knew would bring him back to me in the evening. Nobody hates flirting so much as myself, but what is one to do shut up in a country-house, with no earthly thing to occupy or amuse one?

Tea and coffee served but little to produce cordiality amongst the female portion of the guests after their flight to the drawing-room. Lady Horsingham and Lady Banneret talked apart on a sofa; they were deep in the merits of their respective preachers and the failings of their respective maids. Mrs.

Marmaduke and Mrs. Marygold having had a 'Book-Club' feud, did not speak to each other, but communicated through the medium of Miss Finch, whose deafness rendered this a somewhat unsatisfactory process. Aunt Deborah went to sleep, as usual; and I tried the two Miss Bannerets consecutively, but ascertained that neither would open her lips, at least in the presence of mamma. At last I found a vacant place by the side of Mrs. Plumridge, and discovered immediately, with the peculiar freemasonry which I believe men do not possess, that she was *one of my sort*. She liked walking, riding, driving, dancing, all that I liked, in short; and she hated scandal-gossiping, *sensible* women, morning visits, and worsted-work, for all of which I confess to an unqualified aversion. We were getting fast friends when the gentlemen came in from their wine, honest Sir Brian's voice sounding long before he entered the room, and the worthy gentleman himself rolling in with an unsteady step, partly from incipient gout, and partly, I fancy, from a good deal of port wine. He took a vacant seat by me almost immediately, chiefly, I think, because it *was* the nearest seat; and avowing openly his great regard and admiration for my neighbour, Mrs. Plumridge, proceeded to make himself agreeable to both of us in his own way,—though I am concerned to state that he trod heavily on *my* sprained foot, and spilt the greater part of a cup of coffee over *her* satin gown. The Squire, whose nerves for the present were strung above blushing pitch, soon joined our little party, and whilst the two Miss Bannerets performed an endless duet on Aunt Horsingham's luckless piano-forte, and their brother, choking in his stiff white neckcloth, turned over the leaves, Sir Brian bantered Mr. Haycock gracefully on his abstemiousness after dinner, an effort of self-denial of which no one could accuse *him*, and vowed, with much laughter, that 'Haycock must be in love! in love, Miss Coventry, don't you think so? A man that always used to take his two bottles as regularly as myself—I am a foe to excess, ladies, but Haycock's an anchorite, d—— me—a monk. Haycock!

monks must marry, you know!—wouldn't he look well with his feet shaved, Miss Coventry, and his head bare, and a rope round his neck?' Sir Brian was getting confused, and had slightly transposed the clerical costume to which he alluded; but was quite satisfied that his little badinage was witty and amusing in the extreme; indeed, Mrs. Plumridge and I couldn't help laughing; but poor Squire Haycock's embarrassment was so intense that he ordered his carriage immediately, and took leave, venturing however, at the very last, to shake me by the hand, and braving once again the banter of the inebriated baronet.

'Stole away,' said Sir Brian: 'a shy man, Miss Coventry, a shy, diffident man, my friend Haycock, but true as steel—not a better landlord in the county—excellent neighbour—useful magistrate—good house—beautiful garden—lots of poultry, and a glass bee-hive—wants nothing but a wife:—order the carriage, my lady. Mrs. Plumridge, you must come and see us at Slopperley, and don't forget to bring Plumridge. Miss Coventry, you're a charming young lady, mind you come too; so jolly Sir Brian wished us both a most affectionate good-night, and shaking Aunt Horsingham violently by both hands, packed himself into his carriage in a state of high good-humour and confusion. I have since heard that on his arrival at Slopperley he stoutly refused to get out, declaring that he preferred to 'sit in the carriage whilst they changed horses,' and avowing, much to his old butler's astonishment, his resolution to go 'at least one more stage that night.'

CHAPTER XI.

I must despair of being able in simple narrative to convey the remotest idea of the dulness of Dangerfield Hall; but as during my residence there I beguiled the weary hours by keeping a Diary (bound in blue velvet, with brass clasps, and a Bramah lock), I have it in my power, by transcribing a few of its pages, to present to my readers my own impressions of life in that well-regulated establishment. I put things down just as they happened,

with my own reflections, more or less philosophical, on the events of each day. My literary labours were invariably carried on after the family had retired for the night; and I may observe that a loose white dressing-gown, trimmed with Mechlin lace and pink ribbons, one's hair of course being 'taken down,' is a costume extremely well adapted to the effects of composition. I take a day from the Diary at random.

Thursday.—Up at half-past seven: peeped in the glass the instant I was out of bed, and wondered how Cousin Amelia looks when she wakes; yellowish, I should think, and by no means captivating, particularly if she wears a nightcap. I don't care how ugly a woman is, she has no right to look anything but *fresh* in the morning, and yet how few possess this advantage. Nothing like open air and plenty of exercise; *saving* one's complexion is undoubtedly the very way to spoil it. Saw Brilliant and White-Stockings going to exercise in the park: what coddles they look on these fine autumn mornings, covered with clothing. Felt very *keen* about hunting; the same feeling always comes on at the fall of the leaf; shouldn't wonder if I could jump a gate, with my present nerves. Should like once in my life to *plant* a field of horsemen, and show these gentlemen how a woman *can* ride. Interrupted in my day-dreams by Lady Horsingham's bell, and huddled on my things in a tremendous hurry; forced to wash my hands in *cold* water, which made the tips of my fingers as red as radishes for the rest of the day. Got down to prayers by half-past eight, and took Aunt Deborah her tea and toast from the breakfast-table at nine.

Breakfast dull, and most of the party cross: Aunt Horsingham is generally out of humour at breakfast time, particularly on Sundays. Cousin Amelia suggested my towels were too coarse, 'they had rubbed a colour into my cheeks like a dairy-maid's.' John said I looked like a rose; a tea-rose, he added, as I handed him his cup. Cousin John is getting quite poetical, and decidedly improved since he left London. I wonder whom he got that

letter from that was lying on his plate when he came down? I am *not* curious, but I just glanced at the direction, and I am certain it was in a lady's hand—not that it's any business of mine, only I should think Miss Molasses would hardly have the face to *write* to him. I wonder whether there *is* anything between John and Miss Molasses. I asked him, half spitefully, the other day, how he could bear to be parted from her now the season was over; and he seemed so pleased at my taking an interest in the thing at all, that I had no patience to go on with my cross-questioning. I don't think she's good enough for John, I must confess, but he is easily imposed on by young ladies, as indeed, for that matter, are the rest of his great thick-headed sex. When breakfast was over, and Cousin Amelia went off as usual to practise her music for an hour or two, I thought I might steal away for a visit to my favourites in the stable; indeed, I saw John at the front door, in a hideous wide-awake, with a long cigar in his mouth; but I was waylaid by Aunt Horsingham, and as these visits to the stable are strictly forbidden, I was obliged to follow her into the drawing-room, and resign myself for the whole morning to that dreadful worsted-work, more especially as it was coming on a drizzling mist, and there was no pretext for my usual walk.

'I am glad to see you getting more sociable, Kate,' said Lady Horsingham, in her dry, harsh voice, as I took a seat beside her and opened my work-basket; 'it is never advisable for any young lady to affect singularity, and I have observed with some concern that your demeanour on many occasions is very unlike that of the rest of your sex.'

I never give in to Aunt Horsingham; after all, she's not *my own* aunt, so I answered as pertly as ever I could.

'No; you mean I don't spend the morning in looking in the glass, and talking evil of my neighbours; I don't scream when I see a beetle, or go into convulsions because there's a mouse in the room. I've got two legs, very good legs, Aunt Horsing-

ham—shall I show you them?—and I like to use them, and to be out of doors amongst the trees, and the grass, and the daisies, instead of counting stitches for work that nobody wants, or writing letters that nobody reads. I had rather give Brilliant a good 'lucketing'' (Aunt Horsingham shuddered, I knew she would, and used the word on purpose) 'over an open heath or a line of grass, than go bodkin in a chariot, seven miles an hour, and both windows up. Thank you, Aunt Horsingham, you would like to make a fine lady of me—a useless, sickly, lackadaisical being, instead of a healthy, active, plucky, light-hearted woman; much obliged to you—I had rather stay as I am.'

'Miss Coventry,' said my aunt, who was completely posed by my volubility, and apparently shocked beyond the power of expression at my opinions; 'Miss Coventry,' she repeated, 'if these are indeed your sentiments, I must beg, nay, I must insist, on your keeping them to yourself whilst under *this* roof. 'Amelia, my dear' (to my cousin, who was gliding quietly into the room), 'Amelia, go back to your music for ten minutes. I must insist, Miss Coventry, that you do not inoculate *my* daughter with these pernicious doctrines—this mistaken view of the whole duties and essentials of your sex. Do you think *men* appreciate a woman who, if she had but a beard, would be exactly like one of themselves? Do you think they like to see their ideal hot and dishevelled, plastered with mud, and dragged with wet? Do you think they wish her to be strong and independent of them, and perhaps their superior at those very sports and exercises on which they plume themselves? Do you think they are to be taken by storm, and, so to speak, bullied into admiration? You're wrong, Kate, you're wrong, and I believe I am equally wrong to talk to you in this strain, inasmuch as the admiration of the other sex ought to be the last thing coveted or thought of by a young person of yours.'

'I'm sure, aunt, I don't want the men to admire me,' I replied; 'but I would not give much for the admiration of one who could be jealous

of me for so paltry a cause as my riding better than himself; and as for ideals, I don't know much about such things, but I think a man's ideal may do pretty well what she likes, and he is sure to think everything she *does* do is perfect. Besides, I don't see why I should *bully* him into liking me because I am fond of the beautiful 'out of doors' instead of the fire-side. And courageous women, like courageous men, are generally a deal more gentle than the timid ones. I've known ladies who would not venture in a carriage or into a boat, who could wage a war of words with their husbands bitterer than the veriest trooper would have at his command; and I've heard Cousin John say that there is scarcely an instance of a veritable heroine in history, from Joan of Arc downwards, who was not in her private life as sweet, as gentle, and as womanly, as she was high-couraged and undaunted when the moment came that summoned all her energies to the encounter. Unselfishness is the cause in both cases, you may depend. People that are always so dreadfully afraid something is going to happen to them, think a great deal more of self than of anything else; and the same cause which makes them tremble at imaginary danger for their own sakes, will make them forgetful of real sufferings in which they themselves have no share. I had rather be a hoyden, Aunt Horsingham, and go on in my own way. I have much more enjoyment, and upon my word I don't think I'm one bit a worse member of society than if I was the most delicate fine lady that ever fainted away at the overpowering smell of a rose-leaf or the merry peal of a noisy child's laugh.'

My aunt lifted up her hands and gave in, for the return of Cousin Amelia from the music-room effectually prevented further discussion, and we beguiled the time till luncheon by alternate fits of scandal and work, running through the characters of most of the neighbours within twenty miles, and completely demolishing the reputation of my friend as they called her, lively,

sarcastic little Mrs. Plumridge. John was off rabbit-shooting, so of course he did not appear at that meal so essential to ladies; and after Cousin Amelia, by way of being delicate, had got through two outlets, the best part of a chicken, a plateful of rice-pudding, and a large glass of sherry, I ventured to propose to her that if the afternoon held up we should have a walk.

'I'm not equal to much fatigue,' said she, with a languid air and a heavy look about her eyes which I attributed to the luncheon, 'but if you like we'll go to the garden and the hothouses, and be back in time for a cup of tea at five o'clock.'

'Anything to get out of the house,' was my reply, and forthwith I rushed upstairs, two steps at a time, to put on my things, whilst my aunt whispered to her daughter, loud enough for me to hear, 'She really ought to have been a man, Emmy; did you ever see such a hoyden in your life?'

It was pleasant to get out even into that forlorn garden. The day was soft and misty, such as one often finds it towards the close of autumn—dark, without being chill, and the withered leaves strewed the earth in all the beauty of wholesome natural decay. Autumn makes some people miserable; I confess it is the time of year that I like best. Spring makes me cross if it's bad weather, and melancholy if it's fine. Summer is very enjoyable, certainly, but it has a luxuriance of splendour that weighs down my spirits; and in those glorious hot, dreamy, hay-making days, I seem unable to identify myself sufficiently with all the beauty around me, and to pine for I don't exactly know what. Winter is charming, when it don't freeze, with its early candle-light and long evenings; but autumn combines everything that to me is most delightful—the joys of reality and the pleasures of anticipation. Cousin Amelia don't think so at all.

'A nasty raw day, Kate,' she remarked as we emerged from the hothouse into the moist, heavy air. 'How I hate the country, except whilst the strawberries are ripe. Let's go back to the house, and read

with our feet on the fender till tea-time.'

'Not yet, Emmy,' I pleaded, for I really pined for a good walk; 'let's go on the high road as far as the mile-stone—it's market-day at Muddlebury, and we shall see the tipsy farmers riding home, and the carrier's carts with their queer-looking loads; besides, think what a colour you'll have for dinner. Come on, there's a dear!'

The last argument was unanswerable; and Cousin Amelia putting her best foot foremost, we soon cleared the garden and the approach, and emerged on the high road three miles from Muddlebury, and well out of sight of the windows at Dangerfield Hall. As we rose the hill, on the top of which is perched the well-known milestone, and my cousin began already to complain of fatigue, the sound of hoofs behind us caused us both to stop and look round.

'It's cavalry,' said Amelia, who jumps rather rapidly to conclusions, and is no judge of a horse.

'It's a stud,' was my reply; 'somebody coming to hunt with 'the Heavy-top.' Let's stand in this gateway and see them pass.' We took up a position accordingly, and if I felt keen about the commencement of the season previously, how much more so did I become to watch the string of gallant well-bred horses now jogging quietly towards us with all the paraphernalia and accessories of the chase?

Two, four, six, and a hack, all clothed and hooded, and packed for travelling. Such a chesnut in the van, with a minute boy on him, who cannot have weighed four stone—strong, flat, sinewy legs (the chesnut's, not the boy's), hocks and thighs clean, full, and muscular as *Brilliant's*, only twice the size; a long, square tail, and a wicked eye,—how I *should* like to ride that chesnut. Then a brown and two bays, one of the latter scarcely big enough for a hunter, to my fancy, but apparently as thoroughbred as *Eclipse*; then a grey, who seemed to have a strong objection to being led, and who held back and dragged at his rein in a most provoking manner; and lastly, by the side of a brown hack that I fancied I had

seen before, a beautiful black horse, the very impersonation of strength, symmetry, courage, speed, and all that a horse should be.

'Ask the groom whose they are,' whispered Amelia, as he went by; 'I don't quite like to speak to him; he looks an impudent fellow, with those dark whiskers.'

I should like to see the whiskers that would frighten *me*; so I stepped boldly out into the road, and accosted him at once.

'Whose horses are those, my man?' I asked, with my most commanding air.

'Captain Lovell's, miss,' was the reply. My heart jumped into my mouth, and you might have knocked me down with a feather.

'Captain Lovell's!' exclaimed Amelia; 'why, that's your old flirt, Kate. I see it all now,'—but I hardly heard her, and when I looked up the horses were a mile off, and we were retracing our steps towards Dangerfield Hall.

What a happy day this has been, and how unpromising was its beginning. And yet I don't know why I should have been so happy. After all, there is nothing extraordinary in Captain Lovell's sending down a stud of horses to hunt with so favourite a pack as 'the Heavy-top' hounds. I wish I had summoned courage to ask the man when his master was coming, and where he was going to stay; but I really couldn't do it, no, not if my life had depended on it. All the way home Cousin Amelia laughed, and sneered, and chattered, and once she acknowledged I was 'the best tempered girl in the world,' but I am sure I have not an idea why I deserve this character; her words fell perfectly unheeded on my ear. I was glad to get to the solitude of my own room, when it was time to dress for dinner, that I might have the luxury, if it was only for five minutes, of *thinking* undisturbed; but there was Aunt Deborah to be attended to, for poor Aunt Deborah, I am sorry to say, is by no means well, and Gertrude came in 'to do my hair;' and then the dinner-bell rang, and the wearisome meal, and the long evening dragged on in their accustomed monotony, but I did

not find it as dull as usual, though I was more rejoiced than ever when the hand-candles came, and we were dismissed to go to bed.

And now they are all fast asleep, and I can sit at my open window, and think, think, think as much as I like. What a lovely night it is; the mist has cleared off, and the moat is glistening in the moonlight, and the old trees are silvered over and blackened alternately by its beams; the church tower stands out massively against the sky. How dark the old belfry looks on such a night as this, contrasting with the white tombstones in the churchyard, and the slated roof shimmering above the aisle; there is a faint breeze sighing amongst the few remaining leaves, now rising into a pleading whisper, now dying away with a sad unearthly moan: the deer are moving restlessly about the park, now standing out in bold relief on some open space brightened by the moonlight, now flitting like spectres athwart the shade. Everything breathes of romance and illusion, and I do believe it is very bad for one to be watching here, dreaming wide awake, instead of snoring healthily in bed. I wonder what he is about at this moment? perhaps smoking a cigar out of doors, and enjoying this beautiful night. I wonder what he is thinking of! Perhaps after all he's stewed up in some lamplit drawing-room, talking nonsense to Lady Scapegrace and Mrs. Lumley, or playing that odious whist at his club. Well, I suppose I may as well go to bed; one more look into the night, and then—hark! what is it? how beautiful! how charming! distant music from the wood, at the low end of the park; the deer are all listening, and now they troop down towards the noise in scores: how softly it dies away and rises again: 'tis a cornet-a-piston, I think, and though not very skilfully played, it sounds heavenly by moonlight. I never thought that old air of 'You'll remember me,' half so beautiful before. Who can it be? I have never heard it since I came here. It can't be Captain Lovell's groom, it's not quite impossible it might be Captain Lovell himself. Ah! if I thought that! Well, it has ceased now. I may as well go

to bed. What a happy day this has been, and what dreams I shall have.

CHAPTER XII.

Friday.—This has been an eventful day. I thought somehow it would be so, at all events the first day's hunting is always an era to me—so when I came down to breakfast in my riding-habit, and braved the cold glances of my aunt and the sarcasms of my cousin, I was prepared for a certain amount of excitement, although I confess I did not bargain for quite so much as I got.

'You'll enjoy yourself to-day, I trust, Miss Coventry,' said Aunt Horsingham, looking as black as thunder.

'Mind you don't get a fall,' observed Cousin Amelia, with a sneer; but I cared little for their remarks and remonstrances. White-Stockings was at the door, Cousin John ready to lift me into my saddle, and I envied no mortal woman on earth, no, not our gracious Queen upon the throne, when I found myself fairly mounted, and jogging gently down the park, in all the delightful anticipation of a good day's sport. I think I would rather have ridden Brilliant of the two, but John suggested that the country was cramped and sticky, with small fields and blind fences. Now, White-Stockings is an animal of great circumspection, and allows no earthly consideration to hurry him. He is moreover as strong as a dray-horse, and as handy, so John declares, 'as a fiddle.' To him therefore was entrusted the honour of carrying me on my first appearance with the Heavy-top hounds. The meet was at no great distance from Dangerfield Hall, and being the beginning of the season, and a favourite place, there was a considerable muster of the *élite* of the county, and a goodly show of very respectable horses to grace the covert side. As we rode up to the mounted assemblage, I perceived, by the glances of curiosity, not to say admiration, directed at myself and White-Stockings, that ladies were unusual visitors in that field, and that the Heavy-top gentlemen

were not prepared to be *cut down*, at all events *by a woman*. Cousin John seems to know them all, and to be a universal favourite.

'Who's the lady, Jones, my boy?' whispered a fat squire in a purple garment, with a face to match; 'good seat on a horse, eh? rides like a bird, I'll warrant her.' I did not catch John's answer, but the corpulent sportsman nodded, and smiled, and winked, and wheezed out, 'Lucky dog—pretty cousin—double harness.'

I don't know what he meant, but that it was something intensely ludicrous I gather from his nearly choking with laughter at his own concluding observation, though John blushed and looked rather like a fool.

'Who's that girl on a chesnut?' I again heard asked by a slang-looking man with red whiskers meeting under his chin; 'looks like a larker—I must get introduced to her,' added the conceited brute. How I hated him! If he had ventured to speak to me, I really think I could have struck him over the face with my riding whip.

'I told you it would not be long before we met, Miss Coventry,' said a well-known voice beside me, and turning round I shook hands with Captain Lovell, and I am ashamed to confess, shook all over into the bargain. I am always a little nervous the first day of the season. How well he looked in his red coat and neat appointments, with his graceful seat upon a horse, and so high-bred, amongst all the country squires and jolly yeomen that surrounded us. He had more colour, too, than when in London, and altogether I thought I had never seen him looking so handsome. The chesnut with the wicked eye, showing off his fine shape, now divested of clothing, curvetted and bent to his rider's hand as if he thoroughly enjoyed that light restraining touch: the pair looked what the gentlemen call 'all over like going, and I am sure one of them thought so too.'

'I saw your horses on their way to Muddlebury, yesterday,' I at length found courage to say; 'are you going to hunt all the season with the Heavy-top?'

'How long do you stay at Dan-

gerfield?' was the counter question from Frank; 'you see I know the name of the place already; I believe I could find my way now about the park; very picturesque it is too, by night, Miss Coventry. Do you like music by moonlight?'

'Not if it's played out of tune,' I answered, with a laugh and a blush; but just then Squire Haycock, whom I scarcely knew in his hunting costume, rode up to us, and begged as a personal favour to himself that we would accompany him to a particular point, from which he could ensure us a good start if the fox went away, his face becoming scarlet as he expressed a hope 'Miss Coventry would not allow her fondness for the chase to lead her into unnecessary danger;' whilst Frank looked at him with a half-amused, half-puzzled expression, that seemed to say, 'What a queer creature you are, and what the deuce can that matter to you.'

I wonder why people always want to oblige you when you don't want to be obliged; 'too civil by half,' is much more in the way than 'not half civil enough,' so we rode on with Squire Haycock, and took up a position at the end of the wood that commanded a view of the whole proceedings, and, as Frank whispered to me, was 'the likeliest place in the world if we wanted to head the fox.'

The Heavy-top hounds are an establishment such as, I am given to understand, is not usually kept in Leicestershire, Northamptonshire, and other so called 'flying counties.' I like to gain all the information I can—Cousin John calls this thirst for knowledge 'female curiosity'—and I, gather from him that the Heavy-top consists of twenty-two couples of hunting hounds, and that the whole twenty-two came out three times a week during the season. I don't see why they shouldn't, I'm sure—they look very fat, and remind me of the otter hounds poor Uncle Horace used to keep when I was a child. He (that's my oracle, Cousin John) further adds, that they are remarkably 'steady,'—which is more than can be said of their huntsman, who is constantly drunk—and that they consume a vast quantity of 'flesh;'

which, far from being a meritorious, appears to me a disgusting tendency. They are capital 'line-hunters,' so says John; a 'line-hunter' I imagine is a hound that keeps snuffing about under the horses' feet, and must be a most useful auxiliary, when, as is often the case, the sportsmen are standing on the identical spot where the fox has crossed. He considers them a very 'killing' pack, not in manners or appearance, certainly, but in perseverance and undying determination. Their huntsman is what is called 'one of the old sort:' if this is a correct description, I can only say that 'the old sort' must have worn the brownest and shabbiest of boots, the oldest of coats, and the greasiest of caps; must have smelt of brandy on all occasions, and lived in a besotted state of general confusion, vibrating between 'delirium audacious' and 'delirium tremens.' They have however a certain whip, called 'Will,' who appears to me to do all the work, and to keep everything right. When old Tippler drinks himself to death, a casualty which must shortly happen, Will is pretty sure to succeed him; an event which I fancy will greatly add to the efficiency of the Heavy-top hounds. To crown all, Frank Lovell dubs the whole thing 'slow,' but I have remarked, gentlemen make use of this epithet to convey their disapproval of that which they cannot find any positive fault with, just as we ladies call a woman 'bad style,' when we have nothing else to say in her disparagement.

'Gone away!' exclaims Squire Haycock, lifting his cap high above his red head; 'yonder he goes! don't you see him, Miss Coventry? now whisking under the gate.'

'Forward, forward!' hollows Frank, giving vent to his excitement in one of those prolonged screams that proclaim how the astonished sportsman has actually *seen* the fox with his own eyes. The next instant he is through the hand-gate at the end of the ride, and rising in his stirrups, with the wicked chesnut held hard by the head, is speeding away over the adjoining pasture, alongside of the two or three couples of leading hounds that have just emerged from the covert.

Ah! we are all forgotten now, women, children, everything is lost in that first delirious five minutes when the hounds are really away. Frank was gazing at me a minute ago as if his very life was at my disposal, and now he is speeding away a field a-head of me, and don't care whether I break my neck following him or not. But this is no time for such thoughts as these, the drunken huntsman is sounding his horn in our rear. Will, the whip, cap in hand, is bringing up the body of the pack. Squire Haycock holds the gate open for me to pass, Cousin John goes by me like a flash of lightning; White-Stockings, with a loose rein, submits to be kicked along at any pace I like to ask him; the fence at the end of the field is nothing, I shall go exactly where Frank did; my blood thrills with ecstacy in my veins: moment of moments! I have got a capital start, and we are in for a run.

As I sit here in my arm-chair and dressing-gown, I see the whole panorama of to-day passing once more before my eyes. I see that dark, wet, ploughed field, with the white hounds slipping noiselessly over its furrowed surface. I can almost perceive the fresh wholesome smell of the newly-turned earth. I see the ragged, overgrown, straggling fence at the far end, glistening with morning dew, and green with formidable briars. I see Frank Lovell's chesnut rising at the weakest place, the rider sitting well back, his spurs and stirrup-irons shining in the sun; I see Squire Haycock's square scarlet back, as he diverges to a well-known corner for some friendly egress; I hear Cousin John's voice shouting, 'Give him his head, Kate!' As White-Stockings and I rapidly approach the leap, my horse relapses of his own accord into a trot, points his small ears, crashes into the very middle of the fence, and just as I give myself up for lost, makes a second bound that settles me once more in the saddle, and lands gallantly in the adjoining field, Frank looking back over his shoulder in evident anxiety and admiration, whilst John's cheery voice, with its 'bravo, Kate!' rings in my delighted ears. We three are now nearest the hounds, a long strip of rushy mea-

dow-land before us, the pack streaming along the side of a high thick hedge that bounds it on our left; the south wind fans my face and lifts my hair, as I slacken my horse's rein and urge him to his speed. I am alongside of Frank. I could ride anywhere now, or do anything. I pass him with a smile and a jest. I am the foremost with the chase. What is ten years of common life, one's feet upon the fender, compared to five such golden minutes as these? The hounds stop suddenly, and after scattering and spreading themselves into the form of an open fan, look up in my face with an air of mute bewilderment. The huntsmen and the field come up, the gentlemen in a high state of delight and confusion, but Mr. Tippler in the worst of humours, and muttering as he trots off to a corner of the meadow with the pack about his horses' heels:—

'Rode 'em slap off the scent—drove 'em to a check—wish she was at home and a-bed and asleep, and be d——d to her!'

A grim old lady who has but one eye, and answers to the name of 'Jezebel,' has threaded the fence, and proclaims in anything but a sweet voice to her comrades, that she has discovered the line of our fox. They join her in an instant, down go their heads in concert, and away we all speed again, through an open gate, across a wide common, into a strip of plantation, over a stile and footboard that leads out of it, and I find myself once more following Captain Lovell, with Cousin John alongside of me, and all the rest far, far behind. This is indeed glorious. I should like it to go on till dinner time. How I hope we shan't kill the fox.

'Take hold of his head, Kate,' says my cousin, whose horse has just blundered on to his nose through a gap. 'even White-Stockings won't last for ever, and this is going to be something out of the common.'

'Forward!' is my reply as I point with my whip towards the lessening pack, now a whole field ahead of us, 'forward!' If we hadn't been going such a pace I could have sung for joy.

There is a line of pollarded willow-trees down in that hollow, and the

hounds have already left these behind them; they are rising the opposite ground. Again Frank Lovell looks anxiously back at me, but makes no sign.

'We *must* have it, Kate!' says John, 'there's your best place, under the tree; send him at it as hard as he can lay legs to the ground.'

I ply my whip and loosen my reins in vain. White-Stockings stops dead short, and lowers his nose to the water, as if he wanted to drink; all of a sudden the stream is behind me, and with a flounder and a struggle we are safe over the brook. Not so Cousin John; I see him on his legs on the bank, with his horse's head lying helplessly between his feet, the rest of that valuable animal being completely submerged.

'Go along, Kate!' he shouts encouragingly, and again I speed after Frank Lovell, who is by this time nearly a quarter of a mile ahead of me, and at least that distance behind the hounds. White-Stockings is going very pleasantly, but the ground is now entirely on the rise, and he indulges occasionally in a trot without any hint on my part; the fences fortunately get weaker and weaker; the fields are covered with stones, and are light good galloping enough, but the rise gets steeper every yard; round hills are closing in about us; we are now on the Downs, and the pack is still fleeting ahead, like a body of hounds in a dream, every moment increasing their distance from us, and making them more and more indistinct. Frank Lovell disappears over the brow of that hill, and I urge White-Stockings to overtake my only companion. He don't seem to go much faster, for all that. I strike him once or twice with my light riding whip; I shake my reins, and he comes back into a trot; I rise in my stirrup and rouse his energies in every way I can think of. I am afraid he must be ill, the trot degenerates to a jog, a walk; he carries his head further out from him than is his wont, and treats curb and snaffle with a like disregard and callousness of mouth. Now he stops altogether, and catching a side view of his head, his eye appears to me more prominent than usual, and the whole animal seems

changed, till I can hardly fancy it is my own horse. I get a little frightened now, and look round for assistance. I am quite alone. Hounds, horsemen, all have disappeared: the wide, dreary, solitary Downs stretch around me, and I begin to have misgivings as to how I am to get back to Dangerfield Hall. Cousin John has explained it all to me since.

'Nothing could be simpler, Kate,' said he, this evening, when I handed him his tea, 'you *stopped your horse*. If ladies *will* go in front with a loose rein for five and forty minutes' riding, jealous of such a first-rate performer as Frank Lovell, it is not an unlikely thing to happen. If you could have lasted ten minutes longer, you would have seen them kill their fox. Frank was the only one there, but he assures me he could not have gone another hundred yards. Never mind, Kate, better luck next time!'

Well, to return to my day. After a while, White-Stockings began to recover himself; I'm sure I didn't know what to do for him. I got off, and loosened his girth as well as I could, and turned his head to the wind, and wiped his poor nose with my pocket-handkerchief. I hadn't any eau de Cologne, and if I had, it might not have done him much good. At last he got better, and I got on again (all my life I've been used to mounting and dismounting without assistance). Thinking downhill must be the way home, downhill I turned him, and proceeded slowly on, now running over in my own mind the glorious hour I had just spent, now wondering whether I should be lost and have to sleep amongst the Downs, and anon coming back to the old subject, and resolving that hunting was the only thing to live for, and that for the future I would devote my whole time and energies to that pursuit. At last I got into a steep chalky lane, and at a turn a little further on espied, to my great relief, a red-coated back jogging leisurely home. White-Stockings pricked his ears and mended his pace, so I soon overtook the returning sportsman, who proved to be no other than Squire Haycock, thrown out like the rest of the Heavy-top gentlemen, and only too happy to take care of me,

and show me the shortest way (eleven miles as the crow flies) back to Dangerfield Hall.

We jogged on amicably enough, the Squire complimenting me much on my prowess, and not half so shy as usual,—very often the case with a diffident man when on horseback. We were forced to go very slow, both our horses being pretty well tired; and to make matters better, we were caught in a tremendous hail-storm, about two miles from home, just as it was getting dark, and close to the spot where our respective roads diverged. I could not possibly miss mine, as it was perfectly straight. Ah! that hailstorm has a deal to answer for. We were forced to turn through a handgate, and take shelter in a friendly wood. What a ridiculous position, pitch dark, pelted with rain, an elderly gentleman and a young lady on horseback under a fir-tree. The Squire had been getting more incoherent for some time, I couldn't think what he was driving at.

'You like our country, Miss Coventry, fine climate, excellent soil, nice and dry for ladies?'

I willingly subscribed to all these advantages.

'Good neighbourhood,' added the Squire, 'capital hunting, charming rides, wonderful scenery for sketching; do you think you could live in this part of the world?'

I thought I could, if I was to try.

'You expressed your approbation of my house, Miss Coventry,' the Squire proceeded, with his hand on my horse's neck, 'do you think—I mean—should you consider—or rather I should say, is there any alteration you would suggest—anything in my power,—if you would condescend to ride over any afternoon, may I consider you will so far favour me?'

I said 'I should be delighted, but that it had left off raining, and it was time for us to get home.'

'One word, Miss Coventry,' pleaded the Squire, with a shaking voice, 'have I your permission to call upon Lady Horsingham to-morrow?'

I said I thought my aunt would be at home, and expressed my conviction that she would be delighted to see him, and I wished him good-bye.

'Good-bye, Miss Coventry, good-bye,' said the Squire, shaking hands with a squeeze that crushed my favourite ring into my prettiest finger, 'you have made me *the happiest of men*—good-bye!'

I saw it all in an instant, just as I see it now. The Squire means to propose for me to-morrow, and he thinks I have accepted him. What

shall I do! *Mrs. Haycock*—Kate Haycock—Catherine Haycock. No, I can't make it look well, write it how I will; and then, to vow never to think of anyone else; I suppose I mightn't even *speak* to Frank. Never, no, never; but what a scrape I have got into, and how I wish to-morrow was over.

THE DEAD SEA ROUTE,* AND THE PILGRIMAGE TO MECCA.

IN reviewing any work we consider that, generally speaking, the matter contained in its pages is the legitimate subject for our observations, and that the style in which it is written is but of secondary consideration, unless it offend against good grammar or good manners; while the name is scarcely ever deemed worthy of comment. There are, however, occasions upon which the name deserves especial notice, and such we conceive to be the case in the present instance, for it is calculated to mislead the public to a considerable extent. Suppose for a moment that an author were to produce a work, in two volumes, entitled, in large capitals, 'THE HERO OF THE REDAN,' and in smaller text, 'with other Fragments and Gleanings on the Continent,' what would the reader say, if, upon turning over the pages, he found four-fifths of the book occupied in discussing the galleries of Europe, or the sites and scenes of remarkable events of antiquity, and the remaining fifth the only portion dedicated to the hero and his gallant efforts? surely the public might be tempted to say 'this is a shameful imposition upon us: the author knows that every heart throbs in a unison of national pride and interest towards the hero; and taking advantage of that fact, he foists upon us 600 pages of continental tour; and, employing 150 pages upon the Redan, he uses the soul-stirring title of *The Hero of the Redan* as a stalking horse wherewith to delude the unwary and to

ensure a ready sale.' We trust that the gallant Captain's cloth and character will be received as a sufficient guarantee that he had no such base intentions upon the public; but as he has been guilty of a very similar offence, we should abdicate one of our most important duties as reviewers, and betray the trust which the public repose in us, if we passed it over without comment and condemnation. In a country so eminent for commercial enterprise as Great Britain, and at a time when science is so especially occupied with improving the means of communication between distant countries, who can doubt that a work from the pen of a distinguished and scientific officer, an F.R.S. and an F.R.G.S., entitled *The Dead Sea, a New Route to India, &c.*, would attract no small attention? An officer of the gallant Captain's reputation devoting two large volumes to such a subject, was of itself *prima facie* evidence that the passage was feasible, and that the question was handled in all its possible bearings, with the utmost minuteness of detail as to engineering difficulties, native hostility, and commercial advantage. We are free to confess that we pounced upon the two volumes full of those high and legitimate expectations to which the name naturally gives rise; and having gone through both volumes and appendices, when we laid them down, the conviction forced itself on our mind that we had been (in familiar phraseology) *regularly done*. The information regarding the Dead Sea as a route

* *The Dead Sea, a New Route to India; with Fragments and Gleanings of Eastern Travel.* By Captain Allen, R.N., &c. London: Longman and Co.

to India might easily have been printed in a pamphlet form at the price of a few shillings; and if the furtherance of such a scheme was the main purpose proposed by the author, we feel satisfied such an object would have been better effected by the publication of a cheap pamphlet, than by the two misnamed volumes before us. But while thus unequivocally condemning the name it has pleased the writer to give his book, we must not be considered as condemning the book itself.

Its legitimate title is, *Fragments and Gleanings in the East, with Suggestions for a New Route to India via the Dead Sea*—the Dead Sea question being merely subsidiary—and, as a book of fragments, it has much to recommend it. The style is clear and gentlemanly, and more free from heaviness than most books of its class, when written by scientific men, usually are: the little efforts of facetiousness which the Captain indulges in from time to time, if not facetious, present at all events a marked contrast to the sober text which surrounds them. Both volumes are enlivened by well executed sketches from the author's pencil. The gallant Captain having obtained a passage for himself and nephew on board H. M. S. *Ganges*, in November, 1849, proceeds to Malta, from which island he takes his departure on Christmas-day, and commences what may be termed a cruise in the Archipelago, enjoying, during part of the time the advantages of the late Lord Nugent's society. He bears his testimony to the wretched state of Smyrna as regards all law and authority.

Few towns are cursed with so many bad characters as Smyrna. They are principally Greeks and Ionians, who perform the most atrocious acts with impunity; as, even if committed in the open day, people are so afraid of them, that they will not give evidence; or the miscreants purchase the protection of a foreign flag, principally Greek and Russian, and the consuls rescue them from the hands of justice. Thus recognised murderers walk about the

streets without the fear of the law, and make the outskirts dangerous. Two instances occurred during my stay. In the first, a child was carried to the mountains, and a large ransom demanded from the father, who could only collect half, which was refused. The unhappy parent then applied to the government, and a party of soldiers was sent in pursuit; but they were so slow, and took their measures so badly, that the rascals had time to escape, leaving, however, the poor boy, with his throat cut, lying across the path his father would have to traverse. The other was on a grander and bolder scale. A band of robbers having ascertained that the Austrian consul had a large sum of money in his house, induced a servant, by threats or bribes, to let them in on a preconcerted signal. The young man being seized with remorse, acquainted his master with the plot, who told him to keep his engagement, but enjoined secrecy. In the mean time he introduced some resolute cawasses, or policemen, into his house. The fellows succeeded in scaling the walls, and when the door was opened, as they thought to admit them, the cawasses fired. Two made their escape, and cut off the retreat of their four companions by drawing the ladder after them. The others defended themselves desperately, especially one, who, being a French fencing-master, made good use of his sword. They were, however, all killed, and the cawasses escaped with only slight wounds.*

The author next proceeds to Makri, in Asia Minor, purposing to take a cruise into the interior. The Aga is consulted upon the important point of danger. He replies, with Oriental finesse, that the roads were dangerous, but that the good rule of the Padishah had rendered them safe; taking good care, however, to add, that the Aga of the next village would furnish him with an escort, who would in turn hand him over to the escort of the next, and so on. In short, it became obvious that there was great risk in attempting to penetrate into the interior, and the Captain was reluctantly obliged to forego his intended trip. Ere many days there was convincing proof of the danger, by the fact of two of the banditti coming into the town to levy a black mail of 12,000 piastres

* The reader of the above extract may compare it with a sketch given by the *Roving Englishman in Turkey*, of a supposed scene at Eel-pie Island, and thence enabled to judge of the truthfulness of his assertions. Captain Allen's experience of Consuls in the Levant will also be found in diametrical opposition to the account given by the same wholesale and anonymous vituperator.

upon the inhabitants; nor was it the least singular feature in this cool demand, that the two who came to demand it, proved to be two of the party present at the Aga's when the state of the roads was discussed, and who, finding they were likely to miss the plucking of the travellers, revenged themselves by levying a contribution on the town. The Captain being thus frustrated in his endeavours, was fain to re-embark, and content himself with a cruise along shore, landing from time to time where safety permitted, and subsequently continuing his cruise among the islands—all which portion of his Journal is further illustrated by well-executed sketches. He then starts for Syria, landing at Beirout early in November.

From our author's remarks, it would appear that a firman is no longer the protection in Syria which it was, and that a system of compromise with the Arabs is requisite for personal safety in travelling. If this be so, there is indeed a sad falling-off since 'the pleasant day we trod the Holy Land.' We have often heard that shrewd and determined old pacha, Mohammed Ali, narrate the following anecdote, and have watched with pleasure his eagle glance of pride as he narrated—'During the first years I was here, Mr. Salt wished to visit the Pyramids; to enable him to do so, I was obliged to give him an escort of 600 cavalry:* now you may travel in safety with my firman from the cataracts of the Nile to my northern conquests in Syria.' Well might he feel proud of this anecdote, for it was true; and if things are falling back again, I fear it must be taken as an evidence that the rule of the 'sick man' is not as firm as that of the veteran from whom, by the aid of foreign powers, he wrested Syria. As for the rule in Egypt now, it is painful to think that the Fat Baby, Said Pacha, has any of old Mohammed's blood in his veins: Egypt is chiefly, if not entirely, held together by the remembrance of the old veteran, who is by many still believed to be alive. To return from this digression.

Our author has hardly set foot

on Syrian soil, ere we find him on Jordan's banks, at a spot dear to pilgrims, as being, in their belief, that on which the children of Israel first set foot after passing through the miraculously divided stream. From thence he proceeds at once to the Dead Sea, where the usual operation of bathing takes place, followed by observations on the extreme buoyancy of the water, and wonder that some other travellers have not found it equally buoyant. We cannot but feel astonished that the reason of these different opinions as to the buoyancy of the Dead Sea waters never occurred to so shrewd a man as the gallant Captain. If he will only half fill a tub with rum, and gathering a few jolly tars round the edge, bid them as he pours in a bucket of water help themselves, he will find that their instincts will make them dip their pannikins in at the furthest possible distance from the spot where the water falls on the spirit, by doing which they will obtain very nearly raw rum; whereas, had any greenhorn dipped in his pannikin at the point of contact, he would have obtained a feeble mixture known among sailors as thorough-go-nimbles. So it is in the Salt Lake: those who bathe close to the entrance of the river might as well bathe in the river, and the farther the bather enters from that spot, the more buoyant will the water be found. The scientific Captain does not, however, dwell long on these minor points; he does not dally in the lake, but he boldly plunges at once into an ocean of controversy—theological and geological, but chiefly the latter. Despite all the texts brought forward to prove that the 'damned cities' lie buried beneath the waters of the lake, and despite travellers, with wonderful orbs of vision, having declared that the ruins appeared above the surface, he boldly ferrets out the interpolations of Scripture which have been added to make the text intelligible, and puts in a strong claim for the additional interpolation of the word 'year.' He argues to his satisfaction that the basin of the lake is of too small dimensions; that the position, if admitted, does not har-

* The distance from Cairo to the Pyramids is only a few miles.

monize with other texts ; and winds up by assigning them a position in the neighbourhood. Those who are curious as to localities, will find the question fully discussed in chap. ix. vol. i.

The author then mounts a geological hobby, and, casting his mental vision back into the infinity of the past, beholds the tide of the ocean bathing the shores of Tiberias. Fear not, reader ; we do not propose to assail you with 'horizontal strata of sedimentary formation, raised beaches, parallel lines of pebbles, post-tertiary deposits,' &c. The arguments and references by which the author comes to his conclusions are too long for the pages of a review, but as the reader may have some wish to know how a gentleman can, even in imagination, float down from Tiberias to the ocean, we sub-join a *résumé* in the author's own words :—

A mere glance at a map will show that the region in question is a part of an immense fissure in the earth's surface, extending from the base of Mount Hermon or Anti-Libanus to the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb, nearly in a straight line ; but at that point it turns to the eastward in the Gulf of Sokatra. The whole length of the fissure is about 1500 miles. The breadth increases from a few yards at the outlet of the Lake Huleh, the waters of Merom, to 200 miles at the opening to the Indian Ocean. The depth is unknown, except in the basin of the Dead Sea, where the maximum, according to Captain Lynch, is more than 400 fathoms below the level of the Mediterranean Sea. By the contraction of breadth at three places, this fissure is divided into as many basins ; of these the largest—the Red Sea—has two branches at its northern end,—viz., the Gulf of Suez, trending north-west, and the Gulf of Akabah, north-east. In ancient times, but within the historical period, the Gulf of Suez was prolonged northward through a narrow strait to the Bitter and Timsah Lakes, which were filled from it with salt water. An upheaval of the earth's surface in that part converted the narrow strait into dry land, and cut off the communication between the Gulf of Suez and those small lakes, which by evaporation have become nearly dry, and are much below the surface of the Red Sea. The north-east branch—the Gulf of Akabah, or the *Ælantic Sea*—has likewise its prolongation in the depression of the Wady Arabah, including the basin of the Dead

Sea and the Valley of the Jordan, which lie in a straight line with the gulf, between which depression and the Gulf of Akabah the fissure is very much contracted in breadth. In these branches or gulfs, Suez and Akabah, there is great similarity of character, each having an extension of the fissure, as shown by the depression which has been cut off or separated by the contraction at the head of each gulf. Therefore, as there is so much similarity in the result, it is reasonable to look for identity in the cause. One on a much larger scale than the other, it is true ; but this does not destroy the analogy. So that, as we know that the basin of the Bitter Lakes was once filled with salt water from the Red Sea, by their communication through the means of a narrow strait at the head of the Gulf of Suez, so the basin of the Dead Sea, we may presume, was originally filled with salt water from the Red Sea, by its communication through a narrow strait at the head of the Gulf of Akabah. And they were at that time all at the same level,—that is, the surface of the water in the Bitter Lakes and that of the basin of the Dead Sea were on the same level as the surface of the Red Sea, and therefore at the same level as the surface of the Mediterranean. The Gulf of Akabah, like the Red Sea, is excessively deep. No bottom is found with 100 fathoms of line in any part of it, except at some narrow ledges of deposit from the mouths of valleys ; and we now know that if the basin of the Dead Sea had been sounded when its water was at the ocean level, it would have been found to be equally unfathomable, except near the extremities and close to the sides of the basin ; while the deepest part would have required nearly 450 fathoms of line to reach the bottom. We do not know what is the greatest depth of the Gulf of Akabah. I therefore assume that the basin of the Dead Sea at some very remote period was analogous in most respects with the Gulf of Akabah,—that is, it was a gulf filled with water from the ocean, by reason of its communication through a strait at Akabah, in the same way as the latter is filled from the Red Sea through the strait at Tirahn, and as the Red Sea is filled from the ocean through the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb. The volcanic action, which is proved to have cut off the communication of the Gulf of Suez with the Bitter Lakes, may have extended with more or less energy across the Sinaitic peninsula to the head of the Gulf of Akabah, where, by raising the bottom of the presumed strait, it may have had the same results,—namely, to have separated the waters of the Dead Sea from those of

Akabah. In confirmation of this supposition, that the water formerly stood at this high level, we have ocular testimony, in the lines of sedimentary deposit, terraces, truncated conical hills, &c., which have been alluded to in the preceding pages.

The scientific and inquiring Captain having now got fairly astride his geological courser, rams his feet well home in the stirrups, and rides gallantly forward with a very loose rein. Lest the mere reader for pleasure should feel himself bored with the eleventh chapter, he informs him it is intended for the '*select few*.' Now as we do not presume to be Sir R. M., or Sir C. L., or any other of the '*select few*,' our touching upon this chapter may be thought intrusive; we will not therefore enter the sacred precincts, but content our curiosity with peeping through the key-hole. The first thing that presents itself, is an account of little oceans above and below the level of the ocean of oceans; of the latter class we find the Bitter Lakes, the Dead Sea, and the Caspian; of those above the level, we find Tuz Goli in Asia Minor, at an elevation of 2500 feet, and the great Lake Urimeyeh, at the still higher elevation of 4300 feet; the latter so salt that no fish can live in it, and so buoyant that one can with difficulty stand in a depth of three feet. There is also the Lake Titicaca in Bolivia, at an elevation of 13,000 feet, which, though not salt, is so nauseous that it cannot be drunk. He also quotes tradition, scientific travellers' conclusions, and the inductions of geologists, to prove that, in days gone by, an adventurous spirit might have embarked in the recesses of Siberia, and fished his way over the plains of Russia, and, *via* the Black Sea, to the Mediterranean. The '*freaks of nature*' having thrown up gigantic barriers, and evaporation having performed its legitimate duties, the old ocean has subsided into rivers and lakes varying in intensity of saltness and degree of elevation, according to the supply of

water, and the area subject to the influence of evaporation. In no instance is the power of this latter agent more apparent than in the Mediterranean, where—notwithstanding the mighty rivers emptying themselves into its basin—so great is the effect of evaporation, that it requires an in-flow of water through the Straits of Gibraltar, far greater than the volume of its mighty tributary streams, to preserve its level with the Atlantic. He also informs us, upon the authority of that indefatigable and scientific officer, Admiral Smyth,* whose authority on such matters no one dare to impugn, of the subaqueous proceedings in that vast inland sea, which, had they not been arrested by a geological panic, or by a pressure in the volcanic market, would have astounded the commercial world, and ruined the shareholders of a Peninsular and Oriental Company. It appears that the Mediterranean is formed of two great basins, the western barrier of one running from Sicily to Tunis, and of the other about the meridian of Cape Trafalgar; and, that we may not consider such barriers as impossible, because unseen, we are reminded, on the same authority,

Between the coasts of Africa and Sicily there have been signs of activity very lately. In 1831 a small volcano rose from the bottom of the sea near Sicily, and remained above the surface about five months. It measured in circumference 3240 feet, and in height 107 feet. It was taken possession of, and named Graham's Island; but in 1845 it had sunk down to a depth of 35 fathoms.

With this extract we close our peep through the keyhole.

The learned Captain returns from this digression to a scientific discussion and examination of the elevations, &c., necessary for his purpose; after which he comes, before us with a proposal so positively gigantic, and so apparently feasible, that we hardly know which to admire most, the grandeur of the conception, or the simple language in

* As an illustration of the encouragement our most scientific officers receive from the Government, when Admiral Smyth brought out that able work, *The Mediterranean; a Memoir, Physical, Historical, and Nautical*: the United States Government ordered ten times the number of copies that were taken by the English Admiralty.

which he lays it before us. Let the reader judge for himself :—

When I had come to the conclusion that there is strong probability that the southern extremity of the great depression is very little removed in distance from the head of the Gulf of Akabah, and, moreover, that there is ground for believing that this small intervening tract may have very little elevation above the level of the Red Sea, I was struck with the extraordinary coincidence that the part of the depression nearest to the Mediterranean Sea has the only break in the long mountain wall, and is occupied by the low level of the plain of Esdraëlon. It immediately flashed across my mind that Providence has here almost furnished industrious nations, at a time when growing intercourse is seeking for improved channels of communication, with the means of constructing a noble canal between the two seas, which contain the storehouses of the elements of produce and skill which it is so desirable should be brought nearer together. Nature has, in fact, performed for us the greater part of the work in a stupendous cutting of some 200 miles in length, and separated from a sea at either end by a barrier apparently slight at the north; namely, the alluvial plain of Esdraëlon, already deeply furrowed by the brook Kishon, which might be cut through at very little expense, the required length of the cutting being about twenty-five miles only. At the other end, if the hypothesis of the 'dried-up strait' should prove to be correct, the distance for the required canal would not be greater, and the depth of the cutting *may* be small. This, however, is mere conjecture, founded on the arguments in the preceding pages. The truth can only be ascertained by a careful survey of the localities. If they should be found practicable, the operation might be very much facilitated by making use of the immense weight and force of back water of the two oceans, if not as a cutting power, at all events to carry into the abyss or depression, the earth, &c., which could be loosened by the liberal use of gunpowder, saving thereby nearly the whole trouble of digging and carrying away. Communication being thus established by canals sufficiently broad and deep, the rushing in of the two seas would restore the *now* Dead Sea to its ancient level, and convert it into the active channel of intercourse between Europe and Asia; the whole bulky commerce of which might thus pass through this canal, instead of taking the circuitous route of the Cape of Good Hope, shortening the voyage between England and India to the time in which it is per-

formed by the overland route. The canal route is indeed a little longer; but time would be equalized, owing to the delay caused by the transit through Egypt. The execution of a project so vast could not of course be carried out without some sacrifices; but these will be trifling when compared with the magnitude of the advantages to be derived in exchange. For instance, a large portion, some 2000 square miles of the territories belonging to our faithful and gallant ally, his Highness the Sultan, will be submerged; together with a city of perhaps some thousands of inhabitants and some Arab villages. But the territory is useless, being for the most part incapable of cultivation, especially the southern ghor, or Wady Arabah. The northern ghor, or valley of the Jordan, has some fertility, of which but little advantage is taken by the wandering tribes of Arabs, who capriciously cultivate small portions of it here and there. The city of Tiberias is a filthy heap of ruined buildings, hemmed in between the lake and steep barren mountains, for which a forced removal to a fertile and adjacent neighbourhood would be a blessing to the debased, apathetic, and wretched inhabitants. The villages consist of mud huts, temporary by their nature, or of tents which are intentionally so. From all these the occupants derive little advantage, and his Highness less revenue. Their condition, besides, might be immensely improved by the activity and trade which would be stimulated through the navigation of the canal by ships of all nations; and the Sultan would draw great revenues by transit dues, where he now receives nothing.

The author then proceeds to point out further advantages beyond those of commerce merely. The new canal is to facilitate the movements of Moslems on their pilgrimage to Mecca, and of Christians and others on their pilgrimage to Jerusalem, carrying them also, if necessary, up to the fountain head of the Jordan; and lest the Jews should curse him in their synagogues for the wholesale submersion of their sacred city of Tiberias, he reminds them that it is only held sacred from the expectation that our Saviour is to rise from the centre of the lake, and as such an event must of course be a miracle, he suggests for their consolation that such being the case, a fathom or two more of salt water upon the surface can make no possible difference. He appears, however, upon reflection, to

have thought that they might find but poor comfort in the foregoing explanation; he therefore proceeds in the second volume to suggest a more tempting bait for their adhesion, by proposing that they should benefit by the enterprise, and obtain a solid footing as a community upon the soil of their affections and their hopes. The author conveys his ideas in the following words:—

As one of my principal objects in writing this book was to advocate my own peculiar project,—namely, the formation of a ship canal through the Dead Sea,—I may be excused for suggesting that, if it should be carried out, it would be a favourable circumstance in promoting the settlement of the Jews in Palestine. For who could be so much interested in such a great work as those through whose country it is to be carried, and whom it will be the means of enriching? In such case, perhaps, the best site for the experiment of a Jewish colony would be in the neighbourhood of the entrances of that canal, which would also have the benefit of being a locality among the dearest of their historical recollections. Of course, with the present feeling of the Turks, Jerusalem must be out of the question. But if a concession of the territory of Mount Carmel, with the plains of Sharon and Esdraelon, were made to a community of Jews, with certain privileges, and under certain obligations, they would have some of the best elements of prosperity that the land of their inheritance could offer. The change from the present occupiers of that territory, who draw a mere subsistence from the soil, to an industrious population, which working *con amore* would be interested in bringing it to the highest state of cultivation, might be of incalculable benefit to the coffers of the Sultan, and soon make it the brightest jewel in his crown. But where are the colonists to come from? The Jews of England and of other civilized countries are well satisfied with their lot, and would not, perhaps, be willing to risk it for an experiment. In other countries—by which I mean those which are not sufficiently advanced in civilization to accord equal liberty to all (though we are not ourselves yet arrived at perfection in that respect)—the Jews are in such a state of poverty as not to be able, without great assistance from their brethren, to make another Exodus, especially when they may be opposed by another Pharaoh in those countries where they are the poorest as well as the most numerous. But the com-

mencement of a Jewish nationality in Palestine, if permitted by Him who banished them from it, should have within it a certain degree of dignity and element of prosperity, which could not be found by an immigration of paupers. For this reason, the present population of Jerusalem would be useless for the purpose; besides being poor, they are effete. If the heads of the nation entertain the idea, of course they will be able to form the best judgment on the subject. Without pretending to have experience enough to guide me, I would venture to say, from all I have been able to learn, that the Karaite Jews possess all the requisites to form at once a very prosperous settlement, and to be the nucleus around which the nation may rally. Unfortunately, there are always special interests and secret jealousies in every community, which may mar the best project that can be devised for their advantage by strangers ignorant of these peculiar circumstances, and therefore it may be that I am treading on dangerous ground; and after all, the carrying out must be left to the rulers in Israel,—men with the patriotism, benevolence, and power of a Sir Moses Montefiore. I can only say that they will have my sincere wishes for their prosperity. Indeed, considering that they are the channel by which Christians received their salvation, it behoves all to lend assistance to this work, happy if they be permitted to be among the humble instruments that Providence may use for carrying out its purposes. There are some, perhaps, who think that it is impious to make any attempt for the restoration of the Jews, as opposing the decrees of the Almighty, and that the gathering of His people will be by miraculous interposition. To this it may be said unanswerably, that what God wills, not all the powers of man can reverse; and the miracle may be, at this moment, in stirring up men's hearts to combine for this pious end.

We confess that the Captain's proposition charms us with its grandeur and originality. There is something sublime in the idea of the volcanic barriers which have been thrown up being shaken by the agency of gunpowder, and then letting in the ocean wave to hurl their tottering summits into the abyss below; and one feels appalled, as, watching the resistless sweep of the maddened waters, they bury Tiberias, swamp Gennesareth, and, rushing onward in their mad career, burst the last crest of their mighty waves at the

fountains of the sacred Jordan. But the question arises—can these things be? We have not sufficient data to assert either their possibility or—which in these days is the most important point—to answer the question, will the spec. pay? Of the grandeur of the conception, or of the great benefits to be derived from it, if completed, there can be no doubt. The puny canal which it is proposed to cut through to Suez, sinks into insignificance before it. The advantages both to commerce and civilization are infinitely greater, and it is provided with an available harbour at each end: Acre is already built at the one extremity, and by making the exit at Akabah, the intricate and dangerous navigation of the Gulf of Suez will be avoided. We will not, however, discuss the subject farther at present, as we trust some abler pen may be induced to devote a paper to the relative importance and practicability of the routes proposed by M. Lesseps and the Captain. The question merits serious consideration, and requires more scientific and commercial knowledge than we profess to be able to bring to bear upon it.

Having devoted so much space to this subject, we will conclude our paper with a rapid glance at the remaining portion of the work before us.

The second volume of this work chiefly consists in a Journal of a tour in Syria, and is, like the first, enlivened with sketches from the author's pencil. Having gone from Beyrout to Baalbec, he next appears in Jerusalem—a point to which, he says, 'all hurry, and where disappointment awaits them.' Here we must at once join issue with him, and we have the less difficulty in doing so, as his subsequent pages exhibit the cause of this feeling in his own breast. He found a mass of superstitions, and ridiculous legends, for which nine books of travels out of ten might have prepared him; and he was perplexed in his mind as to the authenticity of the sites of many of the holy places, as the controversial works on the subject to

which he refers abundantly prove. A man who cannot visit Jerusalem with pleasure, unless secured from the assaults of monkish superstition, had far better stay at home; and he who will not be satisfied with aught less than a sight of the undisputed position of the Holy Sepulchre, had better follow his example. We must express our regret at finding the Captain wasting both his own time and the reader's by useless dissertations on the authenticity of sites. It may be pardonable in a man who, like Dr. Robinson, travels with almost exclusively a topographical object; and even in his pages, those who have read them as carefully as we have, cannot fail to feel misgivings as to his correctness, when they observe the vain self-satisfaction with which, while assailing the authority of others as doubtful, he so frequently gives his own opinion as indisputable. The simple fact is, that as long as pilgrimages are made to the Holy City, priests will be found to cater for the superstition and credulity of the pilgrims; forming as it does, to them, an endless topic of conversation, and an enduring source of wealth. They will also uphold the authenticity of the sites of many sacred places on the ground of tradition; and we feel indebted to them for respecting tradition, if it be only to avoid making Jerusalem a city of controversy. It is presumption in any one to pretend to fix definitively the exact positions. The only object of fixing them at all, is to assist in gathering in the ideas to a particular association—for it is to be hoped we do not fall down and worship stocks and stones in the nineteenth century. And we cannot conceive a more unprofitable frame of mind wherewith to visit the Holy City than that of a doubting topographer, who is eternally thinking whether this spot ought to be that spot, and that spot this spot, instead of thanking past generations for having done their best to ascertain the correct situations, and building a temple thereon to assist the believer in concentrating and solemnizing his thoughts.

* An able article in the *Edinburgh Review*, No. 209, condemns all the proposed canals as visionary. What portion of the arguments contained therein are just or not, we will not presume to decide. On many points we agree, on others we differ. Those interested in the question will do well to refer to the number.

So satisfied are we of the truth of our observations, that we only further allude to the Captain and his controversy, for the purpose of recommending him to leave his topographical doubts behind him, and to revisit Mount Zion clothed in a little tunic of innocent credulity, in which case we will insure him against disappointment.

The author, having finished his observations at Jerusalem, returns to Beyrout to organize a trip into Cilicia, which lays out of the beaten track of tourists. The arrangements completed, we soon find him in the hills of Lebanon, and ere long in that 'fix' so common to travellers in the East, viz., overburdened with expensive civility. The Maronite chief or prince insists, to his great annoyance, upon his becoming his guest, hoping, doubtless, that the Captain would turn out a Lord Bountiful in disguise; but a 'backsheesh' of one dollar to the servant dispelled the hallucination. The Maronite prince 'spoke with pride of having served in the campaign with Sir C. Napier; taking care to appropriate to himself the principal share in the conduct of it.' From the foregoing, it would appear that in one art at least he had profited by the Admiral's society. Following the Captain over the hills, we at last find him at the village of Akura, gazing at 'the cedars,' from which he is separated by an impassable barrier of snow. Having been foiled last year in his endeavours to visit them by arriving two days too late, he was naturally irate at finding this year he was two weeks too soon. In revenge for his disappointment, although admitting 'the manifestly great age of the few survivors point to the strong probability that they are the last of a primeval forest,' he stirs up his topographical bile, and says, 'The identity is at best questionable.' Descending from the hills he visits Gebail, furnishing the reader with a sketch of the castle and port. He thence proceeds to Tripoli, where he meets the British Vice-Consul, of whom he pithily observes: 'He apologized, as he is said to do to all travellers, for not being able to show any hospitality.'

The mountainous country be-

tween Tripoli and Latakia being inhabited by lawless bands of Ansairi, who levy black mail on travellers—and who had recently killed some Americans who fought for their rights and cents,—our author was constrained to prosecute his journey by water. He visits the island of Ruad, which lies out of the ordinary route of travellers, and enters into a critical examination of the ruins of the old port, from which it is clearly proved to have been a place of considerable importance. Continuing his journey, he has a dispute with the Rais, who exhibits such a rebellious and piratical disposition, that arms and numerical superiority constituted his only safety: a fact from which we learn how lamentably the majesty of the law has fallen since the Christian powers wrested the country from the vigorous rule of old Mohammed Ali. He succeeds, however, in reaching Latakia in safety, where he finds the Hon. Mr. Walpole, and a Church of England missionary, discussing religion with some Ansairi chiefs. He plunges into an examination of old ruins, &c., and then, enlivening the chapter with an amusing sketch of the costume of Madame Elias—alias Mrs. Consul,—he hurries rapidly onward to the Orontes, putting up at the house of his old friend Dr. Yates, at Swediah; and visiting the beautiful horticultural garden of the late Mr. Barker, formerly Consul-General in Egypt, and recently Consul at Aleppo; thence he visits the bay of Antioch, surveys the old port of Seleucia, pointing out its advantages as an Eastern emporium; travels onwards by the famous pass of Bailan, down to Iskanderoun, and thence once more to Beyrout, where he finishes his Eastern travel, winding up his second volume with a chapter of aneroid elevations, and a hundred pages of scientific appendices.

Having now conveyed as correct an impression of the author's work as the circumscribed limits of a Review permit, we beg to recommend these volumes to the attention of our readers, assuring them that where they do not find subject for amusement, they will find matter worthy of reflection; and

confident that at every page they will feel themselves in the company of an educated gentleman.

We shall now close this article with a few remarks upon the third and concluding volume of Lieutenant Burton's Pilgrimage.* To those who prefer gleaning ideas from the pages of a review, to poring over the work of an author, we would observe that a sketch of Lieutenant Burton's two first volumes will be found in the September number of last year, and of which the following is merely a continuation.

The march of a caravan, like that of an army, requires that a certain degree of order be strictly observed; accordingly, we are informed that a gun sounds the order to strike tents, and a second bids you march off with all speed. There are short halts, of half-an-hour each, at dawn, noon, the afternoon, and sunset, for devotional purposes. A discharge of three guns denotes the station, and when the caravan moves by night, a single cannon sounds three or four halts at irregular intervals. The principal officers are the Emir el Hajj, and under him a wakil or lieutenant, who manage the executive; an Emir el Surrah (the purse), who has charge of the caravan treasure, and remittances to the holy cities; lastly, the Commander of the Forces (Bashat el Askar), whose force consisted of about 1000 irregular horsemen, half bandits, half soldiers, each habited and armed after his own fashion, exceedingly dirty, picturesque-looking, brave, and in such a country of no use whatever. To prevent confusion during the march, each person is supposed to keep the position he has selected in the caravan at starting.

In the former paper, we gave Lieutenant Burton's reasons for preferring the Darb el Sharki road to the other three and better known routes; we need not, therefore, allude further to them. The note at the foot of page 10, which is intended to explain distances, tends rather to complicate and confuse

than to make clear; we there find that the day's journey in Arabia is 'reckoned at twenty-four or twenty-five Arab miles.' We also find that 'three kadam (man's foot) = one pace, and 4000 paces = one mile;' and the note concludes thus—'The only ideas of distance known to the Bedouin of El Hejaz are the fanciful saat, or hour, and the uncertain manzil, or half; the former varies from two and a half to three miles, the latter from fifteen to twenty-five.' The foregoing shows that the Arab mile is twice as long as the English, and that twenty-five miles is a daily average of journey; nevertheless, at page 148, we find that the total distance traversed in eleven days amounted to 248 miles *English*, which would barely make twelve miles Arabic, daily. We must therefore assume a misprint,† and take the English mile as the one always intended. With respect to the numbers of which the caravan was composed, our author estimates it at 7000; the accounts which reach Europe of their amounting sometimes to 15,000 and 20,000, he conceives to be pure fiction.

Our pilgrim having gone through a proper quantity of 'affectionate embraces and parting mementos,' the caravan commenced its journey at nine A.M., 31st August, 1853, his young Flibbertigibbet valet (Mohammed) still following him. The night marches, which were frequent, proved a great source of annoyance to Mr. Burton, not merely from the perilous nature of many of the mountain paths, with the expected accompaniments of camels falling, and shugdufs bodily pulled off their backs by the thorny 'acacias'; but from their preventing his making those observations upon the country for which he possesses so keen an eye, backed also by a most retentive memory; the more these difficulties are borne in mind, the more remarkable will appear the vast amount of information he affords on the subject. At one time those extraordinary pillars of sand, with the existence of which

* *Personal Narrative of a Pilgrimage to El Medinah and Meccah.* By Lieut. R. F. BURTON, Bombay Army. Vol. III. Longman & Co.

† A competent authority has informed us that the Arab mile is much shorter than the English mile, and measures 1000 paces only.

all readers of Eastern travel will be familiar, filled the air, and are thus described :—

They scudded on the wings of the whirlwind over the plain—huge yellow shafts, with lofty heads, horizontally bent backwards, in the form of clouds ; and on more than one occasion camels were overthrown by them. It required little stretch of fancy to enter into the Arab's superstition. These said columns are supposed to be genii of the waste, which cannot be caught—a notion arising from the fitful movements of the wind-eddy that raises them—and as they advance, the pious Moslem stretches out his finger, exclaiming, 'Iron! O thou ill-omened one.'

Such a climate and atmosphere naturally lead our author to remarks on thirst, and we find his experience on an important point thus recorded in a foot-note :—

The Eastern Arabs allay the torments of thirst by a spoonful of clarified butter, carried on journeys in a leathern bottle. Every European traveller has some recipe of his own. One chews a musket-ball, or a small stone. A second smears his legs with butter. Another eats a crust of dry bread, which exacerbates the torments, and afterwards brings relief. A fourth throws water over his face and hands, or his legs and feet ; a fifth smokes, and a sixth turns his dorsal region (raising his coat-tails) to the fire.* I have always found that the only way is to be patient and not to talk. The more you drink the more you require to drink—water or strong waters. But after the first two hours' abstinence you have mastered the overpowering feeling of thirst, and then to refrain is easy.

The recollection of a certain bottle of port which, for want of water, we once drank under a midday Syrian sun, in our younger days, and for which we suffered pains that baffle description, induced our fellow-traveller, the late amiable and lamented Sir R. Inglis, to recommend us to follow the same course as that advocated by Mr. Burton, and of the advantage of so doing we can speak from some little experience of desert life thus dearly bought.

Our traveller, however, found other difficulties besides thirst. At a village called El Sufayna, they fell in with the Bagdad caravan, consisting of about 2000 persons. Scarcely was the tent of our pilgrim pitched, when a distant pattering of musketry and tapping of kettle-drums announced a quarrel between the two caravans as to precedence ; a pugnacious feeling which, despite of their small number, they manfully kept up. Some idea of the pleasures of a night march may be gathered from the following graphic description :—

Darkness fell upon us like a pall. The camels tripped and stumbled, tossing their litters like cock-boats in a short sea ; at times the shugdufs were well nigh torn off their backs. When we came to a ridge worse than usual, old Masud (the camel shayk) would seize my camel's halter, and accompanied by his son and nephew bearing lights, encouraged the animals with gesture and voice. It was a strange wild scene. The black basaltic field was dotted with the huge and doubtful forms of spongy-footed camels with silent tread, looming like phantoms in the midnight air ; the hot wind moaned, and whirled from the torches sheets of flame and fiery smoke, whilst ever and anon a swift-travelling takhtawan, drawn by mules, and surrounded by runners bearing gigantic mashals,† threw a passing glow of red light upon the dark road and dusky multitude, &c.

The tenth day brought them to El Zaribah, twenty-three miles distant from Mecca. This is the appointed place for El Ihram (assuming the pilgrim garb) ; heads had to be shaved, nails cut, mustachios trimmed ; then followed the bath and perfume, and finally the garb, consisting of two new cotton cloths, six feet long by three and a half broad, white, with narrow red stripes and fringes ; heads bare, and nothing allowed on the instep. Thus purified and prepared, faces were turned to Meccah, prayers made, and resolutions formed. The ceremonies and restrictions are

* An old Eastern has often told us, that among certain tribes with whom he travelled, a very common and successful method of obtaining relief, when oppressed by fatigue or thirst, is to sit close round a fire, with both knees elevated and extended, over which they gather up their loose and solitary robe ; a practice from which he frequently experienced the greatest comfort.*

† A mashal is an open-sided cylinder of iron, with a long handle, and in which the torch is carried.

numerous, and the pilgrim who is caught offending is compelled to sacrifice a sheep, of which he is not allowed to partake. The following morning they resumed their march, but though so near their journey's end, their troubles were not over. The road lay through a gorge flanked with precipitous hills. A damp seemed to fall on their spirits; voices were hushed. Let our hajj explain the reason:—

While still speculating upon the cause of this phenomenon, it became apparent. A small curl of smoke, like a lady's ringlet, on the summit of the right-hand precipice, caught my eye, and simultaneously with the echoing crack of the matchlock, a high-trotting dromedary in front of me rolled over upon the sand—a bullet had split his heart, throwing his rider a goodly somersets of five or six yards. Ensued terrible confusion. Women screamed, children shrieked, and men vociferated, each one striving with might and main to urge his animal out of the place of death. But the road being narrow, they only managed to jam the vehicles in a solid immovable mass. At every matchlock shot a shudder ran through the huge body, as when the surgeon's scalpel touches some more sensitive nerve. The irregular horsemen, perfectly useless, galloped up and down over the stones, shouting to and ordering one another. The Pacha of the army had his carpet spread at the foot of the left hand precipice, and debated over his pipe with the officers what ought to be done. No good genius whispered, 'Crown the heights.' Then it was that the conduct of the Wahabbi found favour in my eyes. They came up galloping their camels,

Torrents less rapid, and less rash,
with their elf-locks tossing in the wind,
and their flaring matches casting a
lurid light over their features. Taking
up a position, one body began to fire
upon the Utaybah robbers, whilst two
or three hundred dismounting, swarmed
up the hill under the guidance of the
Sherif Zayd.

The robbers fled; what lives were lost was not ascertained, but evidently no small number. Danger over, the forced halt became a flight, and a scene of ridiculous confusion followed; gradually, order was restored. On nearing the city, the Sherif of Meccah passed, his dignity being overshadowed by the royal emblem of the East—the umbrella—

of large dimension, and made of green satin; he was accompanied by a large cavalcade. The caravan halted in the evening, and about one A.M. resumed its march, reaching Meccah early upon Sunday morning, the 11th September, which day the pilgrims dedicated to repose, previous to entering upon their round of sacred duties.

The account which Mr. Burton gives of his journey is bisected by a chapter on Arab races, introduced for the benefit of physiologists, but written in so happy a style as to make it highly interesting to the general reader, whom we recommend not to be deterred by a plateful of heads from the author's pencil, and among which it is difficult to say which is the most hideous. He also furnishes a sketch of a Bedouin girl, warning the reader at the same time, that such beauty must not be anticipated by the traveller. If she is to be taken as the Clarissa of her race, Lovelaces may well be scarce. Of the fair sex in the Hijaz, he says:—

Her eyes are fierce, her features harsh, and her face haggard; like all people of the south, she soon fades, and in old age her appearance is truly witch-like. Withered crones abound in the camps, where old men are seldom seen. The sword and the sun are fatal to

'A green old age, unconscious of decay.'

He thus sums up the description of the men.

The Bedouins of El Hijaz are short men, about the height of the Indians near Bombay, but weighing on an average a stone more. As usual, in this stage of society, stature varies little, you rarely see a giant, and scarcely ever see a dwarf. Deformity is checked by the Spartan restraint upon population, and no weakly infant can live through a Bedouin life. The figure, though spare, is square, and well knit; fulness of limb never appears but about spring, when milk abounds. I have seen two or three muscular figures, but never a fat man. The neck is sinewy, the chest broad, the flank thin, and the stomach in-drawn; the legs, though fleshless, are well made, especially when the knee and ankle are not bowed by too early riding. The shins seldom bend to the front, as in the African race. The arms are thin, with muscles like whip-cord; and the hands and feet are, in point of size and delicacy, a link between Europe and India. As in the Celt, the Arab thumb is re-

markedly long, extending almost to the first joint of the index, which, with its easy rotation, makes it a perfect prehensile instrument; the palm also is fleshless, small-boned, and elastic. With his small active figure, it is not strange that the wildest Bedouin's gait should be pleasing; he neither unfits himself for walking, nor distorts his ankles by turning out his toes, according to the farcical rule of fashion; and his shoulders are not dressed like a drill serjeant's, to throw all the weight of the body on the heels. Yet there is no slouch in his walk, it is light and springy, and errs only in one point, sometimes becoming a kind of strut. Such is the Bedouin, and such he has been for ages. Their manners are free and simple: vulgarity and affectation, awkwardness and embarrassment, are weeds of civilized growth unknown to the people of the desert. The valour of the Bedouin is fitful and uncertain. Savages and semi-barbarous nations are always cautious, because they have nothing valuable but their lives and limbs.

He vindicates the songs of Antar from the want of chivalrous feeling attributed to them by the late and lamented author of *The Crescent and the Cross*. In proof of his favourable judgment, he quotes such sayings as the following: 'Mercy, my lord, is the noblest quality of the noble.' 'It is the most ignominious of deeds to take free-born women prisoners.' 'Bear not malice, O Shibub! for of malice good never came.' He appeals to the reader, whether there be no true greatness in the following sentiments. 'Birth is the boast of the *fainéant*; noble is the youth who beareth every ill, who clotheth himself in mail during the noontide heat, and who wandereth through the outer darkness of night.' He then asks, 'Why does the knight of knights love Ibla?' Because 'she is blooming as the sun at dawn, with hair black as the midnight shades, with paradise in her eye, her bosom an enchantment, and a form wavering like the tamarisk when the soft wind blows from the hills of Nejd.' Descending from poetry, he throws dirt in humble prose at the Arabs of the towns; but of the children of the desert, he says, 'Your guide will protect you with blade and spear, even against his kindred, and he expects you to do the same for him.' 'You may give a man the lie, but you

must lose no time in baring your sword.' The local memory which they possess, he asserts to be wonderful, but their power of tracking—as Jonathan would say—'whips creation.' Let us quote the Pilgrim's words—'Such is their instinct in the art of Asar, or tracking, that it is popularly said of the Zubayd clan, which lives between Meccah and El Medinah, a man will lose a she camel and know her four year old colt by its foot.' Such wonderful power of identifying totally eclipses that of poor Paddy, who recognised a rock, after three years absence, by the gull sitting on the top of it. Enough of the Arab; our paper warns us we must hasten back to the Prophet's shrine, and to our hajj, who is lodging at his servant Mohammed's house in Meccah.

The city having been fully described by other travellers, Mr. Burton merely reminds the reader in a foot note, that it dates from about A.D. 450; contains about 30,000 inhabitants, with lodgings for about treble that number; its site is a winding valley; the utmost length is two miles and a half from the *Mab'dah* (north) to the southern Mount Jizad; the extreme breadth is three quarters of a mile, between Abu Kubays eastward—upon whose western slope most of the town clusters—and Jebel Hindi, westward of the city. The *Haram*, or sanctuary, stands in the centre of this line, and is about 250 paces long by 210 broad, and entered by nineteen gates. Round the walls inside are cloisters, supported by forests of columns, covered in at the top, but open at the side. In the middle of the open space stands the Kaabah—also called Bait Allah, or House of God; and on the south-east corner thereof the Hajar Aswad, or Black Stone. These are the two principal objects of attraction to the pilgrim. The author, paying a just homage to the learned Burckhardt, and having verified his accuracy, extracts from his pages, the description and history of these *Ultimate Thule* of a hajj's hopes. We there find that, according to their legends, the Kaabah has been built and rebuilt ten times, originally by Allah, 2800 years before the creation of the present earth, at a period when the firma-

ments were spread above, and seven earths beneath. Adam is supposed to have had a hand in the rebuilding of it, also, at a future period, Abraham and his son. The last builder is said to have been Hajjaj bin Yusuf, the general of the Caliph Abd el Malik, in the year of the Hegira 74. The legendaries of the Black Stone are also equally desirous of establishing its antiquity, some asserting that when Allah made covenant with the sons of Adam, on the day of fealty, he placed the paper inside the stone, whence it is supposed it will come forth at the day of judgment, and bear witness to all who have touched it. Those whose minds delight in wandering through mazes of architecture, measurements, and ceremonies, will find a rich feast in the text; let us rather behold the daring pilgrim, clothed in appropriate garb, entering the sanctuary, and the Bait Allah standing before him. On an occasion so well calculated to excite in his breast the most intense feelings, let him speak for himself:—

There at last it lay, the bourn of my long and weary pilgrimage, realizing the plans and hopes of many and many a year. The mirage medium of fancy invested the huge catafalque and its gloomy pall with peculiar charms. There were no giant fragments of hoar antiquity, as in Egypt; no remains of graceful and harmonious beauty, as in Greece and Italy; no barbaric gorgeousness, as in the buildings of India. Yet the view was strange, unique, and how few have looked upon the celebrated shrine! I may truly say, that of all the worshippers who clung weeping to the curtain, or who pressed their beating hearts to the stone, none felt for the moment a deeper emotion than did the hajj from the far north. It was as if the poetical legends of the Arab spoke truth, and that the waving wings of angels, not the sweet breeze of morning, were agitating and swelling the black covering of the shrine. But, to confess humbling truth, theirs was the high feeling of religious enthusiasm, mine was the ecstasy of gratified pride.

Having allowed our Pilgrim to express his feelings at the first sight of the hopes of many years realized, we will allow him to describe the scene as it presented itself at night.

The moon, now approaching the full, tipped the brow of Abu Kubbay*, and lit

up the spectacle with a more solemn light. In the midst stood the huge bier-like erection,

‘Black as the wings

Which some spirit of ill o’er a sepulchre flings,—’

except where the moon-beams streaked it like jets of silver falling upon the darkest marble. It formed the point of rest for the eye; the little pagoda-like buildings and domes around it, with all their gilding and fret-work, vanished. One object, unique in appearance, stood in view—the temple of the one Allah, the God of Abraham, of Ishmael, and of his posterity. Sublime it was, and expressing by all the eloquence of fancy the grandeur of the one Idea which vitalized El Islam, and the sternness and steadfastness of its votaries.

The oval pavement round the Kaabah was crowded with men, women, and children, mostly divided into parties, which followed a Mutawwif; some walking staidly, and others running, whilst many stood in groups of prayer. What a scene of contrast! Here stalked the Bedouin woman, in her long black robe, like a nun’s serge, and poppy-coloured face-veil, pierced to show two fiercely flashing orbs. There an Indian woman, with her semi-Tartar features, nakedly hideous, and her thin parenthetical legs, encased in wrinkled tights, hurried round the fane. Every now and then a corpse, borne upon its wooden shell, circuited the shrine by means of four bearers, whom other Moslems, as is the custom, occasionally relieved. A few fair-skinned Turks lounged about, looking cold and repulsive, as their wont is. In one place a fast Calcutta ‘Khitmugar’ stood, with turban awry and arms a-kimbo, contemplating the view jauntily, as those gentlemen’s gentlemen will do. In another, some poor wretch, with arms thrown on high, so that every part of his person might touch the Kaabah, was clinging to the curtain, and sobbing as though his heart would break.

Our indomitable hajj was not satisfied with the exterior, he must needs penetrate into the interior—a test of his disguise sufficient to shake the most iron nerves. His description of this event he narrates with the cool indifference of a man to whom the word ‘fear’ was unknown, and the only effect of a distant sense of danger seems to have been a joke.

A crowd had gathered round the Kaabah, and I had no wish to stand

* Vide sketch of Mecca, ante.

bareheaded and barefooted in the mid-day September sun. At the cry of 'Open a path for the hajj who would enter the house,' the gazers made way. Two stout Meccans, who stood below the door,* raised me in their arms, whilst a third drew me from above into the building. At the entrance I was accosted by several officials, dark-looking Meccans, of whom the darkest and plainest was a youth of the Beni Shaybah family (who keep the keys of the house), the true *sangre azul* of El Hijaz. He held in his hand the huge silver-gilt padlock of the Kaabah, and presently taking his seat upon a kind of wooden press in the left-hand corner of the hall, he officially inquired my name, nation, and other particulars. The replies were satisfactory, and the boy Mohammed was authoritatively ordered to conduct me round the building, and recite the prayers. I will not deny that, looking at the widowless walls, the officials at the door, and the crowd below,

And the place death, considering who I was,

my feelings were of the trapped-rat description acknowledged by the immortal nephew of his uncle Perez. This did not, however, prevent my carefully observing the scene during our long prayers, and making a rough plan with a pencil upon my white Ithram.

It is an old saying, 'Nothing risk, nothing have;' but Mr. Burton might claim as a motto, 'Who risk, have.'

One of the pilgrim's duties is to attend the ceremonies of Mount Arafat, a hill rendered sacred to them by a legend, which states that our first parents having lost their primeval purity by eating *wheat*, were cast down upon earth. The serpent descended at Ispahan; the peacock at Cabul (what finger had he in the pie?); Satan at Bilbays; Eve at Arafat; and Adam at Ceylon. The latter wandering over the earth in search of his wife, at last found her on the Mountain of Mercy, where she was continually calling upon his name; and in token of recognition the Mount was called Arafat. It was during this pilgrimage of our author that he forgot himself in a manner for which it is vain to seek extenuation. The great event of the day was a sermon,

the burden of which would have been full of interest to the reader; and where is our pilgrim? where is our hajj of iron nerve and resolute will? where the scientific traveller, to whom danger and privation are welcome, if only he can gather one new fact or idea? *Pro pudor!* he is dallying with an Arab Delilah, and so far from acknowledging his error, and claiming forgiveness on the ground of repentance, he dares the reviewer's wrath, and the censure of the public, by revelling in the descriptive charms of his 'Flirtilla.'

She was a tall girl, about eighteen years old, with regular features, a skin somewhat citron-coloured, but soft and clear, symmetrical eyebrows, the most beautiful eyes, and a figure all grace. There was no head thrown back, no straightened neck, no flat shoulders, no toes turned out; in fact, no elegant barbarisms, but the shape was what the Arabs love—soft, bending, and relaxed, as a woman's figure should be.

Behold the substitute for a sermon! behold what a traveller of iron, brass, and brains, is reduced to, by the charm of a transient glance at a pair of 'most beautiful eyes!' The ladies, it is true, may canonize him, but what will his patrons of the Royal Geographical Society say? The only excuse we can suggest for him is, that there was danger in the flirtation, which gave it an irresistible attraction. Let us hope he has since seen the error of his ways, and only records his misdeemeanour from an exaggerated feeling of truthfulness. 'One swallow does not make a summer'—let not one blot deface the hajj's whole face.

Our limits warn us we must bring this paper to a close, and we feel how feebly we have conveyed any idea of the interest which every reader will find in the volume we have been reviewing. We could have dwelt upon ceremonies and superstitions as startling as Winking Virgins, Bleeding Madonnas, and Holy Coats; we might have touched upon the absurd ceremony of 'peltng the Devil with stones,' and various other amusing passages most graphically written; or we might have extracted

* The entrance to the Kaabah is by a door seven feet above the ground. The author's impression is that the soil around has been worn away to that depth, and that the entrance was originally on a level with the court.

a feast for the geographer, the ethnologist, and the historian. So full is the information his volume contains, that a weekly critic, whose strictures upon Lieutenant Burton's earlier works he manfully repelled, is forced to declare, 'To those who wish to learn details which Gibbon would have read with interest, and Sale with rapture, we recommend the topographical portion of the work.' We might add much more, but space cries, Halt!

Let every class of reader, then, rest assured that in the hajj's

volumes, he will find many pages to amuse, and many to instruct; the former written in a most lively and attractive style, the latter in language equally clear and terse. We take leave of Lieutenant Burton, sincerely hoping his health may enable him to reap further laurels in the field of scientific travel; a task to which he may well be encouraged by a conviction that the record of his pilgrimage will be enrolled among the standard works of his country.

H. A. M.

PROTESTANTISM—ZWINGLE AND HIS TIMES.

SINCE the Founder of the religion of Christendom bequeathed to twelve chosen witnesses the sacred task of spreading that religion within and beyond the limits of the Holy Land, the progress of Christianity has been marked by change and fluctuation; it has been often checked, often brought to an apparent stand-still; it has not advanced with even pace; sometimes it has crept, sometimes it has rushed; it has had its great epochs, and each epoch has produced its great men. The greatest of these epochs was undoubtedly the Reformation. Protestantism may well be called the revival of Christianity; and if in the course of time it has, like all great movements, degenerated, or rather has been discredited by certain spurious imitations usurping its name, but ignoring its spirit, we cannot do better than keep alive our respect for the great original, by remembering from time to time what it really was; if we have lived to see a party claiming the exclusive title of Protestant, we shall best measure their claim by dwelling on the lives and actions of one or other of the acknowledged Protestant worthies. In the great drama of the German Reformation one figure stands forward prominent above all others—that of Martin Luther, accompanied by his gentle, melancholy, and studious companion, Melancthon. In Switzerland, the movement was affected, not so much by a religious despot, but as being the result of that land of mountains and liberty—by a republic of

faithful hearts, such as Oswald Myconius, Leon Juda, Calvin. Still there is one name which will always be especially associated with the Swiss Reformation—a name which in the annals of Protestantism ranks second only to that of Luther—the name of Ulric Zwingle.

On New Year's Day, 1484, Europe was still on the eve of great events; some of those destined to play important parts in the coming struggle, such as Henry VIII. of England and Charles V. of Austria, were not yet born; Luther, an infant of seven weeks old, lay in his cradle at Eisleben; on that day in a remote Swiss village, high up in the mountains, 2000 feet above the Lake of Zurich, at Wildhaus, a place so named to signify its wild and dreary solitude, Ulric Zwingle, the third son of his parents, was born. His family was of considerable repute in that secluded region; his father was landamman of the commune; his uncle dean of the neighbouring town of Wesen. But reputation in that Swiss valley implied rather the reverence felt for a patriarch, than the more artificial respect paid to an aristocrat. The family of Zwingle were not exempt from, nor superior to, the pastoral toils which occupied their less distinguished neighbours, and Ulric, one of a large family, with seven brothers and one sister, grew up accustomed to the labour, and enjoying the pleasures of a mountain boy. It is often found that those who live in a beautiful country are insensible of the privi-

lege they enjoy; it was not so with Zwingle; from his earliest years he loved and admired the mountains among which he lived. So loving, doubtless he derived early strength from that dutiful worship of his mother earth; doubtless it was not without reason that his friend Oswald Myconius said of him in after years, that from that early mountain home, 'from living so near to Heaven, he had caught something of a divine influence.'

But if the little Ulric showed no impatience of his pastoral life, his father soon perceived that the boy was capable of higher things. He took him to Wesen, where, under the fatherlike care of his uncle, the dean, he justified the expectations of his father, and it was determined to send him to Bâle. In a short time he left schoolmaster and school-fellows behind him, as he had done at Wesen, and in 1497 was removed, being still only thirteen years old, to Berne. At Berne, and at Vienna, where he was sent to study philosophy, he completed his education. In 1502, he returned to his father's house, but as it seems only to discover that he had pledged himself too deeply; had too far sophisticated himself ever again to rest contented with the simple duties and pleasures of a pastoral life; and so, at the age of eighteen, he returned to Bâle, entered himself at the University there, took his degree soon after as Master of Arts, and then deliberately devoted himself to the study of theology.

This study produced upon him much the same effect as it appears to have done upon Luther. Full of human feelings and affections, he could not bring himself to believe that the subtleties so much prized and disputed were of vital consequence to man; of a very strong religious temperament, he found little food for it in the arid theology of the schools; he pronounced the study to be a loss of time. At the critical moment, when he came to this negative conclusion, he received a startling positive confirmation of it in the preaching of one Thomas Wittenbach, who declared openly, to the astonished and doubtless shocked youth of Bâle, that the time was at hand for the scholastic theology to be

abolished, and the ancient doctrine of the Church restored; that 'the death of Christ was the one only ransom for souls.' Fired by this new doctrine, so accordant with his own previous conviction, Zwingle became, in 1506, curé of Glaris, a place not far from his native village of Wildhaus.

His first labours were far other than controversial. Quarrelsomeness has always been charged upon the Swiss as the discreditable companion quality of their unquestioned courage. At the beginning of the sixteenth century this disposition seemed to have become chronic in the blood. Every Swiss was a soldier, ready, not to defend his country, but to sell his sword and his courage to the highest bidder. War was the national trade and the national vice. It was as a patriot, no less than as a Christian, that Zwingle deplored this evil: he preached against it; he wrote against it. He used sarcasm and exhortation, poetry and prose. In an allegorical poem called *The Labyrinth*, he compared the immorality, and especially the indulgence of the ruling passion of the Swiss—their lawless love of war—to the fabled 'Minotaur': the children of the people were by this monster destroyed both in body and soul: where was the Theseus who should deliver his country from so great a calamity? That a reformer was wanted he thus began to feel himself, and allegorically shadowed forth to others. To a Christian minister it would readily occur that the weapons of this new Theseus must not be carnal. 'There is one cause'—so he concludes his poem, leaving the allegory for energetic exhortation—'there is one cause of all these misfortunes. No man among us is an imitator of Jesus Christ.' This, then, was Zwingle's first idea of the Reformation: not to match doctrine against doctrine, theory against theory; not to exchange the subtleties of the schoolmen for those of more modern divines; but to oppose morality to immorality, virtue to vice; to confront and put down the besetting sins of his countrymen; and for this end he believed that Christianity was the only means—and this

Christianity, not the rites or doctrines of the Church, but 'an imitation of Jesus Christ.'

But Zwingle's exhortations availed little with his countrymen against their passion for war and the bribes and entreaties of Rome. The war between France and the Papacy was at its height, and the members of the Swiss Confederacy were tempted in 1512 to descend again from their mountains to the plains of Italy to fight the cause of God and the Church. The entire commune of Glaris marched to the war, its landamman and pastor at the head; if Zwingle could not avert the expedition, it only remained for him to accompany it. The result of the campaign was to the Swiss victory—a fresh impulse to their warlike propensities; the result to Zwingle was a determination more important, perhaps, to Switzerland and to Europe than the victories of his companions—he resolved to learn Greek.

He had been in Italy; he had looked more closely upon the reality of the Papacy; he had heard the great sin of his countrymen encouraged by those who called themselves the ministers of Christ; he had seen his country's fields abandoned, his countrymen not slain merely, but debased, brutalized, given up to all licence and shamelessness by long habits of mercenary warfare, and this in the name of God and the Church; and the end of it all was that he would learn Greek. The importance of this study he himself always estimated as nothing less than vital. When taunted in after years with being a Lutheran, his reply was that he studied Greek before he had heard of Luther.

Scarcely less important, perhaps, was the quiet time, those two years during which, at Glaris, and in company with the great Erasmus at Bâle, he pursued his studies. He became well acquainted with and deeply attached to the ancient authors; so much so, that his fondness for them, no less than his love of music, was made matter of reproach to him by some of his religious friends. But those who honour Zwingle, not as a good Protestant, but as a noble man, will find no impiety in his reply to

one of these objections, that 'Plato had surely drank at the divine source.' They will think that, in interchanging his biblical studies with that of Cicero, of Demosthenes, of Thucydides, of Pindar, of Homer, in laying up in his treasure-house things new and old, he imitated the example rather than violated the precepts of his great Master.

There is always something fascinating to the imagination, no less than instructive to the heart, in dwelling upon that season of tranquillity which with so many great men has preceded a life of enterprise—the peaceful seed-time when the harvest of future action has been sown in quiet reflection. This two years' interval in Zwingle's life—during which he became acquainted with his dear friend and biographer, the Melancthon of the Swiss Reformation, Oswald Myconius—was in frequent communication with Erasmus, the man of the most cultivated intellect of the age—in daily intercourse with the great masters of ancient wisdom,—must have been a period to which he himself often looked back with pleasure. It reminds us of the forty years spent by Oliver Cromwell on the banks of the Ouse, of the convent life of Luther, of the Tarsus retirement of Paul, and of those thirty years at Nazareth where a greater than Zwingle, or Luther, or Paul, lived and worked, and was not known.

In 1515, the French and the Italian troops were again opposed to each other; again the Swiss communes descended to the valley of the Po, to defend the standard which the Church had hallowed. Zwingle was again with them; again he grieved, and now more than formerly, because the arts of the French had sown discord in the ranks of the confederates, and treachery, division, and probable defeat were added to unprofitable and unhallowed warfare. Five days before the battle of Marignan, he preached to an armed audience, exhorting them, not when it was too late to return, but to the practical and most urgent duties of fidelity and union. Again he preached in vain, and the slaughter of the flower of the Swiss youth upon that fatal field was the result of his neglected counsel. In the heat

of that dreadful conflict, Zwingli, seeing his countrymen cut down, and the side for which they fought pressed hard, himself seized a sword, and bore himself manfully, fighting for what was always his country—for what was still his Church. Again some of his friends were scandalized at the unclerical act. Even M. d'Aubigné, the enthusiastic and eloquent advocate of the Reformation, stigmatizes the act as a mournful error, and ventures to quote as a prophecy applicable to Zwingli the words, that 'they who take the sword shall perish by the sword.' Others, again, think that the old command given to more modern soldiers, 'to put their trust in God and keep their powder dry,' was no less pious than prudent; and see in the bravely-drawn and nobly-wielded sword of Zwingli an eloquent continuation of his previous sermon. Had Zwingli at the age of thirty-one stood still, a calm spectator in that dreadful crisis, content to ejaculate or to preach, while his countrymen and the cause they fought for were struggling in a death agony, he might have been a more faultless model for modern platform panegyric, but he would not be remembered and honoured as the great Swiss Reformer.

But to the excitement of the conflict, to the wretchedness of defeat, succeeded calmer and more suggestive reflections. He had again looked upon the papacy; again had he seen his countrymen shed their blood, and as he believed imperil their souls, in needless war, and now he again saw the cause for which they were called upon to do this. He saw a godless pope proclaiming himself the successor of the godly Peter; he saw a corrupt priesthood declaring that the mystery of righteousness was hid with them, that they alone were accredited to reveal it: he saw a pompous and a sensual worship, a low and base morality, a degraded and ignorant people looking for instruction to a scarcely less ignorant clergy; and again the thought of Theseus moved him, again he sighed that in all this he found no imitation of Jesus Christ, and he returned to Switzerland, not as Luther had been forced to do, to

denounce the Church and its abuses, but to preach that gospel which he had now received in the very words of those who wrote it.

Zwingli himself dates the Swiss Reformation from the year 1516, the year in which, having returned from Italy, he was transferred from the cure of Glaris to that of Einsidlen. Luther's celebrated theses were published in 1517, and it was while repudiating the charge of being a mere imitator of the great German Reformer that Zwingli named the above date as an epoch. The year, however, was not unreasonably chosen. What he had conceived in Italy, he wrought out and declared at Einsidlen. The place was, and still is, one of great resort for pilgrims. The Virgin herself was said to have claimed the church for her own the night before the consecration, and was believed to be especially present in this favoured and self-chosen spot. Zwingli saw the pilgrims come in throngs to satisfy a scruple or to enjoy a sentiment, and his heart was moved, even as Paul's was 'when he saw the city wholly given to idolatry.' And Zwingli's declaration was the same as Paul's. He was no rude iconoclast; he did not break down the sentiment nor shock the scruple with irritating severity. 'Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye pay great reverence to the gods: 'Ye pilgrims of Einsidlen, God is with you here in the church of our Lady of Einsidlen, but he is with you everywhere.' Yes, that was the answer, that was the solemn doctrine of both, 'God dwelleth not in temples made with hands:' 'it is the heart that God regards, and our heart,' said Zwingli, 'is far from him.' As usual the audience was divided. To many it was a hard saying; to many it was a word of emancipation. The tide of pilgrims fell off for a time, and again increased; and still they go up to the chapel of our Lady of Einsidlen, and find no Zwingli there: neither is Paul's doctrine to be heard on the hill of Mars, and yet we may well believe that neither Paul nor Zwingli have spoken in vain.

Thus the Swiss Reformer confined himself, as it were, to a nega-

tive attack upon the Church, and therefore was a more difficult adversary for Rome to deal with than Luther. The indulgence did indeed about this time appear in Spitzerland, and Zwingle preached zealously against it; and its bearer, the monk Samson, was forced to beat a precipitate retreat; but the indulgence was a far less prominent question here than in Germany. Zwingle's attacks upon the Church consisted at this time not so much in theses, in the assertion of doctrines, but rather in the direct preaching and reading of the Bible, without any reference to the Church. It was difficult to prohibit such a course to a regularly ordained priest, and yet dangerous to allow it. It was sought to win him by pensions and appointments. A pension from the Pope he actually did receive for some time, unwilling to come to a breach with Rome, unconscious doubtless of the full extent of the gulf which divided him from the papacy; 'but think not,' he said to the legate who pressed him to keep it, when he himself in 1518 wished to give it up, 'that for the sake of money I will keep back one syllable of the truth.' An opportunity was soon given him to show that he could keep his word.

The office of preacher to the cathedral church of Zurich, an important ecclesiastical post, was vacant. Zwingle had no immediate connexion with Zurich; he had not yet done any work to which the world could point, and say, 'He did this:' but he had that strong character which makes itself felt now, which in the sixteenth century made itself felt, perhaps, yet more; and the young priest was known, had his warm friends and his hearty enemies throughout Switzerland. He was nominated as a candidate: great efforts were made both by his friends and foes. He had those qualities of amiability, of liveliness, that indescribable grace, which make friends so devoted; that fearless love of truth which makes foes so deadly. The former urged his learning, his piety, his honourable reputation; the latter reproached him with 'being an innovator, a scholar, and a flute-

player. The transgressions of his earliest manhood (and let it not be denied, Zwingle himself never did deny, that he had not passed through the fire altogether scatheless) were raked up against him. Friends prevailed; and on the 11th of December, 1518, Zwingle was elected preacher of Zurich. The chapter, half repenting their boldness, received the new official in fear and trembling. They sketched out for him the duties of his office, deprecating above all things innovation, and prescribing caution.

On the 1st of January, 1519, his thirty-fifth birthday, he ascended for the first time the pulpit of Zurich. An eager crowd was collected to hear him, but he simply announced that he intended 'to preach Christ. I wish,' he said, 'to conduct you to him;' and that he should commence a series of discourses on Matthew's Gospel. These sermons produced a great sensation and no little offence in Zurich; but there was still the same difficulty of laying hold upon him so long as he confined himself to simple reading and expounding of the Bible, and thus attacked the abuses of the Church only by implication. Moreover, Zwingle appears to have had a sweet temper, ill-disposed for strife. He had a zeal equally removed from fanaticism and indifference; he had the toleration of Robert Hall, who declared that 'He who is good enough for Christ, is good enough for me;' he had the toleration of Paul, who became all things to all men, that by all means he might save some; even in the same spirit, said Zwingle, in words which deserve to be chronicled in the scanty repository of golden sayings which steer clear equally of fanaticism and indifference, 'He must close his eyes to much, who would win sinners to Christ.' He possessed also that spirit of genuine republicanism which so commends itself to the affections of men. He mixed with the poor largely, not as a patron nor as a priest, but as a brother. His musical talent was known, and had been exercised at many a humble hearth in Zurich. Of Luther, it has been said, that 'he had compassion on the people.' Had Zwingle not

shared the feeling, he would not have been what he was. Compassion for the people! Sympathy with the people! Love for the people! Phrases all so polluted and abused, so sullied by hypocrisy, so stained by insolence, that they are scarcely in good repute, but feelings which have never been wanting to the best and greatest men of the world, those in whom largeness of intellect and goodness of heart have been most united: feelings without which no great hero has ever lived, and no world-wide movement has ever been accomplished, whether known as Democracy, or Republicanism, or Philanthropy—or under that older, more hallowed, and less abused name of *Charity*.

Thus the opening of Zwingle's career at Zurich was not unpeaceful. He was indeed soon engaged in a second resistance to the monk Samson, who, with his indulgences, made another visit to Switzerland in the course of this year (1519), but either Samson was less persuasive than Tetzl, or the Swiss were less credulous than the Germans, for the indulgence made little way among the former, and Zwingle in opposing it was supported by a considerable public opinion.

But a change was soon to come over himself and those with whom he had to deal. Zwingle was recruiting his health and strength at Pfeffers, when a terrible plague, 'the Great Death,' broke out in many parts of Switzerland, and with especial severity at Zurich. Zwingle forthwith returned to his post, and immediately after his arrival was attacked by the pestilence. Long time he lay between life and death. The Swiss Reformation seemed in as imminent peril as did that of Germany when Luther went to Worms. He recovered, but from this time much of the gaiety of youth seems to have deserted him. Zurich had been stricken down by the pestilence. Some of his own friends had died. At the same time his dearest and most intimate friend and companion, Oswald Myconius, was taken from him, being removed from Zurich to Lucerne. It was

with an enfeebled body, but with a chastened, if not a sterner spirit, that Zwingle henceforth devoted himself to the work of church reform.

He began to preach more boldly; the assembly of the Helvetic Diet brought many strangers to Zurich, and Zwingle's fame was spread more and more throughout Switzerland. He still observed the same policy, if it may be so-called, of preaching the gospel, and declaring its supremacy, rather than attacking the Roman Church. The monks were restive under the process, but could only taunt their opponent with always uttering the same things over and over again. So far from offending those in authority, however, this course of Zwingle's obtained their approbation; and an edict was issued by the Council of Zurich, which is itself curious, as reminding us how intimate was the connexion between Church and State, that nobody should preach anything which was not to be found in or immediately deduced from 'the sacred sources of the Old and New Testaments.' As M. d'Aubigné observes, this put the monks into an awkward predicament: they were to preach nothing but the Bible, which the greater part of them had never read. That the lay authorities, however, were not disposed to go to any great lengths in reform, was proved about the same time by the cruel death of a poor man called Galster, who, fired by the emancipating doctrine, had not the discretion to keep him from carrying it out to all its logical conclusions. He openly denounced the worship of the saints and of relics, attacked the priests and the superstition of their ritual. The Council was aghast at the audacity; the wretched man's own family renounced him, as Hindu castes would renounce a fallen brother; all authorities, civil and ecclesiastical, joined to exterminate him; he fled to the woods, was hunted down by dogs like a beast, and publicly beheaded. This was at the end of the year 1520. Doubtless Zwingle laid the lesson to heart, and learnt not to trust too much in Councils—perceived that the Minotaur would not die without a struggle—that the new Theseus would have no bloodless triumph.

In 1521-22, two events occurred which further irritated the enemies of the Reformation, and tended to bring matters to a crisis. The war-like spirit had grown rather than decayed in Switzerland, and when the people of Lucerne were exhorted by Zwingle not to yield to the papal seductions, not only did they refuse the counsel, but regarded it as the treacherous advice of a Lutheran, for that already began to be a name of reproach even in Switzerland. Before this irritation had subsided, there arose a controversy about fasting in Lent. There were many, less earnest perhaps than Zwingle in essentials, but more zealous in things indifferent, who violently opposed the practice. This at once brought the two parties into collision. Zwingle, when appealed to, gave an opinion in harmony with his usual quiet sense and moderation. Fasting, he said, was undoubtedly a custom prescribed by ecclesiastical authority, which those who respected that authority would do well to observe; but as undoubtedly, it had no divine sanction, and was not enjoined by the word of God. This answer did not content the adversaries; a growing feeling of dissatisfaction prevailed, and, on the 7th of April, 1522, three commissioners appointed by the Bishop of Constance, authorized by him to inquire into certain strange doctrines and practices said to be taught and tolerated, presented themselves before the Council of Zurich. The commissioners, after some preliminary discussion, were admitted before the great Council of Two Hundred. Zwingle has himself left us, in a letter to Erasmus, a graphic account of what followed. At first it was attempted to exclude Zwingle. The commissioners had resolved to fight the Reformers with their own weapons, to give them nothing to lay hold of. No charge, they said, was preferred against Zwingle or any individual; and he had no right to be present. A sense of justice, however, overcame the quibble, and the respondent, as he was universally felt to be, was admitted. Melchior Battli, the Bishop's coadjutor, opened the proceedings. True to his policy, he avoided all mention of Zwingle's

name. In eloquent tones, which Zwingle records his admiration of, he complained that certain persons were allowed to teach new and seditious doctrines; such as that ceremonies ought not to be observed; whereas ceremonies were indeed the only mode by which the vulgar could be brought to recognise the truth. These doctrines, it was urged, caused schism in the church, and were contrary to ancient custom. Those who so taught, separated themselves from the Church of Christ, and incurred the woe denounced against those who offend; these teachers did ill in presuming on their own opinion rather than the ancient authority and usage of the church.

When the coadjutor had concluded, Zwingle rose to reply; but Melchior and his companions declared that they had said nothing against Zwingle, had no authority to dispute with him, and prepared to leave the room. There were, however, murmurs of disapprobation. Zwingle appealed to the council. 'My name has not been mentioned, but who does not feel that I have been attacked, and will you not hear my answer?' There were murmurs among the Council that he ought to be heard. Still the commissioners pleaded that they had no authority to dispute with any man, and were still bent on departure, when Zwingle turned to them and reproached them for their unfairness. 'I adjure you,' he said, 'in the name of our common faith, in the name of our common baptism, in the name of Christ, the author of life and salvation, if not as commissioners, at least as Christians, hear me.' The appeal was solemn, and the feeling of the assembly supported it. The commissioners resumed their seats, and Zwingle began. He candidly acknowledged that he thought it desirable that some of the ceremonies should be abolished, for that they were, as Peter had declared of other ceremonies, a burden too heavy to be borne; but that he did not deny the right of a lawful authority to establish ceremonies. But that 'the vulgar can only be brought to acknowledge the truth by means of ceremonies, I find not,' said Zwingle,

'that Christ or the Apostles thought so.' As to the charge of presumption, they rather were amenable to it who laid such stress on human desires and institutions as to prefer them to the Divine authority; for the matter of schism, 'when it is said that the people of Zurich have separated themselves from the church'—(here the coadjutor interrupted him,) 'I did not say that.' The audience, however, bore witness to the correctness of Zwingle's representation; he himself courteously expressed his willingness to forget what at any rate appeared not to have been intended; 'but you men of Zurich,' he added, 'let no taunt move you—that ye have deserted the church of Christ. From my late discourse on Matthew's Gospel, you must remember what is written: how Christ declared to Peter, confessing his name—that on this rock I build my church; and other foundation no man lays or can lay. He who believes in Jesus, be he who he may, be he what he may, be he Jew or Scythian, he is not separated from the church of Christ.* The Council separated without coming to any more definite resolution than that the matter should be referred to Rome; thus either side might claim a victory; the important result, however, was that the veil was taken away, the sword was drawn; Zwingle had openly confronted as an opponent the officers of the church; henceforth he was to be regarded as a professed adversary.

The Helvetic Diet in 1522, being forced to take cognizance of the religious movement at Zurich, prohibited the teaching of new doctrines, a blow which from its vagueness fell but lightly. The Council of Zurich meanwhile took upon them to decide a more definite issue. The monks complained that their old liberty was encroached upon by the order to preach the Bible; they demanded to preach St. Thomas Aquinas and the other schoolmen. The Council ruled the point against them, and this ruling left the reformers virtually in sole possession of the field. The year 1522 was eventful to Zwingle. On

the whole he had made considerable progress at Zurich, where he preached without impediment, and began now to oppose freely the worship of Mary and the saints. But patriotism was still his ruling passion; and once more he had seen his countrymen in the battle of the Bicoque defeated in an alien cause. That Zwingle was no member of the Peace Society his subsequent life amply proved; he recalled with pride the former wars in which Swiss had fought and conquered; but 'your fathers,' he wrote to the men of Schwyz, 'fought not for money, but for liberty.' He laid all these things up in his heart, and his views of church reform became more and more identified with his aspirations for national liberty. In the end of this year he married Anna Reinhardt, a widow, and one of his own parishioners. It is not, perhaps, to the discredit of Anna, and casts no suspicion upon the happiness of Zwingle's married life, that her name seldom occurs in his subsequent history. His biography did not consist, like that of some modern Protestants, in a record of prayers, self-reproaches, and painful self-analysis; he was from this time till his death, engaged in vigorous action, not merely the head of a sect, but the life and soul of his nation; not merely a great Protestant, but a great Swiss; and in such a life the domestic history is not the less complete because it is silent.

In July, 1522, Zwingle and several other clergymen met at Einsidlen, in the cure of which place, Leo Juda, a staunch friend of reform, had succeeded Zwingle, to consider what was the actual state of the 'Gospel' movement, for this was the name by which friends delighted, and even foes did not always refuse, to designate the new agitation. It was agreed to petition the Bishop of Constance and the Helvetic Diet on two points:—1st, the freedom of preaching; 2nd, the celibacy of the clergy. In thus reducing the questions discussed to two, and in the two so selected, we trace particularly the character of Zwingle; ever practical, and caring

* Zwing. Opp. iii. 15.

less for subtleties of doctrine than for liberty of speech and the establishment of morality. Zwingle was now sufficiently sure of his ground at Zurich to assume the offensive. He published theses, as Luther had done, the tenor of which was, that Christianity consisted in obedience to Christ, not in membership of a visible Church. A Conference met at Zurich, on the 29th January, 1523, to discuss the propositions so laid down. Either because the place of meeting—Zurich—was thought to be too favourable to Zwingle to admit of a successful opposition, or for some other reason, the adversaries kept silent, and the Council, who acted as judges, suffered judgment to go, as it were, by default, and pronounced Zwingle justified in the course he had taken. The Church was not likely, however, to remain quiet under a defeat, especially after the outrages which soon followed.

The question of crosses and pictures in churches, though apparently not dwelt upon by Zwingle, was nevertheless creating at this time considerable excitement. While the dispute was going on, a man of the name of Hottinger, entered a church at Stadelhof, took down a cross which he found there, and deliberately destroyed it. All Switzerland was in an uproar; the Romanist cantons in a state of frenzy, such as those who have witnessed the disturbances created of late years in Hindu towns by the first introduction of the European custom of slaughtering the sacred cow, can easily picture to themselves. Hottinger was seized, and his death loudly clamoured for. The Evangelical party looked anxiously to Zwingle. His answer was immediate, and such as an enlightened man at the present day would give upon a calm review of the circumstances. Hottinger, he said, was clearly wrong; he had no authority for what he had done;

he had acted violently and without warrant, but he was not guilty of death. Fresh conferences and disputations followed this commotion. The old question of Church membership was brought forward. 'The Church,' so Zwingle plainly declared, 'is not the clergy.' The opposite doctrine was not without equally plain-spoken advocates. 'The pope, the cardinals, the bishops, and the councils, they are my Church,' said one old man, impatient of any more modern, or less tangible definition. The Evangelical doctors were led on to question one point after another, and to the dispute about images, discussions on the mass were now for the first time added. The results of this Conference were important. Zurich, long inclined to the new doctrine, now declared for it in some sort openly, by separating herself from the see of Constance. This was the first civil declaration in favour of reform which had been witnessed in Switzerland; it may be regarded as the end of one chapter, perhaps the most pleasing, certainly the most successful, in Zwingle's life. His contest in Zurich itself was over; he had gained his point; henceforth that town was to serve him as a base for more extended but scarcely more fortunate operations. This declaration of the Zurichers was, however, a signal for renewed and fiercer opposition throughout Switzerland. The Diet met at Lucerne, ever the centre both of military and religious fanaticism; they demanded that Zurich should put down the Reformation, and expel Zwingle. The Zurichers replied by taking down all the images out of the churches, and prohibiting processions. The Diet then proceeded to pronounce Zurich out of the Confederacy; the latter met the sentence by the suppression of the mass, substituting for that ceremony the celebration of the Lord's supper.* The Churchmen resolved

* In connexion with this subject we would gladly have described Zwingle's interview with Luther, and the celebrated Marburg Conference. We have been forced to omit it for want of space. It is interesting from the dramatic record preserved of it, and the light thrown thereby on the character both of Zwingle and Luther. It was, however, but an episode in the life of the former. His object was to bring about unity among the friends of reform, much more than to settle the doctrine of the eucharist. Thus, when all efforts on both sides had failed, and Luther still pointed with unreasoning obstinacy to the words which he had written

once more to bring the disputed questions to the issue of a conference.

It was determined, however, by the diet, to change the *venue*; Zurich was too favourable to the Reformation and to Zwingli: Baden was well disposed to Rome, the men of Baden would not be always insisting on the Bible like the Zurichers, Baden should be the place. The men of Zurich objected, quoting the rule of the confederation which required that every dispute should be settled in the place where it had occurred. Zwingli was ready to waive his objection, and to meet his opponents at Sigall or Schaffhausen; but this the council would not permit. The place then stood fixed for Baden; the next great point was to find a man. Dr. Eck, Luther's old opponent, was chosen. He was favourably known by his contemptuous remark on the Swiss reformer, that 'Zwingli had milked more cows than he had read books:' he gladly accepted the invitation of the Diet. The Conference was fixed for the 19th of May. Zwingli's friends and indeed all Zurich, were urgent upon him to stay away. It was said that everything indicated the intention of foul play. Eck had for years been preaching the root and branch extirpation of heresy; Baden had, even within the last year, been stained by the blood of martyrs to reform; what could such a man and such a place portend but violence? These arguments prevailed, and Zwingli did not go to Baden.

Doubtless our first impression at hearing this fact is disappointment. We are involuntarily reminded of the great act of Luther's life: how he was dissuaded from going to Worms, how boldly he answered, how valiantly he went, how nobly he overcame. But upon reflection this feeling appears unreasonable. Prudence and indeed justice, are not to be sacrificed, except on the stage, to great scenes or thrilling situations. Zwingli was a very different man to Luther; in some

respects his character, if less attractive, is more rare. He was enthusiastic, but never imprudent. A true warm-hearted Swiss, he seems never to have been led away either by success or failure into folly or cruelty. Busily occupied at Zurich, he probably regarded this question of going to Baden soberly and deliberately. The law did not bid him go, on the contrary, the local authorities and the fundamental law of the confederation were in favour of his staying away; the points to be discussed had already been the subject of repeated conference; why should he go? Both his former and his subsequent life entirely redeemed him from the charge of cowardice; in short we are inclined to believe that his abstinence from the Baden Conference, if it deprives us of a biographical effect, tells rather in favour of than against the character of Zwingli. Œcolampadius himself, who did go and was Dr. Eck's successful opponent, so successful that after the conference, no less than three cantons—Basel, Berne, and St. Gall, immediately declared with Zurich in favour of the Reformation, expressed his gratitude to Zwingli, for the help which the latter by his written counsel, had daily afforded him throughout the controversy.

The Baden conference did not answer the intention of its projectors. Perhaps they had chosen their man ill. The loose luxurious living, and the overbearing manner of Eck and his companions, had contrasted unfavourably with the temperance, the frugality, the meek but winning eloquence of the venerable Œcolampadius. As has been said, three cantons declared in favour of the Reformation, and these were joined soon after by Schaffhausen, Glarus, and Appenzel. The question was no longer one of doctrine, a dispute for doctors and theologians; Switzerland was divided against herself.

The five Wood Cantons, Uri, Lucerne, Schwyz, Unterwalden, and Zug, joined in a counter league for the extirpation of heresy. It was

on the table, *Hoc est meum corpus*, Zwingli with tears in his eyes said, 'At any rate we may still be friends.' Luther, however, had more of the theologian in him, and refused Zwingli's proffered hand.

with them the cause of conservatism and war, against the new-fangled doctrines of reform and peace. Lucerne had ever been foremost in advocating those leagues with foreigners, which Zwingle, and latterly under his auspices Zurich, had opposed. But besides this, those highland Swiss had the love of all mountaineers for whatever was established among them. They seemed to have derived from the 'everlasting hills,' among which they dwelt, a hatred for all change. Catholicism was the faith of their fathers, the chapels and crosses of the ancient Church adorned their hills and hallowed their homes, while the abuses of the Church were comparatively far from them. But however fair the motives which actuated the anti-evangelical league, its first step was one which could not fail to repel the sympathy, and rouse the indignation of every true Swiss. Too truly did it appear that the constant practice of mercenary warfare, if it had not diminished Swiss valour, had sadly impaired Swiss patriotism. In February 1529, the hill cantons after much discussion, and an opposition raised by some of their own supporters who still preferred their country to their party, invited Austria to interfere to help them to put down the heresy of the neighbouring cantons. The league so inauspiciously commenced by treason was yet further to be cemented by innocent blood. A priest of the name of Kayser was seized, on no other charge than that of being an innovator, brought before the assembly of the Catholic cantons at Schwyz, condemned and executed.

The crisis of Zwingle's life was come. The evil which in his earliest years he had deprecated, the dread of which had first brought him in conflict with the Church, the loss of Swiss nationality, this had now come to a head and openly declared itself. It was not enough that Swiss blood should have been shed on distant fields in an alien cause, that the peaceful Swiss villages should have been corrupted by the licence of soldiers continually returning from unpatriotic wars, that pious priests should have been deprived of their cures for speaking according to

their conscience—all this had been done and borne with; but now an old man, a preacher of the Gospel, had been murdered because he would not forego freedom of speech, and the sons of those who fought at Sempach and Morgarten had invited the assistance of the House of Hapsburgh to suppress the liberty of their countrymen. War must be met by war: so great a treason could only be chastised by the sword. From this time forth Zwingle was no more the cheerful pastor, the amiable and gentle preacher, the learned and acute logician: the time required an able statesman, an energetic soldier, and Zwingle was the man of the time. He protested, he preached, and all for war; he declared that peace to be no peace which was maintained with an oligarchy who would betray their country; he called upon the people to remember Gideon and Joshua, and to be ready to serve God by shedding their blood in behalf of their country. Berne would not consent to the vigorous measures proposed, but at Zurich Zwingle was all in all. War was declared on the 5th June, 1529, and the Reformer himself, amidst the prayers and blessings of the people, went forth with the army.

Zwingle's influence was predominant in the camp, as it had been in the city. Every day the troops assembled to hear him preach; the strictest discipline was maintained; cheerfulness was promoted to the utmost, but all licence rigidly repressed. The men were occupied in military exercises, in athletic games, in musical entertainments; but cards, dice, and other ordinary concomitants of Swiss military life were prohibited. These soldiers, under Zwingle, exhibited that spectacle which some writers of the present day have been inclined to deny the very possibility of; viz., the union of high discipline and military efficiency with strict morality and a religious public sentiment: a spectacle, however, which the world has witnessed in other troops besides those who served with Zwingle—in the English Ironsides of Cromwell, and the Swede soldiers of Gustavus Adolphus.

The Catholic cantons were not

prepared for this vigour on the part of their enemies. Austria had her hands too much occupied by the Turks to send them any immediate succour. They were forced to deprecate the horrors of civil war, and propose negotiations. To these Zwingle was vehemently opposed. He forfeited his character yet a third time with that class of men who had deprecated his drawing a sword at Marignan, and had been scandalized by his flute-playing in Zurich, by the tenacity with which he opposed peace, and still argued for war. He knew that the enemy only negotiated in order to gain time; that when Austria was disengaged, the war would be recommenced under conditions less favourable to Zurich; and he thought it not inconsistent with the pastoral office to advise that the conduct of a war which was just should also be politic. But he met little or no support. The coldness of Berne had discouraged the Reformers, and terms were agreed upon, the chief of which were that the Austrian alliance should be renounced, and compensation made to the family of the murdered Kayser. The war was over for a season; but the time was gone by for Zwingle to return to his quiet calling as preacher and pastor to the Cathedral Church of Zurich. The cause of reform had become identified with the nationality of Switzerland; the enemies of reform had thrown in their lot with the hereditary champions and representatives of anti-popular despotic institutions. Zwingle committed himself to the wide sea of political speculation, where if his visions were not always sober, they were never unpatriotic.

His scheme was that Philip, the Landgrave of Hesse, a friend of Luther and the German Reformation, should be elected to the Imperial crown; that in the meantime Charles V. was to be regarded as the natural enemy of Switzerland, and, as a necessary consequence, France conciliated as her natural ally. But in the field of diplomacy Zwingle found that his own sanguine temperament and republican views met with little reciprocity. The movement in Germany had been far more religious than politi-

cal, and his German friends, being used to obedience and subjection, regarded Zwingle as little better than an enthusiast and a visionary. He was engaged for some time in active correspondence on the subject of a Swiss-French alliance; but here also he exposed his own game too frankly, and was met but coldly by the trained diplomatists of France.

Meanwhile Zwingle's influence in his own Zurich had declined. The event had indeed justified his objections to a hollow peace; the spirit of the Five Cantons soon revived, and in the beginning of 1531 they again declared their uncompromising opposition to the new doctrine—their determination to pursue the preachers of it to the death. Zwingle was still for war: the cause of the persecution was the cause of tyranny: its allies, natural and actual, were those foreign pensioners who had been his earliest enemies; men who, living on the bounty of neighbouring states, earned their base hire by raising the mercenary levies, to sell their courage to the highest bidder. In the cause of reform therefore was bound up the separate independent existence of Switzerland; the other party had already shown their true colours in appealing to Austria. But the men of Berne were averse to war, and their coldness had spread to Zurich. A blockade of the Wood Cantons was instituted, scarcely less cruel in its effect than war, for these hilly regions were almost absolutely dependent on their neighbours for subsistence. The blockade caused great misery: it produced all the heart-burning, without the decisive results of war. The storm of impending conflict gathered darker and darker. Zwingle, feeling that his position in Zurich was different from what it had been, at last stood before the Council; he told them that for twelve years he had preached the Word of God among them; that from the first he had denounced the foreign levies and their hireling advocates; but these last were still tolerated and listened to, and now he could do no more, and must depart. The Council was horrified: Zwingle had become identified with Zurich, and Zurich felt that she

could not exist without him. The Council implored him to take three days to reconsider his determination. For three days, accordingly, he resolved within himself what he should do. Should he return to his native mountains, and after so much labour end his days in peace; or should he still devote himself to his country, even were it to thankless labour and painful death? The latter seemed the nobler choice: he appeared again before the Council and consented to remain.

War was indeed imminent; but all was changed since that time, only two short years before, when Zurich marched forth in proud defiance of her enemies. Now, as then, war threatened, but the reformers were ill prepared and unwilling to meet it. The five cantons had, as Zwingle foretold, used the treacherous truce to strengthen themselves for future efforts. The cruel and yet feeble policy of Berne, which would substitute commercial edicts for the sword and musket, had inspired all the hill people with the deadliest hatred against the reformed cantons. They laboured for war; message after message came to Zurich imploring the citizens to arm against the coming danger. But the spirit of Zwingle had departed from their councils. They convoked assemblies, they sent deputations, they did everything but send out men and guns, and were still muttering peace while the enemy was already at their gates. Zwingle himself went heavily and full of sadness. His conviction was as firm as ever that friendship with the persecutors was treason to Switzerland, but he perceived that the coming contest would bring only the miseries of a civil and religious war, without the fruits which energy might have wrested out of bitterness.

The 10th and 11th of October, 1531, were days long remembered in Zurich. It was reported that the army of the five cantons was in motion, was at Zug, and on the point of advancing to Zurich. Truly those whom the gods will destroy they first dement. The council sat all day, and doubted, and disbelieved, and discussed, and still nothing was done. At last a thousand men were sent to occupy the table-ground

which, at Cappel, on the southern slope of the ridge of Albis, looks down to Zurich on the one side, and Zug. These soon sent on the other word that they had seen the enemy crossing the Lake of Zug. It was evident that Cappel would be the first point of attack. The poor garrison of a thousand men who held that natural stronghold must, above all, be reinforced. Then the council became aware of their danger when it was too late. The great banner of the canton was set up in the market-place; the alarm bells were rung; but morning broke, and scarcely more than five hundred men were assembled, many of them old and feeble, and time pressed; Cappel was perhaps already being attacked, it seemed, indeed, that all was lost. Then, in the eleventh hour, men's hearts and eyes were turned again to Zwingle; they remembered then how long he had been their guide, their councillor, their priest, statesman, general; and it was with an instinct of self-preservation that a crowd gathered at ten o'clock on the morning of the 12th of October before the Reformer's door. But it was too late. Zwingle could no longer help—he could only die with them. He accepted on the spot the appointment of field preacher, and straightway mounted his horse to join the little army. He parted from his wife, nor did he conceal his conviction that it was for the last time. 'The hour is come,' he said, 'for us to part; it is the Lord's will, may He be with thee and me, and our people.' Anna perceived his thought, and asked him plainly, 'Shall we meet again?' 'As the Lord will; His will be done.' 'And what will your return be?' 'Blessing after a night of darkness.' With this he kissed his children, mounted his horse, and joined the banner. At eleven o'clock the forlorn hope of Zurich moved forward.

Meanwhile, the little army at Cappel was making brave resistance. About midday the attack commenced, and lasted the whole day. The Zurichers, though so inferior in number (the army of the five cantons was about eight thousand strong) had a strong position, and fought with a desperate courage,

which showed how different the event might have been had the council been brought earlier to a sense of its danger. The afternoon was already far advanced when the great banner reached the summit of the *Albis*. The autumn sun still lighted up one of the most glorious landscapes of that glorious land; but for those *Zurichers* there were in all the gorgeous prospect only two objects — behind them their native town and its smiling lake, before them a handful of countrymen sorely pressed, the sole bulwark left between *Zurich* and a fierce, revengeful enemy. *Zwingle*, mounted on his horse and (as the manner was in those days for a field preacher) clothed in armour, arrived, with some few others, at the top of the ridge overlooking the field, before the main body with the artillery had toiled up. The superiority of the enemy was at once apparent. 'We must wait,' said some, 'till our whole force is collected.' 'Ay,' said *Lavater*, 'if we had a force, but we have only a banner, and no soldiers.' 'Shall we remain here,' *Zwingle* cried, 'and listen to the shots which fall among our fellow-citizens? I will on, in God's name, to those brave men, and gladly die in the midst of them.' And so they descended from the *Albis*.

It was now four o'clock. The *Zurichers* had bravely held their own, their position was yet inviolate, and the combat which had raged for four hours had now subsided, the enemy had drawn off, and, as it seemed, did not intend to renew the attack that evening. But a Swiss of the *Uri* canton, named *Jauch*, having by a stealthy reconnoissance ascertained the real weakness of the *Zurichers*, that their reinforcement truly consisted, as *Lavater* had said in bitter jest, of little more than a banner, reported his discovery to the leaders, and urged an immediate renewal of the fight. The leaders were obstinate, and insisted on a halt; when *Jauch*, with a freedom which was at once the strength and weakness of the republican armies, called on those who would to follow him, and with three hundred picked companions proceeded noiselessly against

the weary, 'unsuspicious *Zurichers*. Growing darkness favoured the manœuvre—the surprise was complete; but the *Zurichers*, with unabated courage, sprang to their arms, and a terrific combat ensued. Then was heard for the last time the voice of the preacher. 'Brave men, be not faint-hearted; our cause is good, even if we fall: commend yourselves to the Lord, who alone can help us and ours.' Then no more words, save those which were interchanged in the deadly bitterness of hand-to-hand battle. 'Heretics!' 'Temple spoilers!' 'Idolaters!' 'Godless papists!' Each word cost a life. The *Zurichers* had recovered from their surprise and had the advantage, but now the whole army of the five cantons moved to the rescue, and numbers prevailed. The *Zurichers* still fought, every man to the death; the forlorn hope yielded not, but was destroyed; and the great Banner, saved by a prodigy of valour, which in itself forms one of the most brilliant and heart-stirring episodes in the history of war, was brought back alone to *Zurich*.

Meanwhile, *Zwingle* had but one duty left. He bore himself manfully in the field, though it was said that the grief which had sat so heavily upon him for many months did not leave him to the end. It chanced that a young man, a relative of his own, *Anna's* son-in-law, was struck down at his side. *Zwingle* dismounted, and resuming for the last time the pastoral office, spoke to the dying man words of consolation. While so employed he was struck on the head by a stone; he fell, but rising immediately received two stabs in the side, and again fell speechless. Twice more he rose, but was again struck down by the blow of a lance. Then *Zwingle* knew that his hour was come. 'What matters it? They may kill my body, but they cannot kill my soul.' These were his last words. He lay down beneath a pear-tree to die, and the battle raged on.

Night had fallen when two soldiers going over the field to strip the slain came to *Zwingle*, and finding him with his hands folded as in prayer, still alive, asked if he

would have a priest. Zwingle shook his head. 'So then,' said one of the soldiers, 'thou art a heretic from the town yonder?' The other came nearer, and looking closely at him, said, 'I believe it is Zwingle!' An officer standing by, one Fackinger, an old supporter of the mercenary levies, heard the word; he drew his sword, 'Dio, obstinate heretic!' he exclaimed, and so killed him with a blow.

Zwingle was dead, and Rome, after her manner, burnt the body; but his works followed him, and his name is alive to this day. Some, indeed, would still shout with his last enemy, 'Obstinate heretic!' and would join with a persecuting church in insulting the remains of a dead enemy whom living she had feared; others who profess a Reformed religion have nothing better to remember of this great Reformer than certain 'Zwinglian infidelities';* others again, who claim exclusively the name of Protestant, would fain persuade us that Zwingle was in their sense of the word a Protestant hero. But if there be any who, having followed this imperfect sketch, believe that we have rightly viewed the character of Zwingle, they will agree with us in repudiating for him the praise of such friends no less than the invective of open enemies. Zwingle's life was that not of a priest, a churchman, a theologian,—but of a Swiss, a patriot, a man. He did not begin life with a cut-and-dried religious system which he was resolved to impose upon the world; he did not insist that all truth was contained in certain religious dogmas more or less difficult of comprehension. He was born among the mountains, and early learnt from Nature's teaching the love of God and of his country. As he grew up, he perceived in the mercenary levies by which, for no cause but money, life was sacrificed and society corrupted, a grievous sin against God and a heavy blow and scandal to Switzerland. The circumstances of his education, no less than the cast of his own mind, led him to seek for a remedy in a healthier state of morals, and this,

he believed, could only be brought about by religion. He found religion, as it existed, corrupt, and altogether inadequate for this purpose, and thus he was brought into collision with the established doctrines, not with the furious uncalculating enthusiasm of a speculative theorist, but with all the calm temperate energy of a practical Reformer. This was the object of his life, which he pursued steadily, though perhaps not always wisely. It may be that at the end of his life he played too deep a stake—that not even the greatness of the evil, not even the Austrian alliance, justified the dreadful remedy which he sought to apply. If this be so, at least he paid the penalty; his error, if such it was, may be buried on the field of Cappel; his virtue, his patriotism, and his courage, softened as these qualities were by his gentle temper and winning manners, his proficiency in humanizing arts, his familiarity with what is noblest in letters, these remain purified and illumined by the fire of posthumous persecution. His character had not the brilliant light nor the deep shade of Luther's; he had not that rugged honesty, that tempestuous energy, that deeply-stirring humour which secure for the German Reformer the first place among European heroes; but he had an even, well-balanced temperament, which if less attractive is certainly not less rare. There is no passage in his life, except indeed the last, equal in thrilling interest to Luther's journey to and appearance at Worms; but his whole career up to 1523 was one most remarkable for its deliberate progressive success. Such a life must have much to teach us at any time, but at this particular season it contains perhaps no more significant moral than the difference which it seems to indicate between the Protestantism which existed in the sixteenth century and the Protestantism which is so-called in the nineteenth.

The Protestantism of the Reformers was not a creed; it was not an assertion, but a denial. Some have been unwilling to admit this; they have said that to construct is

* Bishop Wilberforce's Charge, reported in *The Times* newspaper, Nov. 11, 1854.

nobler than to destroy, and they have thought it a reproach to be told that Protestantism destroyed rather than created. They forget that the Creation has been from the beginning; that he who from time to time clears away the rubbish which accumulates on the surface of truth is effecting a wholesome work of destruction, which it is but an abuse of words to call a creation. They who would transform Protestantism from a negative into a positive, do violence to history, and at the same time no service to the memory of the Reformers. Those great men require no sophistry to justify their actions. They found the world lying at the mercy of a set of men called priests, asserting the thing to be which was not, and they freed the world from this injurious supremacy; they found human speech, the great means given by God for the promotion of truth among men, limited by certain dogmas called the catholic faith; these limits they removed, or greatly extended. They found Christian men hardened by ceremonies grievous to be borne; they eased them of this burden. Surely all this was a work of destruction, but none the less for that a work of truth, well deserving the grateful honour of humanity. Strong in this purpose, Protestantism went forth, a true protest against the tyranny which oppressed men's conscience, already sufficiently oppressed by the devil; a protest against the idolatry which diverted men from the worship of God, from the contemplation of the thousand wonders which bear witness to him in every place and during every hour, to the worship of some earthly idol, to the fond admiration of some grotesque miracle. Strong in this purpose, Protestantism met kings and conquered them, spoke to kingdoms and gained them. For this Protestantism, this protest against falsehood and oppression, this struggle against a weight which lay upon every man's heart and home, warriors were found ready to fight, and martyrs glad to die. This was the Protestantism of Zwingle. But what is Protestantism now? Where do we hear of it, from whom, and

how? Protestantism is the cry of a party; it has its votaries at the tea-table, its advocates in the pulpit, its bishops in the church, its representatives in the Parliament, its organs in the press; but it has not a place in the hearts of the people. And this, because it has forgotten its origin, and assumed in great measure the place of the foe whom once it so gloriously overcame.

But this is not the Protestantism for which Zwingle laboured; this is not the Protestantism which in its development produced an Elizabethan age, a Milton, a Cromwell. This is not the Protestantism which shook the world. And yet the spirit of Zwingle is not dead, but it is to be sought elsewhere than within the limits of a party, which, retaining a certain phraseology, think that it retains also a certain reality.

Where liberty is oppressed, where good men suffer wrong, where tyranny triumphs, where injustice riots, there would Zwingle now as then be found—to strive and to resist. The spirit of Zwingle—God grant it!—yet lives among us; the spirit which has led so many brave men to a hard life and a bitter death on the shores of the Crimea,—this does truly represent the spirit of the sixteenth century, the spirit in which Luther lived and Zwingle died.

In recent Parliamentary history, the modern Protestantism has played a conspicuous part. War has its good as well as evil consequences; it produces earnestness, a more careful appreciation of fact, a more vigorous opposition to cant. May we not hope that the true, the old Protestantism may find its place once more in the deeds rather than the speeches of the legislature; not the Protestantism of Nunnery Bills, or Sunday Trading Bills, but that of hearty reforming energy; not the Protestantism to the *leadership* of which Mr. Disraeli is invited by the Protestants of Ireland, but that for which Zwingle laid down his life on the blood-stained heights of Albis?

BUTLER'S POEMS.*

BUTLER stands alone among our poets. He struck out for himself a path which had been as yet untrodden, and every attempt to follow him has ended in signal failure. Nay, further, his own celebrity rests almost entirely upon the merits of his one great work, the *Hudibras*. Into this single poem are thrown the reading, the observation, the thought, the accumulated gall of a life spent in the midst of great events, in which the poet saw himself cast into obscurity by the ascendancy of a party he hated; and the result has been a work of art, not indeed of the highest order, but of the highest excellence in its kind. Even those peculiarities which at first sight appear to be faults, will be found on closer examination eminently calculated to produce the effect which Butler had in view. The poem perfectly answered its immediate object; the newly emancipated nation found in its biting sarcasms and broad humour an adequate expression for the mingled feelings of spite and contempt with which they regarded the strait-laced Puritans, under whose social tyranny they had long been groaning; while its various excellences, addressed to readers of all capacities and every degree of information, have ensured it a place among those books which, like *Robinson Crusoe* and the *Pilgrim's Progress*, everybody reads, and every reader more or less appreciates. A thoroughly good laugh, in which all the powers of the soul bear their part, in which reason, memory, imagination, feeling, each contributes to the universal merriment of the whole man—a laugh, which, like the echoes in a mountain gorge, now makes itself heard in a low guttural chuckle, now bursts into an irrepressible roar, and after it has apparently died away, returns upon us again and again—is indeed one of the most pleasing and healthful exercises we can enjoy; and of such laughs, *Hudibras* is an inexhaustible magazine. Every school-boy is capable of tasting the

humorous descriptions and the burlesque rhymes which, while they materially contribute to the comic effect, fix the passages of interest indelibly on the memory. What risible muscles can resist the humour of these well-known passages:—

Beside he was a shrewd philosopher,
And had read every text and gloss o'er.

The oyster-women locked their fish up,
And trudged away to cry 'No Bishop!'

Ay me! what perils do environ
The man that meddles with cold iron.

Such church must surely be a monster
With many heads; for if we conster
What in th' Apocalypse, &c.

Or, where speaking of ordination by imposition of hands—a ceremony, by the way, which is common both to the presbyterian discipline which he ridicules and the episcopalian which he, by implication, at least, defends—he says:—

He'll lay on gifts with hands, and place
On dullest noddle light and grace,
The manufacture of the kirk,
Whose pastors are but th' handiwork
Of his mechanic paws, instilling
Divinity in them by feeling:
From whence they start up chosen vessels,
Made by contact, as men get measles.

Here much of the humour depends on the ridiculous rhymes, which any one can appreciate. But the interest of the reader of more information is maintained by the necessity of continually exercising his memory and ingenuity to discover the allusions to all possible branches of knowledge, which crowd upon one another in every line. He is not for a moment permitted to be the mere passive recipient of his author's ideas; he must work himself, if he would have his due share of amusement. True it is that many of our modern poets, whose learning is not equal to that of Butler, require their readers to work very hard indeed to understand them; but it often happens that after we have laboured to discover the author's point, we find that he has really failed to make it, and are thus early deterred from any further effort, just as a well trained

* *Poetical Works of Samuel Butler.* Edited by Robert Bell. Three Volumes. London: John W. Parker and Son, West Strand. 1855.

pointer becomes sulky at the repeated misses of the cockney sportsman, and runs home in disgust. But the longer and more carefully we hunt with Butler, the more amply are our pains rewarded. The game falls to each of his barrels at every discharge.

But though there is but one opinion upon the literary merit of *Hudibras*, it appears to us that justice is not always done to the breadth of the principles which it is its object to maintain. It is generally considered a clever but coarse satire on the Puritans, to whom the nation is so deeply indebted for their noble assertion of political liberty. This seems to us to be a very inadequate view of the scope of the poem. Its primary object is indeed to hold up to ridicule fanaticism, a vice fraught with the most baneful effects upon the well-being of society, but in the pursuit of the object, almost every public abuse and private vice or folly receives its due share of castigation, applied with so much good sense and discrimination as to place Butler only second to Horace as a moralist.

It is extremely difficult for us at the present day, to realize the fanaticism that prevailed in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, or the institutions which were partly its effect, and partly its cause; for while the penal laws enacted against any class of religionists who happened to be for the time subdued, were, no doubt, the result of the fanatical spirit which was abroad, they also tended to foster and increase it indefinitely. The Calvinistic republican of Butler's time, with his strange personal peculiarities, and his fierce determination to make everybody else conform to them, by 'apostolic blows and knocks,' is now, like the Ichthyosaurus, only known in books, or by detached and mutilated parts which are sometimes brought to light in a fossil state by convulsions of nature. We, who are Episcopalians in England, and when we cross the border, Presbyterians — who listen with equal edification to Dr. Cumming in the morning and to Dr. Wordsworth in the afternoon, and never dream of inquiring whether they have acquired their right to address us

from the imposition of the hands of the bishop or of those of the presbytery—can with difficulty understand the excessive zeal for each other's destruction exhibited by the rival sects in the seventeenth century; and yet without having some idea of the practical grounds of the quarrel, much of Butler's satire is lost, and its real tendency misapprehended.

The real grievance, common to both the Episcopalian and Presbyterian disciplines, lay in their adding a temporal sanction to spiritual censures. The two sects contended not only for the endowments and emoluments of a national church, but for the power of coercing by temporal punishments—by fine, imprisonment, banishment, or death—those whom the ecclesiastical authorities had pronounced guilty of offences against faith and morals. The difference between them lay only in the mode of administering this power. Under the Episcopalian régime, the heretic or moral delinquent was first presented or informed against by the minister and churchwardens of his parish, to the Ordinary, who adjudicated on his case; if he was found guilty, he was fined; if he refused to pay the fine and to make satisfaction, he was handed over to the Court of Chancery, which might imprison him until he sought for absolution, or the release from ecclesiastical censures. From the Ordinary lay an appeal to the Archbishop, and from him to the Sovereign, in the Court of Star-chamber. This system is embodied in the canons of the present established church, but it is now happily obsolete. The several statutes passed for the relief of dissenters, and the force of public opinion, have now made these canons almost a dead letter.

The Presbyterian discipline resembled this in every respect, except that the lay elders took the place of the churchwardens, the classis of the bishops, the provincial synod of the archbishop, and the national synod of the Sovereign in the Court of Star-chamber.

But the Presbyterian discipline infinitely excelled the Episcopalian in its activity, and in the extent of the jurisdiction it claimed over the conduct of the people. Every one

who absented himself from his parish church, who did not receive the sacrament three times a year, or who was guilty of blasphemy, immorality, slander, or malicious injury, was liable, by the Episcopalian canons, to be presented to the Ordinary. The Presbyterian code of morals was much more comprehensive. All idle amusements, such as bull and bear-baiting, dancing, and stage plays, no less than offences against morality and the orthodoxy of Calvinism, were searched out and punished with severity; and the result was that in every parish was established a little Inquisition. Such a tyranny must have been almost insupportable, and yet it co-existed with a strong assertion of political liberty. By the subversion of the throne and the Episcopalian establishment, the nation had asserted its right to choose its own form of government and its own religion; but the religion it chose turned out to be a social tyranny so searching, active, and comprehensive, that a vast majority of the people welcomed with transport the restoration of a political despotism, which promised them a mitigation at least of civil and religious slavery. The Restoration was not so much the result of a return to the principles of hereditary monarchy and the faith of the Church, as of the anxiety felt by all parties to get rid of a vexatious ecclesiastical discipline enforced by the temporal sanctions of the civil power.

Against this phase of Presbyterianism, Cromwell having first used it for his own purposes, afterwards found it necessary to make a stand, while he described it coarsely but forcibly, as 'a strange itch upon the spirits of men,' which made them dissatisfied unless they could 'press their finger upon their brethren's consciences to pinch them there.' Milton lifted up his voice against it, and declared that 'New presbyter is but old priest writ large.' While Ralph, who represents the party to which both Cromwell and Milton, in the latter years of the interregnum, belonged, thus delineates its most striking features:—

Synods are mystical bear-gardens,
Where elders, deputies, churchwardens,

And other members of the court,
Manage the Babylonish sport;
For prolocutor, scribe, and bear-ward,
Do differ only in a mere word.
Both are but several synagogues
Of carnal men, and bears, and dogs;
Both antichristian assemblies
To mischief bent, as far's in them lies,
But stave and tail with fierce contests,
The one with men, the other with beasts.
The difference is, the one fights with
The tongue, the other with his teeth;
And that they bait but bears in this,
In th' other souls and consciences;
Where saints themselves are brought to
stake

For Gospel light and conscience' sake;
Exposed to scribes and presbyters,
Instead of mastiff-dogs and curs;
Than whom they've less humanity,
For these at souls of men will fly.
This to the prophet did appear,
Who in a vision saw a bear;
Prefiguring the beastly rage
Of church-rule in this latter age,
As is demonstrated at full
By him who baited the pope's bull.
Bears naturally are beasts of prey
That live by rapine; so are they.
What are their orders, constitutions,
Church-censures, curses, absolutions,
But several mystic chains they make
To tie poor Christians to the stake?
And then set heathen officers,
Instead of dogs, about their ears.
For to prohibit and dispense,
To find out or to make offence;
Of hell and heaven to dispose;
To play with souls at fast and loose;
To set what characters they please,
And mulcts on sin or godliness;
Reduce the church to Gospel order
By rapine, sacrilege, and murder;
To make presbytery supreme,
And kings themselves submit to them;
And force all people, though against
Their consciences, to turn saints:—
Must prove a pretty thriving trade,
When saints monopolists are made.
When pious frauds and holy shifts
Are dispensations and gifts,
Ther godliness becomes mere ware,
And every synod but a fair.
Synods are whelps of th' Inquisition,
A mongrel breed of like pernicious.

Butler was a zealous and effective opponent of Presbyterianism, but his zeal appears to have been founded upon political rather than religious grounds. Mr. Bell, in the memoir of his life, suggests that his Protestantism may have been one cause of the indifference of Charles to his merits; but we should imagine from his writings that his Protestantism was like that of the Irish

gentleman, who, in reply to a friend's inquiry as to the religion of a proposed tenant said, 'Oh! I do not think he has any religion, but he is a good Protestant.' The religious dissensions of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries had induced hard-headed men like Butler and his friend Hobbes, who knew that the first object of government is internal peace, to look upon all religions as equally pernicious. But inasmuch as men *will* have some religion, they inferred that the state should choose for them a form of worship, from which all zeal should be carefully eliminated. For this purpose the Episcopalian establishment, devised by the Tudors, seemed eminently adapted. Its head was identical with the head of the state, who therefore had a veto upon all its proceedings; while the crown, by holding in its hands the appointment of its superior officers, the bishops and deans, besides a vast amount of lower patronage, might, by the influence so obtained, effectually check every incipient bud of independence among the clergy. We shall, therefore, find that in this age the strenuous advocacy of Episcopalianism was often combined with a disbelief in the Christian religion.

But though the primary object of *Hudibras* be to cover with obloquy and ridicule the politics and religious discipline of the two leading sects which had supplanted the Episcopalian establishment, the satire deals with a much wider range of subjects. General censures are easily answered; for all abuses are the corruption of a use, and to state the latter is a sufficient reply to objection. But Butler depicts the particular corruption with a distinctness which leaves no room for evasion. He photographs the offender, who is then easily recognised, under whatever disguise he may attempt to conceal himself. The tricks of the judicial astrologers, who in that age exercised a strange influence over the minds of men, and the follies of the experimental philosophers, who were now beginning, with imperfect light, to set the *Novum Organum* to work in the investigation of nature, afforded tempting themes of ridicule to a

mind, like Butler's, practical even to hardness. But the lawyers come in for a Benjamin's mess of ridicule. His knowledge of the details of the profession—whether learned, as some suppose, in an attorney's office, or in his capacity of magistrate's clerk—give him an enormous advantage in this encounter. It is possible, too, that he may have had a practical experience of the law which sharpened the virulence of his sarcasm, for it is stated by the author of his *Life*, which appeared in 1710, that his wife once had a competent fortune, the greater part of which was lost by being put out on bad securities. If the lawyers robbed him of his money, he was determined to pay himself out of their reputation.

Butler's peculiar excellence lies in his practical good sense and unrivalled powers of sarcasm; his great fault, partly the result of natural disposition, and partly of the age in which he lived, consists in the *hardness* of his mind, and its want of sympathy with the higher feelings of humanity. And yet to say that in his poetry there are no traces of high feeling, and even tenderness, would be to do his genius a great injustice. Throughout the *Hudibras* here and there are scattered passages of exquisite beauty and pathos, and they come upon us with all the more effect from the contrast they present to his general manner. The following fine reflection occurs in the midst of one of the knight's most absurd speeches:—
 Nor shall they be deceived, unless
 We're slurred and outed by success;
 Success, the mark no mortal wit
 Or surest hand can always hit:—
 For whatso'er we perpetrate,
 We do but row, w^e are steered by fate,
 Which in success oft disinherits,
 For spurious causes, noblest merits.
 Great actions are not always true sons
 Of great and mighty resolutions;
 Nor do the bold'st attempts bring forth
 Events still equal to their worth,
 But sometimes fail, and in their stead
 Fortune and cowardice succeed.

The following admirable simile winds up another of the knight's harangues:—
 For as we see th' eclipsed sun
 By mortals is more gazed upon,
 Than when, adorned with all his light,
 He shines in serene sky most bright;

So valour in a low estate
Is most admired and wondered at.

Mr. Bell, in a note, justly styles the following description of night a 'very exquisite passage':—

The sun grew low, and left the skies,
Put down, some write, by ladies' eyes;
The moon pulled off her veil of light,
That hides her face by day from sight,—
Mysterious veil, of brightness made,
That's both her lustre and her shade—
And in the night as freely shone
As if her rays had been her own:
For darkness is the proper sphere
Where all false glories use to appear.

In the last couplet the poet resumes his satirical vein with admirable effect. The illustration at the close of the well-known description of loyalty, which we cannot resist the temptation of quoting for the benefit of those who have been in the habit of considering *Hudibras* a mere burlesque, is but too applicable to the situation of many of the royalists, even after the Restoration:

This when the royalists perceived—
Who to their faith as firmly cleaved,
And owned the right they had paid down
So dearly for, the church and crown—
Th' united constanter, and sided
The more, the more their foes divided:
For though out-numbered, overthrown,
And by the fate of war run down,
Their duty never was defeated,
Nor from their oaths and faith retreated;
For loyalty is still the same,
Whether it win or lose the game,
True as the dial to the sun,
Although it be not shined upon.

It has often been objected to *Hudibras* that the story is insipid and unnatural, and its conduct destitute of dramatic effect. While we acknowledge the allegation to be true, we doubt whether it be an objection. In such questions of taste the object the poet had in view should occupy a prominent place; if he accomplish this, he cannot be censured for missing a mark at which he never aimed. It was clearly not Butler's object to tell an interesting story, nor to present scenes of dramatic interest before the reader's eye. His fable is purposely kept out of view, like the hooks upon which a rich tapestry is hung. The satire, the reflections, the illustrations, are the real substance of the poem, and a more artfully contrived or striking fable

would have withdrawn the reader's attention from that which is essential to that which is merely accidental and subordinate. It appears to us that the *Hudibras* is more or less an allegory, and that the Knight and Squire are not only representations of Presbyterians and Independents, but of Presbyterianism and Independentism. So little, however, does the interest depend on the allegorical meaning, that while Grey, Nash, and Mr. Bell have all traced in their notes the allegorical meaning of certain passages, none of them have thought it worth while to enter into a detailed explanation of the hidden import of the whole. In this they are no doubt right; for the explanation must, after all, be a matter of conjecture, with which it is not the editor's duty to encumber his author. In this respect *Hudibras* has only shared the fate of all compositions founded upon allegory; for who ever troubles himself about the mystical meaning of the *Divina Comedia*, *The Faerie Queen*, or *The Pilgrim's Progress*? Indeed, the chief use of allegory appears in its effect upon the author's, rather than upon the reader's mind. The esoteric meaning which plays before the poet's fancy as he writes, gives strength and consistency to his mode of handling the exoteric, in which alone the great mass of readers take any interest. But however little the esoteric import of *Hudibras* adds to our enjoyment of the poem, it seems to us obvious that if the knight and squire be allegorical personages, as appears to be generally implied, the rich widow, who is the other chief character, must be also an allegorical personage. The explanation we should offer is, that she represents the State, widowed by the destruction of the Episcopalian establishment; and that the efforts of *Hudibras* to obtain her hand typify the endeavours of the Presbyterian party to be united with the State, or, in other words, to become the established church of England. If the poem had been completed, its allegorical import would probably have been placed beyond a doubt.

Butler's poetry, abounding as it does in allusions to every branch of

knowledge, no less than to contemporary customs, events, and personages, stands in greater need than any other of careful editing. To this task Mr. Bell has addressed himself with all the zeal of one to whom it is a labour of love, and his success, as may be anticipated, is proportionately great. The bare enumeration of the contents of the volumes will give the reader some idea of the extent and minuteness of the care he has bestowed upon it. The two first volumes contain a life of the poet, and the *Hudibras*, with copious notes; the third volume is composed of *The Elephant in the Moon*, a satire on the early labours of the Royal Society, which Butler, sworn enemy to all *doctrinaires*, seems to have regarded with especial contempt. This is followed by satires on various subjects, some translated from Boileau; by ballads, chiefly directed against Cromwell and the Puritans, and by most curious and interesting extracts from Butler's commonplace-book. These consist of various readings of *Hudibras*, and of miscellaneous thoughts, short passages and reflections, some of which were afterwards incorporated into his great poem. The process of its formation from the raw material, as it first arose in the author's mind till its final issue in the form in which we now have it, is thus exhibited, and affords a very interesting study. To the whole are appended Supplemental Notes, containing curious translations of *Hudibras* into Latin, French, and German, and explanations of some few points upon which the editor appears to have obtained fuller information after the first two volumes had been published. It is not our intention to follow the example of some of our contemporaries, who, having incorporated the editor's labours into their article, and paraded his information as the fruit of their own knowledge and research, dismiss him with a flippant criticism on one of his facts; we shall therefore endeavour to follow Mr. Bell through some of those new stores of illustration which he has collected for the benefit of Butler's readers.

Of a poet who was more read by his contemporaries than perhaps

any other that ever lived, and who is still, after an interval of nearly two hundred years, in everybody's hands, little is known, except that he was born in humble circumstances, and died in want. Born at Strensham in 1611 or 1612, for the Register supplies the date of his baptism in the February of the latter year, he was educated at the Collegio school at Worcester, and early in life became a magistrates' clerk. This situation he quitted for some office in the household of the Earl of Kent, which he relinquished for the service of Sir Samuel Luke, an officer of Cromwell's, and the prototype of *Hudibras*. In these ignoble employments were passed the first fifty years of the poet's life, during which he probably laid up those stores of learning, observation, and sarcasm which afterwards astonished and delighted his party. On the Restoration he was made secretary to Lord Carbery, Lord President of Wales, and shortly afterwards steward of the Castle of Ludlow. About this period he married a Mrs. Herbert. In the beginning of 1663 he published the first part of *Hudibras*, and towards the latter end of the same year, the second part. From this time till 1678, when the third part appeared, absolutely nothing is known of him till the close of his unhappy life on the 25th of September, 1680. To these facts may be added the tradition, preserved by Otway, Dryden, and Oldham, that he lived neglected by the party to whom he had done such signal service with his pen, and died in penury.

To these meagre details Mr. Bell has added a large mass of collateral information, bearing more or less upon the poet's life. From the Diaries of Pepys and Evelyn he extracts much amusing and characteristic gossip relative to the extraordinary popularity of the *Hudibras* on its first appearance, and makes the reader acquainted with the kind of society in which the poet lived, by curious and minute accounts of his schoolfellows, and of the few associates by whose sympathy his life was cheered. He has even gone to the trouble of obtaining an accurate account of the present state of

the house at Strensham in which Butler was born, and of all the original portraits of him still in existence. By a careful comparison of contemporary biographies, the dates of some events in his life are ascertained, and gratuitous conjectures reduced to their due value. But it is in establishing beyond a doubt the fact that Butler was neglected by the Court—a fact hitherto involved in some obscurity—that Mr. Bell has chiefly increased our stores of biographical knowledge. The question is discussed in the following extract, and its illustrative notes:—

It is said that the King bestowed a gratuity upon him; but the anecdote is accompanied by details which render it incredible, and which, if true, show that the benevolence of his Majesty bore no proportion to the necessities it professed to relieve. As the story runs, Charles II. ordered Butler a donation of £3000, which, considering the state of his Majesty's exchequer, the illustrious prodigality with which its funds were squandered upon courtesans, and the parsimony with which they were administered to the wants of men of genius, may be regarded, without much hesitation, as a pure fable. The order was written in figures, and some person to whose hands it was confided cut off a cipher, and reduced the amount to £300. In this mutilated form it passed through the public offices, free of fees, at the solicitation of Mr. Longueville;* but Butler, being overwhelmed with debts, requested that gentleman to disburse the money amongst his creditors; so that the grant—supposing it to have been really made—never reached his hands. The grounds upon which this anecdote may be confidently rejected are obvious. That any person should have ventured to deface the King's warrant is as unlikely as that the King granted a warrant for so enormous an amount; and that the story in this shape was either unknown to Butler's biographers, or totally disbelieved by them, may be inferred from the fact that none of them allude to it, with the single exception of Chalmers, who does not appear to have

believed it himself. The whole merit claimed for the King by any of the writers of Butler's life is that he bestowed a gratuity of £300 upon the poet; but if we trace this statement to its origin, we shall find that it rests on no better foundation than that of a loose report. The earliest notice of it occurs in the pleasant, but not always reliable, pages of Aubrey, who says that the King and the Chancellor promised Butler 'great matters, but to this day he has got no employment, only the king gave him . . . lib.' It is clear, from the careless way in which this piece of information is communicated, that Aubrey merely repeated the idle gossip of the day, without being able to verify the fact, or supply the particulars. The writer of the *Life* prefixed to the edition of 1710, makes no reference to such a gratuity, nor to any bounty of any kind bestowed by the king on Butler; and the sum of £300 is specifically mentioned for the first time in the *General Dictionary*, published in 1734-41. The genealogy of the tradition is fatal to its authenticity; and of the subsequent biographers who have repeated it, Dr. Nash alone considers it entitled to credit. Dr. Johnson casually refers to it as a report, and is careful to add that he can find no proof of its truth.

It is also said at second-hand, on the authority of Mr. Lowndes, who was Secretary to the Treasury in the reigns of King William and Queen Anne, that Charles II. allowed Butler a pension of £100 a year. This statement is not only unsupported by a shred of evidence, but is contradicted in a very remarkable manner by all the evidence we possess. If Butler enjoyed a pension it must have been known to Mr. Longueville, or some of his other friends; but Mr. Longueville, who appears to have communicated all the particulars he knew, evidently never heard of it; and there is no fact in the life of Butler so unanimously testified by his contemporaries as the fact that he was neglected by the party he served, and that he died in want. That fact was patent and notorious at the time; it is almost the only fact about which no doubt exists; it was proclaimed from the stage four years after his death, in words which received his own sanction;† it was made a

* This story is related in a note by Chalmers, without any reference to the source from whence it was derived.

† Tell 'em how Spenser died, how Cowley mourned,
How Butler's faith and service were returned.

—OTWAY, Prologue to *Constantine the Great*.

These lines, written by a Royalist poet, who himself died of starvation in the following year, were not spoken on the stage till after Butler's death, as the date shows; but it appears, from a passage in Dr. Nash's preface to *Hudibras*, that they were written during his lifetime, and sanctioned by his adoption, Butler having

common theme of reproach by the poets and writers of the Restoration, and chiefly by those who were attached to the Court, and whose testimony on such

a point is above suspicion;* it was recorded by Voltaire, in his account of *Hudibras*, on the authority of our then current literary history;† and if addi-

twice transcribed them, with a slight variation, in his MS. Common-place Book. Although Butler's fidelity to his principles restrained him from making his own case a ground of direct complaint against the king and his advisers, the reader cannot fail to perceive that the third part of *Hudibras*, published in 1678, when he must have relinquished all hope of reward, is full of satirical allusions to the follies and vices of the Court. In these allusions we cannot detect the language of a pensioner.

* On Butler who can think without just rage,
The glory, and the scandal of the age?
Fair stood his hopes, when first he came to town,
Met everywhere with welcomes of renown,
Courtied, and loved by all, with wonder read,
And promises of princely favour fed;
But what reward for all had he at last,
After a life in dull expectance passed?
The wretch at summing up his misspent days,
Found nothing left, but poverty and praise;
Of all his gains by verse he could not save
Enough to purchase flannel and a grave;
Reduced to want, he in due time fell sick,
Was fain to die, and be interred on tick;
And well might bless the fever that was sent,
To rid him hence, and his worse fate prevent.—OLDHAM.

Oldham was contemporary with Butler, and survived him only three years. These lines were quoted by Winstanley, also a contemporary, as an illustration of the treatment men of letters received from the Court, in the preface to his *Lives of the Poets*, licensed in June, 1686.

Aubrey says that, in the latter part of his life, Butler had no employment, and 'died in want.'

But perhaps the most remarkable contemporary authority on this subject is Roger North, the author of the *Examen*, who says in his *Life of Lord Guildford*, 'Mr. Longueville was the last patron and friend that poor old Butler, the author of *Hudibras*, had, and in his old age he supported him, otherwise he might have been literally starved.'

Dryden bears the following testimony to Butler's destitution, and makes the skilful Hind throw the blame upon the Church:—

Unpittied Hudibras, your champion friend,
Has shown how far your charities extend;
This lasting verse shall on his tomb be read,
'He shamed you living, and upbraids you dead.'

—Hind and Panther.

In a letter, conjectured to have been written about 1683, to the Earl of Rochester, Dryden, pleading his own distresses, again alludes to the case of Butler:—'It is enough for one age to have neglected Mr. Cowley and starved Mr. Butler'—and this, too, while Charles II. yet occupied the throne.

'Butler,' says Dennis, 'was starved at the same time that the king had his book in his pocket.' 'Was not his book,' says Colley Cibber, 'always in the pocket of his prince? And what did the mighty prowess of this knight-errant amount to? Why, he died, with the highest esteem of the Court, in a garret.'

To these passages may be added the following lines by Butler himself, which may be presumed to have a direct reference to his own experience:—

Great wits have only been preferred
In princes' trains to be interred;
And, when they cost them nothing, placed
Among their followers not the last;
But, while they lived, were far enough
From all admittances kept off.—Misc. Thoughts.

† Butler tournait les ennemis du Roi Charles II. en ridicule, et toute la récompense qu'il en eut fut que le roi citait souvent ses vers. Les combats du chevalier Hudibras furent plus connus que les combats des anges et des diables du *Paradis perdu*; mais la Cour d'Angleterre ne traita pas mieux le plaisant Butler, que la cour céleste ne traita le sérieux Milton, et tous deux moururent de faim ou à peu près.—*Lettres sur les Anglais*.

tional evidence were necessary to prove that Butler lived and died in destitution, it might be found inscribed upon his monument. Had Butler been in the receipt of a pension, it is not to be believed that his contemporaries should all have concurred in representing that he was nearly reduced to starvation by neglect; and that which was unknown to them cannot be implicitly accepted on the mere assertion of Mr. Lowndes, a hundred and twenty years afterwards.

Of the fact that the poet did live neglected, and die in want, there can be no doubt; the evidence is too strong to admit of palliation. But that the fault lay entirely with the Court, we cannot so easily admit. Scarcely had the king returned, when Butler, though *Hudibras* was yet unborn, was appointed to the lucrative and important post of secretary to Lord Carbery, in his capacity of Lord President of the Principality of Wales; and shortly afterwards to the stewardship of Ludlow Castle. How did he come to lose these situations? If he threw them up on the strength of his prospects as an author, the least that can be said of him is, that he was guilty, at the age of fifty, of a piece of folly which would be excusable only in a youth. This supposition is strengthened by a remark of Aubrey, quoted by Mr. Bell, viz. that Butler 'might have had better employments, but that his expectations were too ambitious, and so at last he had no employment at all.' The only alternative is to suppose that he was dismissed from his offices for misconduct. This is not likely; but from the anecdotes preserved of his social tastes, he seems to have been marked by one of the peculiarities of his party, which is certainly not conducive to habits of business; and which, though it was of no detriment to a minister of the Crown, as the duties of ministers were then performed, or to Court favourites, like Buckingham and Rochester, would have been intolerable in one who had the actual superintendence of a department. 'A good fellow,' and a 'three-bottle man,' as he appears to have been from some anecdotes quoted by Mr. Bell, might have made a very good soldier or peer; but, if this were his character, the court can hardly be blamed for not appointing him to an office of

responsibility. It may be urged, however, that though Butler did throw up his employments, or though he was unfitted to retain them, Charles might have employed his money better, in allowing him a small pension, to be spent among the dens of Covent garden, than in lavishing it upon the Clevelands and Querouailles. This cannot be denied.

There seems, however, to be a general tradition, that the king did present him with a gratuity on the first appearance of *Hudibras*; this, as we have seen, was by some placed at an incredible amount, by others magnified into a pension. But supposing it to have been £300, this would have been scarcely enough to support Butler for six months, even if he had lived economically; and therefore his having received this donation is by no means incompatible with his complaints of neglect and poverty. And yet, if Butler were unwilling or unfit to hold office, £300 would be a handsome donation.

Mr. Bell, justly as we think, rejects the explanation of the neglect of the Court founded upon 'the integrity of his religious convictions': the expression we should have used would have been rather 'the integrity of his *irreligious* convictions.'

In the Memoir, the present editor seems to have collected and digested absolutely all that is known, or can be surmised from collateral evidence, respecting the history of the poet's life; but it is in his annotations that he has conferred the greatest boon upon the admirers of Butler. His extensive and minute acquaintance with the literature of the Restoration, has enabled him to hunt out many an allusion which would escape an ordinary reader, but without a knowledge of which the author's point would be wholly lost. In these respects he has had the advantage over previous editors in having at his command the labours of the Percy, Camden, and Shakspeare Societies, of whose researches he has made diligent use. Here the curious in the *Re vestigations* of the sixteenth century, will find themselves initiated into all the mysteries of slashed doublets,

trunk hose, ruffs, farthingales, dud-gons, points, and a world of fashions, which supply Butler with illustration. The personal history of the various characters satirized or cursorily alluded to, is discussed with a minuteness which leaves nothing that at all bears upon the text unelucidated; while the customs, habits, and popular superstitions, the riding the Stang, the Skimming-ton, the bear-gardens, coffee-house, law-courts, mulberry-gardens, fairs, and scientific clubs of the mad age of the Restoration, are resuscitated for our amusement. There is one feature of these notes which appears to us to be peculiarly valuable. The author is made to illustrate himself. Wherever the same or a similar train of thought is observable in Butler's prose writings, or in other parts of his poems, it is referred to at the bottom of the page, thus enabling the reader to perceive the different guises in which the same thought arose in the poet's mind. We are not aware that this plan has been carried out by any previous annotator. Its excellent effect is exemplified in the following. In vol. ii., p. 141, occur the lines:—

Quoth he, 'There's nothing makes me doubt
Our last *outgoings* brought about,' &c.

To illustrate the use of the word *outgoings*, the editor extracts the following passage from Butler's *Character of an Hypocritical Nonconformist*:—

'The Nonconformist does not care to have anything founded in right, but left at large to dispensations and *out-goings* of Providence. He cries down the Common Prayer, because there is no ostentation of gifts to be used in the reading of it; and like the Church of Rome (which he abominates), addresses himself to the rabble in a language of which they understand not one word. As the Apostles made their divine calling appear plainly to all the world by speaking languages which they never understood before, he endeavours to do the same thing most preposterously by speaking that which is no language at all, nor understood by anybody, but a collection of affected and fantastic expressions, wholly abstract from sense, as *Nothingness, soul-damningness, and savingness, &c.*, in such a fustian style as the Turks and Persians use; that

signify nothing but the vanity and want of judgment of the speaker, though they believe it to be the true property of the spirit, and highest perfection of all sanctity.'

To enter minutely into the various points of interest touched upon in these notes, would carry us too far; but we must give our readers as an example one which strikes us as particularly curious, showing, as it does, that the 'miracles' and 'mysteries' of the middle ages, survived to a late period in the puppet-shows of Bartholomew fair. The note occurs on the following passage:—

The chaos, too, he had descried,
And seen quite through, or else he lied,
Not that of pasteboard, which men show
For groats, at fair of Bartholomew.

Upon this Mr. Bell observes:—

Puppet-shows were amongst the most popular amusement of Bartholomew Fair; and here chaos, the creation, the deluge, and other passages of sacred history were represented with paste-board scenery. Ben Jonson, in his play of *Bartholomew Fair*, enumerates some of the 'motions,' as the pantomime on these occasions was called, which were enacted in the booths, exhibiting a curious mixture of sacred and profane subjects—such as Jerusalem, Nineveh, and the city of Norwich; Sodom and Gomorrah, and the Gunpowder Plot. The admission, it appears, to the best of these establishments was as much as eighteen or twenty pence; to others as low as four-pence. The fair lasted fourteen days, during which the regular theatres were closed. But these entertainments led to such excesses that early in the last century the fair was reduced to its original limit of three days, and from that time has gradually declined.

In a note on the well-known couplet,

For those that fly may fight again,
Which he can never do that's slain,
the editor has collected the largest amount of annotation and illustration that has ever been brought to bear upon this witty excuse for cowardice. We are surprised that we have no version of it by Falstaff. The note is so curious that we will quote it entire.

The substance of the couplet is as old as Demosthenes, who, being reproached for running away from Philip of Macedon at Chæroneæ, replied, Ἀνὴρ δὲ φεύγων καὶ πάλιν μαχήσεται. This saying of Demosthenes is alluded to by Jeremy

Taylor : 'In other cases it is true that Demosthenes said, in apology for his own escaping from a lost field,—*A man that runs away may fight again*.—*Great Examples*, 1649. The same idea is found in Scarron, who died in 1660 :

Qui fuit, peut revénir aussi ;
Qui meurt, il n'en est pas ainsi.

It appears also in the famous *Satyr Menippée*, published in 1594 :

Souvent celui qui demeure
Est cause de son mesefief ;
Celuy qui fuit de bonne heure
Peut combattre derechef.

Thus rendered in an English version, published in 1595 :

Off he that doth abide
Is cause of his own pain ;
But he that flieth in good tide
Perhaps may fight again.

Mr. Rimbault has pointed out, in *Notes and Queries*, a couplet amongst the Latin *Apothegms* compiled by Erasmus, and translated into English by Nicholas Udall, the author of *Ralph Roister Doister*, which is obviously a metrical version of the saying of Demosthenes. The *Apothegms* were published in 1542 :

That same man that renneth awaie
Maie again fight, an other daie.

To these passages may be added the well-known doggrel, generally supposed to be found in *Hudibras*, but really published some years before :

He that is in battle slain
Can never rise to fight again ;
But he that fights and runs away
May live to fight another day.

These lines were written by Sir John Mennis; the author, in conjunction with James Smith, of the *Musarum Deliciae*, a collection of miscellaneous poems, published in 1656.

This may truly be called the exhaustive style of annotation. We might cite much more of the same curious kind of information ; for instance, on the word *mum*, occurring at page 198 of the same volume, there is a note in which is given the receipt for making this celebrated liquor, obtained at the Court of Brunswick by no less a personage than General Monk. But we cannot dismiss this excellent edition of *Butler's Poetical Works* without calling to the reader's attention the contents of the third volume.

The Elephant in the Moon, which stands at the head of the collection, is a satire upon the early labours of the Royal Society, and has never before been illustrated with any

care. The strange surmises of the experimental philosophers of this age are here stated in terms of such broad ridicule, as to induce one to believe that the absurdities alluded to could only have existed in the imagination of the poet. But in the notes, the editor has traced almost all those wild theories to some one or other of the learned Thebans who undertook to apply to practice the principles of the *Novum Organum*.

But while many of the theories they broached have deservedly sunk into obscurity, there are some which later experiments have abundantly sustained ; and it is not a little amusing to find Sir Kenelm Digby and Sir Isaac Newton involved in the same category of ridicule. Here was discussed the question of a *Plurality of Worlds*, which still divides the learned in our own days, in the same sitting which was partly occupied with investigating the virtues of an elder stick in curing those who had lost leather either by riding a high-trotting horse or by the blows of a birch rod. Upon the couplet—

But for an unpaid weekly shilling's pension,
Had fined for wit, and judgment, and invention,

the following curious note occurs :—

Sir Isaac Newton seems to be plainly indicated here. When he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society in 1671, he was said to have been so poor that he was obliged to apply to the Society for a dispensation to exempt him from the usual contribution of a shilling a week, which all the other Fellows regularly paid.

An amusing little bit of personal history is disclosed in a note upon some of Sir Kenelm Digby's strange fancies, alluded to in the text. In one of his communications to the society, he stated that 'the calcined powder of tonsds reverberated, if applied in bags upon the stomach of a pestiferate body, would cure it by several applications ;' and he is said to have fed his wife, the celebrated courtesan, Venetia Stanley, upon capons fattened with the flesh of vipers, as a means of preserving her beauty. Aubrey says, 'that after her death, which took place suddenly, her head being opened, discovered but little brain,

which Sir Kenelm attributed to her drinking viper-wine.'

Such were the speculations of the early practitioners of that philosophy which has resulted in the discovery of the steam-engine.

Among the minor poems is a ballad which appears to us to have given rise to a tradition mentioned in the *Life*, vol. i. p. 9. It is there stated, that Butler was fond of painting, and that amongst other portraits from his hand was one of Oliver Cromwell. It is so unlikely that he should have actually painted the Protector, that we cannot help thinking that the tradition is founded upon a metaphorical application of the term *painting a portrait*. We can fancy that some Cavalier may have observed, 'What an admirable portrait Butler has drawn of Oliver!' meaning, metaphorically, in the satirical ballad occurring at page 132 of the third volume; and that this metaphorical observation was taken in a literal sense. This is of course merely offered as a conjecture to account for a tradition which otherwise appears unaccountable.

But the *Miscellaneous Thoughts* are certainly the most curious part of the volume, illustrating as they do Butler's peculiar habit of composition. This is pointed out in the note by which the editor introduces them.

The title—*Miscellaneous Thoughts*—was given to these fragments by Mr. Thyer, who found them fairly written out by Butler in a book he kept for that purpose. They possess an interest beyond that of their intrinsic value, as illustrations of Butler's mode of composition. He evidently did not write continuously or systematically. Thoughts were seized and thrown into form as they presented themselves to his mind, and were afterwards fitted into suitable places. Some of the most brilliant points in Sheridan's comedies were preserved for use in the same way. Of the scraps of wit and wisdom thus collected, these *Miscellaneous Thoughts* appear to be the only fragments which were not transplanted into *Hudibras* and the other poems.

The following displays the contempt for mankind which was probably partly the cause and partly the effect of Butler's bad success in life.

How various and innumerable
Are those who live upon the rabble :
'Tis they maintain the church and state,
Employ the priest and magistrate ;
Bear all the charge of government,
And pay the public fines and rent ;
Defray all taxes and excises,
And impositions of all prices ;
Bear all th' expense of peace and war,
And pay the pulpit and the bar ;
Maintain all churches and religions,
And give their pastors exhibitions,
And those who have the greatest flocks
Are primitive and orthodox ;
Support all schismatics and sects,
And pay them for tormenting texts,
Take all their doctrines off their hands,
And pay them in good rent and lands ;
Discharge all costly offices,
The doctor's and the lawyer's fees,
The hangman's wages, and the scores
Of caterpillar bawds and whores ;
Discharge all damages and costs
Of knights and squires of the posts ;
All statesmen, cut-purses, and padders,
And pay for all their ropes and ladders ;
All pettifoggers, and all sorts
Of mercats, churches, and of courts ;
All sums of money paid or spent,
With all the charges incident,
Laid out, or thrown away, or given
To purchase this world, hell, or heaven.

His hatred of zeal is forcibly expressed in the following :—

No sear'd conscience is so fell
As that which has been burned with zeal ;
For Christian charity's as well
A great impediment to zeal,
As zeal a pestilent disease
To Christian charity and peace.

A teacher's doctrine, and his proof,
Is all his province, and enough ;
But is no more concerned in use
Than shoemakers to wear all shoes.

Our next quotation is in a strain which Butler seldom sings.

Love is too great a happiness
For wretched mortals to possess ;
For could it hold inviolate
Against those cruelties of fate
Which all felicities below
By rigid laws are subject to,
It would become a bliss too high
For perishing mortality,
Translate to earth the joys above,
For nothing goes to heaven but love.

Butler, of all men who ever existed, ought to have been able to catch and identify the subtle essence of wit ; and yet the following definition is surely very inadequate :—

All wit does but divert men from the road
In which things vulgarly are understood,
And force mistake and ignorance to own
A better sense than commonly is known.

This reminds us slightly of Barrow's far more comprehensive and accurate analysis:—

'It is, in short, a manner of speaking out of the simple and plain way (such as reason teacheth and proveth things by), which by a pretty surprizing uncouthness in conceit or expression doth affect and amuse the fancy, stirring in it some wonder, and breeding some delight thereto. It raiseth admiration as signifying a nimble sagacity of apprehension, a special felicity of invention, a vivacity of spirit and reach of wit more than vulgar, it seeming to argue a rare quickness of parts, that one can fetch in remote conceits applicable; a notable skill that he can dexterously accommodate them to the purpose before him, together with a lively briskness of humour, not apt to damp those sportful flashes of imagination.—*Sermon on Foolish Talking and Jesting.*

The extracts from the translation of *Hudibras* into Latin, French, and German, given in the supplemental notes, are well worth consulting. In these we see how much of the humour and spirit of the original may be transferred to a foreign language, and how much evaporates in the process. Of all these versions Voltaire's is by far the worst. He was not content to render his author literally, but must needs, with characteristic vanity, introduce images and ideas of his own, which, it is needless to say, do not harmonize at all with those of Butler. The translation of the *Sieur Jean Townley, Chevalier de l'Ordre Militaire de St. Louis*, an Englishman by birth, but employed in the French service, being probably by his religion debarred from serving his own country, is remarkable for the felicity with which the difficulty of rendering Butler's idiomatic English into French is overcome. The opening lines will enable the reader to judge of their comparative merits. Voltaire's begins—

Quand les profanes et les saints
Dans l'Angleterre étaient aux prises;
Qu'on se battaient pour des églises
Aussi fort que pour des catins;
Lorsq'Anglicans et puritains
Faisaient une si rude guerre,
Et qu'au sortir du cabaret
Les orateurs de Nazareth
Allaient battre la caisse en chaire;
Que partout, sans savoir pourquoi,
Au nom du ciel, au nom du roi,

Les gens d'armes couvraient la terre,
Alors Monsieur le chevalier,
Long-temps oisif, ainsi qu'Achille,
Tout rempli d'une sainte bile,
Suivi de son grand écuyer,
S'échappa de son poulailler,
Avec son sabre et l'Évangile,
Et s'avisa de guerroyer.

After this miserable attempt, Townley appears to great advantage.

Quand les hommes en desarroi
Se brouilloient sans sçavoir pourquoi;
Quand gros mots, craintes, jalousies
Causoient partout des batteries,
Et les gens en dissension
Pour la Dame Religion,
Se chamailloient dans la dispute
Comme gens ivres font pour pute,
Dont chacun disoit tant de bien,
Sans que personne y connût rien;
Quand la Trompette d'Évangile
Sonnoit la charge par la Ville;
Et pour tambour, la Chaire au loin
Retentissoit à coups de poing.

This is a faithful translation, and conveys much of the spirit of the original; but the last couplet cannot attain to the humour of—

When pulpit, drum ecclesiastic,
Was beat with fist instead of a stick.

We have referred to various parts of Mr. Townley's volume, which is very scarce; and we find that throughout there is no attempt to imitate the burlesque rhymes of Butler.

This element of humour is obtained with more ease in the Latin version, because rhyme itself in Latin strikes the ear as barbarous, an effect which is heightened by the false quantities occurring in the rhyming syllables. The following will remind the reader of Father Prout:—

Cum arsit civica phrenesis
Pacis hominibus pertasis,
Nec cuiquam nota fuit causa
• Tam dira quæ produxit ausa,
Cum tristes iræ et furores
Multum elicerent cruoris,
Et velut qui sunt mente capti
Præ mero ire parum apti.
Sic hi pugnabant, dum pro more
Religio quisque est in ore;

* * * * *
Et manu tusum ecclesiastica,
Pulvinar movit vi elastica.
* * * * *

Sed multus author litem gerat
An fortior, au prudentior erat,
Hi illud, illi hoc defendant,
Sed licet acriter contendant,

Tam parva fuit differentia,
Vix et ne vix vicit prudentia.

Before dismissing this most complete edition of *Butler's Poetical Works*, we cannot help noticing the vast improvement upon the text of all previous issues which has been effected by the editor. It is necessary for the metre to elide many vowels; but apparently from the fear of interfering with these essential variations from common practice, previous editions have retained the obsolete mode of spelling practised in Butler's time, and many marks of elision which were wholly unnecessary. These deformed the page, and made it extremely difficult to read Butler. The present editor has

modernized the spelling, and retained only those marks of elision which are absolutely necessary for the metre. To this may be added, that the text which received Butler's latest corrections has been adopted, the earlier readings being exhibited in the foot-notes, whenever they call for special notice. Upon the whole, whether we regard these volumes on their intrinsic merits, or consider them as forming part of the *Annotated Edition of the English Poets*, there can be no doubt that Mr. Bell is successfully grappling with a task which might well fill the mind of a literary man of the highest attainments with apprehension.

THE ORGAN.*

ENGLISH musical literature is to be commended neither for its abundance nor its excellence. And possibly this remark may admit of a wider application; since the same difficulty must attend *all* art history and criticism, in the fact of its being addressed to two very different classes of persons—the student and the general reader,—to both of whom it is next to impossible that the same matter and the same manner should ever be perfectly acceptable. From whatever cause, however, writers about music have contended with this difficulty with the least success, and indeed may be said to have exhibited, in the contest, a special proneness for ‘falling between two stools to the ground.’ Useless to the student from its want of technical exactness, musical history or criticism is too often distasteful also to the general reader from the absence of that literary charm in the vain struggle after which technical exactness has been lost.

Take the case of Dr. Burney's *History of Music*, four volumes, quarto; contained in which is a mass of facts, the collection and collation of which were the work of a long and laborious life. The author, besides being a musician of decent

acquirements, was a scholar and a gentleman, one who kept company with Dr. Johnson, Burke, Warton, Reynolds, and Topham Beauclerc. The work is of course a valuable one. Facts are facts: and we are grateful to him who puts them before us, in proportion to their importance or the labour which has been undergone in getting them together. But Dr. Burney was tormented with a craving to write a ‘readable’ book; to address himself not only to the student, but to the general reader. With a pardonable ambition to be held

—sesto tra cotanto senno,
he addressed his book not so much to those by whom it was most wanted, and to whom it ought to have been most useful, but to his personal friends,—men, one and all, who would have blackballed Orpheus himself, had he been proposed as a member of ‘the club.’ The probabilities are, that not one of the persons Burney most wished to please ever read half a dozen of the pages, which for their sakes he had striven to render ‘readable’ by ‘classical allusion,’ ‘elegant disquisition,’ and ‘strokes of humour,’—in other words, inapposite quotation, tiresome digression, and very dull jokes.

* *The Organ: its History and Construction.* By Edward J. Hopkins and Edward F. Rimbault, LL.D. Cocks and Co.

On the other hand, we have the work of Sir John Hawkins, *five volumes, quarto*; going over much the same ground, and presenting for the most part the same facts as are presented in Burney's. Sparing in 'classical allusion,' insensible to the temptations of 'elegant disquisition,' and altogether incapable of and insensible to 'strokes of humour,' the grim knight tramps sturdily on, and carries his reader with him,

Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough briar,

without a word of apology for the roughness of the road; pausing never till he has reached his destination, be it where it may. Even in these *short-breathed* days we believe that Hawkins's work is not infrequently read *through*. We doubt whether anybody ever did, or ever will, read through Burney's. Of easy writing, fresh, and in small quantities, we can and must, all of us, swallow our portion; but four volumes *quarto*, enlivened with strokes of humour three quarters of a century old, are practically the hardest of all reading; and save for the really valuable information thus fantastically presented, would be unfearable, even in instalments.

We have before us a work much more after the model of Hawkins than of Burney; a book without a line of fine writing in it; abounding in information sometimes curious and always valuable, put before us in a simple straightforward manner, by two writers who have little in common save the important qualification of thorough knowledge of their subject. *The Organ; its History and Construction*, is an honest book, and therefore a readable book—readable not only to the musical student who has a purpose in ascertaining what it contains, but readable to anyone for whom successful research and lucid explanation, in connexion with a subject of general interest, have any charm. For the organ is not brought before us in the pages of Dr. Rimbault and Mr. Hopkins in its poetical or picturesque aspect; they leave its æsthetical influences where they found them, and abstain from all allusion to the dominion of the king of instruments over the

heart of man. The organ with them is, for the time being, not so much the most 'noble,' as 'the most ingenious and complex of musical instruments.'

Lest the bulk of 'The Organ'—symbolizing as it does, in this respect, the instrument of which it treats—should intimidate those who would attack a cube of smaller dimensions more courageously, it is right to say that the volume before us is not one book, but three—a trilogy, the two first parts of which have no other connexion than a common subject; while the third consists rather of matter supplementary to the second, and intended for reference, not consecutive reading. Indeed we see no particular reason why Dr. Rimbault's history and Mr. Hopkins's treatise should have been sent forth to the world in the same wrapper, seeing that they are books written with independent views and purposes, the modes of presenting and furthering which neither have nor demand anything in common. We shall deal with them therefore separately and successively, following the order in which they come before us in the volume.

Dr. Rimbault divides the history of the organ into periods or 'epochs,' the first being occupied by 'the ancient organ, anterior to the invention of the key-board; the second, by 'the mediæval organ, after the invention of the key-board; the third, by 'the first organ-builders by profession;' and the fourth, by 'the founders of modern organ-building.' A fifth epoch, *contemporary organs* and organ building, would be matter for description rather than history, and belongs therefore to the department of Mr. Hopkins.

Dr. Rimbault opens his *Historical Account* with a definition.

'The word *organ*, used in the Old Testament and in the Psalms, was taken from the Greek translation; but the ancient Greeks had no particular instrument called an *organ*,' representing by *ὄργανον*, like the Romans by *organum*, 'not an organ, in our sense of the term, but an instrument of any kind; applying the expression, however, more particularly to musical instruments.'

'The organ (*ougab*) mentioned in

Genesis, ch. iv. 21, certainly little resembled the modern instrument of that name, although it may be regarded as furnishing the first hint. It was probably a series of reeds of unequal length and thickness joined together; being nearly identical with the pipe of Pan among the Greeks, or that simple instrument called a *mouth-organ*, which is still in common use.

The development of this toy into such vast and complicated structures as the organs of Haarlem, Freiburg, or Birmingham, is hardly to be paralleled in the history of inventions. The process of development was, as might be expected, a slow one. Those of our readers who have ever assisted at one of those instructive and venerable entertainments of which the hero is *Mr. Punch*—the *Don Giovanni* of the people,—or at the now rarer exhibition of *Fantocini*, will have noticed the mode of operation of the functionary who does duty for an orchestra. His principal instrument is the very pipe of Pan under consideration, the conditions of performance on which are, that each particular reed must be brought exactly under the lip as the note which it produces is called into requisition. Now the hands of the functionary in question being already full—devoted to the performance of a bass, of which the characteristic is rather intensity than variety or justness of intonation—there remain no means at his disposal of moving the mouth-organ in the manner described as requisite to the production of melody. The organ is therefore made a fixture, and the mouth ranges over the reeds, puffing its little jet of air into this or that one as it passes; the performer meanwhile having the air of a man engaged in gesticulating incessantly very decided dissent or refusal. The mountain went go to Mahomet, so Mahomet must go to the mountain. The organ or the mouth must move perpetually during performance.

To obviate the fatiguing motion of the head or hands, by inflating the pipes in some other manner, men seem to have laboured for centuries. The first step towards this end was the invention of a wooden box, the top of which was

bored with just so many holes as there were pipes to stand on it. In these they now placed the pipes in the same order as they occupied in the Pan-pipes. From the chest (the modern *wind chest*) proceeded a small reed (now the *wind trunk*), into which they blew with the mouth. But as, by this means all the pipes spoke simultaneously, they were obliged to stop with the fingers the tops of those pipes intended to be silent—a process which was soon found to be very troublesome, and, as the number of pipes increased, impossible. Now, in order to prevent the simultaneous intonation of all the pipes, a slider (now called the *valve*) was placed under the aperture of each pipe, which either opened or stopped the entrance of the wind into the pipes. The slides stood in an inclined position, and in order to open them levers were added, which were connected with the slides by cords or strings (the origin of the *pull-downs*). A further increase of the number of pipes at length caused an enlargement of the pipe-chest (the modern *wind chest*); consequently human breath was no longer sufficient to supply the instrument, and then a more suitable contrivance for the production of wind was devised. Thus we have a new class of instrument, called by the Greeks *ὄργανον πνευματικόν*, and by the Romans, *tibia utricularis*.

These terms, however, by Dr. Rimbault's own showing, refer to instruments of very different construction and powers.

When soberly considered, the *tibia utricularis* appears to be nothing more than the origin of the bagpipe. It consisted of pipes pierced with lateral holes, and an inflating pipe, which the performer applied to his mouth to fill the leathern bag with wind. The application of the inflating tube, it is evident, related only to the smaller instruments, such as that described by Virgil; the larger ones were supplied with wind by the compression of the leathern bag or bellows. This contrivance proved of so much advantage to the improving instrument, that, in order to obtain a more powerful tone, a second row of pipes of the same pitch was added to the former. The pipes having been thus increased and enlarged, and the box widened, the next improvement was the enlargement of the wind-tube (*trunk*). It now became evident that the leathern bag was insufficient to supply the proper quantity of wind required. The want of wind thus occasioned by the enlargement of the instrument was remedied by the invention of *bellows*, yielding a continuous supply to the leathern bag, which, from this time, served the office of our modern

wind chest. From the progressive inventions we have recorded, it will be observed that many portions of the modern organ were already to be met with in the instruments of the ancients in a more or less complete state. We may therefore justly assign the invention of the organ to this period, though no precise date can be given; thus much only can be stated with certainty, that all these inventions date from a period before the birth of Christ.

Dr. Rimbault devotes a chapter to the consideration of the *hydraulic organ*, in relation to which a passage in the *Architectura* of Vitruvius 'has much puzzled the learned,' whose state of bewilderment seems likely to prove chronic. 'The mechanical operation of the *water-organ* is scarcely intelligible,' even when Vitruvius is helped out by comparison with, or commentary of, writers so various and so remote as Claudian, Atheneus, Tertullian, William of Malmesbury, or Publilius Optatianus, the author of a poem descriptive of the instrument, 'composed of verses so constructed as to show both the lower part which contained the bellows, the wind chest which lay upon it, and over this the row of twenty-six pipes. The latter are represented by twenty-six lines, which increase in length each by one letter, until the last line is twice as long as the first!' The contest for supremacy between verbal and pictorial representation should have ended in this poem, like that of the White and Red Roses in the person of Henry VII.

The hydraulic organ, whatever may have been the peculiarities of its mechanism, certainly attained no permanent success. The celebrated 'enigmatical epigram,' attributed to the Emperor Julian (written about the middle of the fourth century), has reference evidently to the *pneumatic organ*. 'From it we learn that the instrument was still unprovided with a *clavier*, or keyboard, and that the bellows were made of bull's hide.'

'The organ was early used in the service of the church,' according to some authorities as early as the beginning of the fifth century, or at the latest in the middle of the seventh. Its general adoption in the churches of Europe seems to have been due to Pepin, the father

of Charlemagne, who, in reply to an application to the Byzantine Emperor Constantine Copronymus, in or about the year 757, received one from the East, which was placed in the church of St. Corneille at Compiègne, a favourite residence, down to a recent period, of the kings of France. Nor do the obligations of the Western Church to Oriental potentates end here. There is little doubt that the organ, 'which Walafrid Strabo described as existing in the ninth century in a church at Aix-la-Chapelle,' was a present to Charlemagne from no less interesting a personage than the Caliph Haroun Alraschid; of which instrument the maker was 'an Arabiannamed Giafer'—whether the vizier so dear to the readers of *Arabian Nights*, Dr. Rimbault does not tell us. These instruments so stimulated the ingenuity of French and German artists, that an organ and a master to instruct Italian workmen were solicited of a Cisalpine bishop by Pope John VIII. 'Soon afterwards we find organs in common use in England, constructed by English artists, with pipes of copper, fixed in gilt frames.' These instruments however, it is evident, notwithstanding the grandiloquent descriptions of contemporary writers, were of the rudest description. The *key-board* was not yet invented; and the compass probably rarely exceeded ten notes, although (as we have seen) the art of increasing the intensity of each note by additional pipes had been long practised.

Notwithstanding the imperfections of these instruments (says Dr. Rimbault), they everywhere produced the greatest astonishment, and the churches were desirous of possessing so efficacious means of attracting a congregation. We therefore find, in this century (the tenth), that organs multiplied not only in the cathedral churches of the episcopal seats, but also in many churches and monastic establishments.

The history of the organ proper begins at the close of the eleventh century, up to which period it was a wind instrument of greater power and of more imposing quality than any other in use, but unprovided with any of those peculiar contrivances by which the simplest modern instrument becomes, under the hand of a

skilful performer, the medium of such various and beautiful effects. The organ of the 'dark' ages was but a box of pipes made vocal by the clumsiest contrivances—a monster Pan's-pipe blown by machinery. For at whatever moment any effect worthy of the name, or even suggestive of the possibility of musical harmony may have first dawned on the horizon of precentor or minstrel, it is certain that, with its early appliances, the organ was incompetent to the simultaneous production of different sounds, or at least to any successions of such. The treasures of harmony must have been inaccessible to the most imaginative artist furnished only with the cords or strings (progenitors of the modern 'pull-downs') of antiquity, and were only to be reached—through how many doors!—by a talisman of more recent invention.

'The close of the eleventh century,' says Dr. Rimbault, 'forms an era in the history of organ-building, when an organ is said to have been erected in the cathedral at Magdeburg, with a *key-board* consisting of *sixteen keys*.' Even with this contrivance—wonderful as it was, and important as it proved—harmony of more than two parts was still as impossible to the player as ever; for 'the keys of the Magdeburg organ were an ell long and three inches broad!' And 'Dom Bedos* speaks of some early organs whose keys were five inches and a half wide!'

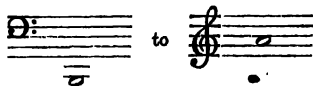
The finger of the modern performer—pianist or organist—habituated to the repetition action and the pneumatic lever, might ache at the very thought of the resistance presented by such surfaces, but that in the next sentence we are told that the *finger* had no share whatever in the performance on these Brobdignagian claviers, which were not, like ours, *digitals*, but literally *manuals*, 'struck down by the *fist* of the player, even to a considerable depth; whence, according to Seftel, arose the expression organ-beater.

The organ-beater survives yet in the *carillonneur*. The curious reader may have ocular demonstration, both of the apparatus and the mode of

using it described in the preceding paragraph, by mounting the steps of almost any old belfry in the Netherlands. The last performance on a *chimes* key-board to which we were eye-witnesses, was in the tower of St. Gertrude's Church at Louvain. It fully answered to the description quoted by Dr. Rimbault from Burney. The *carillonneur* at the end of a performance lasting but a few minutes, was in a state of complete exhaustion.

No considerable alteration in the key-board seems to have been made till about the middle of the fourteenth century, when, after nearly three hundred years of organ-beating, the keys being diminished in length and breadth, the finger took the place of the fist. This step once made, the key-board would from very early times have taken its present proportions, since *fingering* on keys much wider, or even much narrower, than those now in use would be attended with considerable difficulty. This improvement naturally suggested another, which would have been useless under the old regime—the extension of the compass, and the more minute division of the scale; these again being accompanied, or soon followed, by another—the addition of the *pedal* board.

In 1359 or 1361, Nicholas Faber, a priest, built the great organ in the cathedral at Halberstadt. It had fourteen diatonic and eight chromatic keys, extending from great



The great B stood in front, was thirty-two feet long and three and a quarter inches (?) in diameter. According to Praetorius, who gives us this account, this organ had four claviers, one being *pedals* for the feet, and twenty bellows, requiring ten men to supply the wind.

'This,' says Dr. Rimbault, 'is the earliest *authentic* account of an organ provided with semitones of the scale.' It gives to their invention a date later by about two hundred years than that of Dom Bedos. Praetorius's statement re-

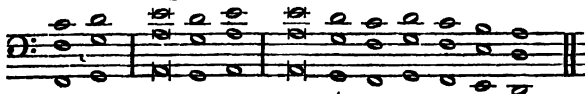
* A Benedictine, who published in 1766 a *Treatise on Organ Building*.

specting the pedals, on the other hand, seems to want confirmation, since there is good reason to believe that those important additions were made to the Halberstadt organ by a later hand, in 1494. Pedal pipes however were, without doubt, in use before this; the date 1418 having, some years since, been discovered on some pedal pipes in a church at Frankfort-on-the-Oder. It would seem, then, that the inventions both of finger and of feet keys are due, one to the middle, the other to the end, of the fourteenth century.

The least musical reader need not be told that the modern organ excels all other instruments in intensity, compass, and variety. A fully-appointed instrument often contains within itself means and appliances for the imitation, more or less perfectly, of almost every different quality of sound. It may in turn speak with the voice of the flute, oboe, clarionet, or bassoon—of the horn, trumpet, or trombone. But this Protean gift, however delightful, is really external to the instrument, which, failing it entirely, may still contain all that is essential to the organ proper. That which sets it apart from and above all individual instruments, that to which the organ proper,—the ‘pealing organ’ of the poet and the Christian worshipper, owes its speciality, is its power of bringing under one finger many sounds of different quality and pitch; so that placing the hands and feet on a chord represented in musical notation by six or seven notes, the mouths of some sixty or seventy, or more, pipes will be opened, and their voices, high and low, rough and smooth, heard accordingly at the same instant. The performer on the violin or clarionet is like the single man-at-

arms, who relies on his own strong arm and his own good courage to do the work which is before him; the organist is the captain, at whose word a hundred swords start from their scabbards, and the roar of artillery rends the air.

It seems that the organ proper dates at least from the twelfth century; that at this early period not only had the force of each individual note been increased by bringing its key into connexion with more than one pipe, but that some of those pipes were of different pitch from one another. This arrangement is technically called ‘mixture;’ three or more rows of pipes, one in each of which is connected with each individual key of the finger-board, being said to form a mixture stop, or register. For some two or three centuries (as we have seen) the keys were of such a size and weight that, only one, or one by each hand, could be struck at a time. The only harmony therefore which, during this period, could have been evocable from the organ, must have been that which results from the imitation, or more properly confirmation, of natural harmony—the combination of harmonics and their prime. It is impossible, at this distance of time, to judge how far the intensity of these harmonic pipes was proportioned to that of their primes; but unless it was in some degree subordinate, unless the 8th and 12th were more delicately voiced than the 1st, the only counterpoint possible in the thirteenth century—the ‘dark’ age in which the *Sainte Chapelle* was finished and the *Divine Comedy* begun—must have violated every law which has governed musical composition for the last four hundred years. We give a mediæval edition of the First Tone.



Not only was this kind of arrangement tolerated in instrumental music, but imitated in vocal; the mediæval practice termed ‘organizing’ having consisted, without doubt, of the accompaniment of *canto fermo* in consecutive octaves, fifths, and fourths!

The supply of wind, in sufficient quantity and with regularity, to the earlier instruments, was naturally not one of the least of the difficulties with which their builders had to contend.

We cannot but wonder (says Dr. Rimbault) at the perseverance of our

ancestors, when we consider the various efforts that were made from time to time to improve the bellows. For centuries they remained in the most imperfect state—sometimes twenty or more being necessary to supply the wind to a moderate-sized organ. According to Wulstan, the organ at Winchester was provided with twenty-six bellows. The great organ of the cathedral at Halberstadt had twenty, and that of Magdeburg twenty-four small bellows. They were fashioned in folds like the forge or smith's bellows, and were not provided with weights as in our modern organs.

Our ancestors had no idea of proportioning the wind; but its force depended solely on the strength of the bellows-blowers. It is easy to conceive that by this means the organ could never have been in tune, because the wind was admitted unequally.

Dr. Rimbault devotes two short but interesting sections to the consideration of the two earlier forms of organ, the *regal* or *portative*, and the *positive*;* and another to the meaning of 'a pair of organs,' the explanation of which will be new to many of our readers.

The truth is, that 'a pair of organs' meant simply an organ with *more pipes than one*. Jonson, Heywood, and other of the older poets, always use the term *pair* in the sense of an aggregate, and as synonymous with *set*; thus we have 'a pair of chessmen,' 'a pair of heads,' 'a pair of cards,' a 'pair of organs,' &c. When speaking of a *flight* of stairs, we often say 'a pair of stairs.' Therefore this ancient form of expression, although obsolete in most cases, is still in use at the present day.

The 'second epoch' is concluded by an account of 'monastic organs in England;' from which we gather that the practice, still universal on the Continent, of placing 'two organs in large churches; one large, the other small, 'dates from the fourteenth century.'

In entering on the third epoch, we come upon the first organ-builders 'by profession.' Many, perhaps the majority, of the instruments of the middle ages were the work of ecclesiastics, and it is not till a comparatively recent period that we are enabled to individualize any considerable number of *lay* organ-builders, although there is no doubt of their having 'existed as early at least as the fifteenth century.'

Dr. Rimbault particularizes many

of these patriarchs of the art, among whom our countrymen make a considerable figure, both in regard to number and remoteness of date. William Wotton, of Oxford, who flourished in the latter part of the fifteenth century, is the first of these of whom we have any certain information; and John Chamberlyn and Thomas Smyth practised soon after in London. In the diary of Alleyn, the founder of Dulwich College, the name of Gibbs is mentioned as having furnished 'a pair of organes' to the chapel of that establishment, in the year 1618; and as we get further into the seventeenth century, we meet the names of Preston of York, Thamar of Peterboro', Loosemore of Exeter, and the Dallans of London.

'Loosemore is one of the few artists of this date any appreciable portion of whose works have come down to us. He constructed the organ in the cathedral of his native city, Exeter, very shortly before the restoration of Charles II.' For before we must read after; for Dr. Rimbault adds, in a note, 'on the outside of the instrument is an inscription—John Loosemore made this organ, 1665.' Dr. Rimbault quotes an interesting piece of criticism on this instrument from the *Life of the Lord Keeper Guildford*, by the Hon. Roger North, for which we have not space.

To the Germans, however, must be assigned the credit of having made the most important discoveries and the most rapid progress in the organ-building and organ-playing of the third epoch. 'Great organs and great organists,' says Dr. Burney, 'seem for more than two centuries to have been the natural growth of Germany.'

In Germany, and other parts of the Continent, the reformer, Ulric Zwingle, had succeeded in banishing for a time the use of organs in public worship. But early in the sixteenth century this noble instrument was reinstated in the church, and many improvements were made in its construction. It was in this century, according to Prætorius, that registers, by which alone a variety of stops could be formed, were invented by the Germans. Improvements at this period were also made in the pipes, particularly the invention of the *stopped* pipe, whereby expense was saved, and that soft, pleasing tone obtained which

open pipes are unable to yield. By employing the *small scale*, a number of registers with a penetrating, yet pleasing, tone were obtained, in imitation of the *violin*, *viol de gamba*, &c. By the *large scale*, on the contrary, was preserved that full, round tone which we always hear in good organs. Besides these, certain kinds of pipes were made to *taper upwards*, whereby some other registers were added to the former, such as the *spitz-flute*, the *gemshorn*, &c. In the course of the sixteenth century, *reed* registers were invented, with which it was sought to imitate the tone of other instruments, and even the voices of men and animals—for instance, the *posauene*, *trumpet*, *shalm*, *vox-humana*, *bear's-pipe*, &c.

In the same century, the key-board was extended to four octaves; but the lowest octave was seldom or never complete. An instrument of this kind was called an organ with a *short octave*.

In 1570, Hans Lobsinger, of Nuremberg, invented the bellows with one fold, which is still found in old organs. In 1576, an organ with sixty practicable registers and a 'back choir,' was erected at Bernan, in the Russian province of Blandenberg. This organ, which is still in existence, has forty-eight keys in the manual, and sixteen in the pedal. It has four bellows, each of which is twelve feet long, and six feet wide. The workmanship is said to be masterly, the whole mechanism bearing evidence of the great progress in organ building at this period.

Nor did the indisputable and undisputed excellence of the Italians of this epoch in vocal science and skill render them insensible to the importance of the noblest musical instrument of human facture. 'The mechanism of the organ appears to have been well understood by the Italians in early times.' The *Anagnatic* of Brescia, Columbi, Colonna, Perugino, and the Jesuit Hermann, obtained world-wide reputations in the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries; and many Italian travellers of those days mention with surprise and delight the organs, especially at Orvieto, Milan, Bergamo, Genoa, Florence, and Venice. In the latter city alone, according to Sir John Reresby, were to be found, in the middle of the seventeenth century, no less than 'one hundred and forty-three pairs of organs.'

The excellence of the organs of the Low Countries is not a thing of

yesterday. In the seventeenth century, several instruments at Amsterdam called forth the notice and admiration of an English writer, while Haarlem was already distinguished among continental cities by the possession of an instrument less perfect, but not less astonishing considering its date, than the 'world-renowned' monarch of sound now reigning in its stead.

A curious but painful episode in the history which we have before us, is presented in a section headed 'The Destruction of Organs during the Great Rebellion.' This section, which is too full for compression and too long for extract in its integrity, has evidently been penned, not *con amore* but *con furore*. Our impassable author is not merely an historian, but an artist; and the true artist, if not always a Tory at heart, belongs to the class who can never be made to understand how religion and morality are promoted by knocking the nose off a statue, thrusting a halberd through a painted window, or stalling horses in a cathedral choir.

We must leave the account of 'the devastation committed upon organs by those misguided ruffians, the soldiers and commanders of the Parliamentary army,' as we find it in the pages of Dr. Rimbault; but we cannot resist the temptation of promising his readers the pleasure of finding the tradition of Cromwell's fondness for the organ utterly demolished, and the story of his having saved from destruction the instrument in Magdalen College proved to be without foundation.

'The Founders of modern Organ-building,' form the subject of the fourth and last division of Dr. Rimbault's history, materials for which, it might have been supposed, were both abundant and accessible. Such, however, has not proved to be the case; since, though many of the instruments built in the latter part of the seventeenth and the first part of the eighteenth centuries are still existent, and to all appearance intact, a closer inspection will prove that in most cases their internal mechanism has been partially, if not entirely, renovated; while of their original architects next to nothing but the names has survived the compara-

tively few years that separate us from them. Thus, though Dr. Rimbault gives us, on the authority of Burney, the well-known story of the contest* between Bernard Schmidt and Renatus Harris, each of whom erected and maintained for many months an organ in the Temple Church, London, his researches have not as yet been rewarded by any additional particulars—we had almost said, by *any* particulars—respecting either of those remarkable persons. In this respect the fate of the great organ-builders of former days closely resembles that of the architects of the churches in which so many of their works have been erected, whose names even have, in many instances, not come down to us, and concerning whose studies, habits of life, personal appearance—everything in short that we should care to know—history is hopelessly silent. Thus, of the Jordans, father and son, to one of whom Dr. Rimbault attributes the invention of the *swell*, we learn nothing but that the former had been a distiller, and being ‘an ingenious man, betook himself to the making of organs, and succeeded beyond expectation.’ Of the biography of another eminent and successful builder, Byfield, ‘nothing whatever is told, save that he died,’ according to a MS. note of Dr. Cooke’s, as late as 1774. Of Snetzler, whose reputation was entirely made in this country, and who ‘lived to an advanced age, and died either at the end of the last or at the commencement of the present century,’ a *bon mot* and an anecdote are recorded. He ‘told the churchwardens of Lynn, upon their asking him what their old organ would be worth if repaired, that if they would lay out a hundred pounds upon it, perhaps it would be worth fifty.’ ‘He is said to have saved sufficient money to return and settle in his native country (Germany), which he accordingly did; but having been so long accustomed to London porter and English fare, he found in his old age that he could not do without them, so he came back to London, where he died.’

‘We possess more cathedral and collegiate organs of Samuel Green’s construction, than of any other builder’s,’ says a writer in the *Christian Remembrancer*; yet can Dr. Rimbault tell us nothing about him, save that, being a man of an inventive turn, he lived a laborious life and died poor. Of John Avery, who died as late as 1808, ‘very little is known, save that ‘he is said to have been a dissipated character;’ while concerning the two Englands, whose instruments are so numerous and so excellent, all that we learn, is, that posterity has been so indifferent to their individual merits as generally to confound the father with the son.

Nor have the researches of Dr. Rimbault been more successful in regard to the great continental builders of his fourth epoch. Of the Silbermanns, Andreas, his brother Gottfried, and his sons, Johann Andreas and Johan Daniel, excepting the fact that Gottfried ‘was the inventor of the *clavecin d’amour*, and one of the earliest makers of the pianoforte,’ we learn nothing but that they lived and died. Nor is our natural curiosity about famous men at all satisfied by a bald record of the names of some of their contemporaries and successors, or by being told that the organ in the Benedictine Abbey of Weingarten, is the work of Johann Gabler of Ulm, and the ‘world-famed’ instrument at Haarlem that of Christian Müller of Amsterdam.

We cannot help thinking that more extended researches in Continental musical literature would enable Dr. Rimbault to add greatly to the interest of the close of his memoir, in a second edition. Even the few facts collected by M. Fétis, especially respecting the Silbermann family, would have been new to many of Dr. Rimbault’s readers, who, not sympathizing in the author’s antiquarian predilections, will wonder why, having disinterred such a mass of information about the builders of the middle ages, he has left them so ill informed about those of more recent date.

The ‘Comprehensive Treatise’ of

* Terminated by the casting vote of Judge Jefferies, which (*pace* Macaulay) seems, in this instance, to have been given on the right side.

Mr. Hopkins, which forms the second part of, or rather the second *work* included in, the volume before us, is by far the most important attempt to describe the 'structure and capabilities' of the organ which has come under our notice. Indeed, since the first publication of Dom Bedos' treatise, now nearly a century ago, such attempts have been but few and comparatively feeble. So far indeed has the theory or literature of organ-building been from keeping pace with the practice, that it has been thought worth while lately to put forth the worthy Benedictine's work in a new dress. It was reprinted in 1849 as one of the numbers of the well-known *Encyclopédie-Roret*. How far the inevitable shortcomings of any treatise a century old have been remedied in the reprint by the labours of modern editorship, we are not in a condition to pronounce. So many, so various, and so important have been the alterations and improvements in the modern practice of organ-building, that in order to incorporate them with *L'Art du Facteur des Orgues*, an amount of supplementary labour must have been undergone hardly inferior to that required for the production of an original work. Mr. Hopkins, well acquainted without doubt with the results of Dom Bedos' labours, has not felt himself bound to follow in his track; seeing, as everybody must see, that the organ-building of the nineteenth century is a new art, and believing rightly that a new art demands a new method of exposition. Mr. Hopkins's method is briefly and clearly explained in his own words:—

The structural portions of an organ are classed into three great divisions; namely (1), the machine by which the wind is collected for the production of sound, the channels through which it is conducted to the various departments of the instrument, and then redistributed among the numerous pipes of each; (2) the mechanism by which the several departments are individually or conjointly brought into use, and their stops brought under perfect control; and (3) the sound-producing parts, namely, the pipe work. These several divisions, together with the case, constitute what is known *par excellence* as 'THE ORGAN'; the construction and operation

of which form the subject matter of the following chapters.

It must be obvious that anything like the same method we have followed in respect to Dr. Rimbault's *History* would be altogether inapplicable to Mr. Hopkins's *Treatise*. To present to our readers an analysis, however condensed, of the contents of upwards of three hundred closely printed *royal octavo* pages, descriptive on the one hand of processes the most various and minute, in respect to materials of every sort and kind, animal, vegetable, and mineral; and on the other, expository of results dependent on considerations among the most recondite in science,—even to bring before our readers a *list* of the matters, great and small, which have been discussed by Mr. Hopkins in relation to his multifarious task, would demand far more space than we can afford. The purpose we have in view—that of referring our readers from our own pages to his—will be better answered by a few extracts bearing on subjects of popular interest, and intelligible without *illustrations*.

Of the thousands and tens of thousands who, once in the week at least, are brought under the influence of an organ, few, we take it, have anything like a clear conception of the mode in which its pipes give tongue, or, to use the more sedate expression of the builder, *speak*. Mr. Hopkins's explanation, carefully read (for the subject of it is not an easy one), will make the matter plain.

A *metal flue* pipe is made to sound by the admission of a jet of wind at the apex of the foot, which, rushing upwards, passes through the wind-way, and strikes against the upper-lip, producing a concussion which prevents the air from issuing in a continuous manner from the mouth, and causes it to proceed intermittingly. The vibrations thus caused are communicated to the column of air within the body of the pipe; and, the air being set in motion, a sound is produced, which sound however cannot strictly be said to be produced by the pipe itself, nor by the elastic motion of its body, but by the vibrations at its mouth, and the motion of the column of air contained within its body. The former circumstance is sufficiently evidenced by the

fact that the pitch is nearly the same, whatever may be the thickness or the character of the material employed in the construction of the pipe. The stoutness, toughness, and elasticity of the material have nevertheless something to do with the *quality* and *strength* of the tone, as will presently be explained.

A slight motion of the body of the pipe may indeed be detected, which however is a consequence and not a cause, and arises from the friction of the column of air within, having nothing to do with the *production* of the sound, which is to be attributed solely to the circumstances already mentioned.

A wood flue pipe is made to sound in much the same manner as a metal pipe of the same kind. The wind, on being admitted, passes up the pipe-foot into the throat, and from thence into the hollowed part of the cap, up which it forces itself; then, after passing through the wind-way between the upper edge of the cap and block, it strikes against the upper lip, and is thus made to vibrate, the vibrations, as already described, being communicated to the air in the body of the pipe.

It is worthy of remark that, whereas the sides of a wood pipe beat violently while the pipe is speaking, the front and back remain perfectly quiescent.

The sound from a pipe continues so long as the organ-wind is allowed to enter that pipe, and at the same unabated strength.

In a stopped pipe the current of air in the body of the pipe takes a somewhat altered course, and produces a remarkably different result from what it does in an open one.

The consideration of this subject affords an opportunity for explaining what might otherwise appear to be an inaccuracy in regard to flue pipes depending on the dimensions of their bodies for the gravity or acuteness of their sound. A stopped flue pipe of a given length will produce a sound as low as that of an open pipe of *twice the length*. This fact, however, is soon accounted for. Instead of the air escaping out at the top of the shorter pipe, as it does out of the longer, it is checked by the stopper that closes the upper end. In consequence of this interruption, the wind is reflected back again down the pipe before it can make its exit, which it does through the mouth. The wind in a stopped pipe therefore traverses the distance of the length of the body twice over—first up, then down—and consequently produces a sound of increased gravity in proportion.

Thus, a stopped pipe of two feet gives

the same sound as an open one of four feet; a stopped pipe of eight feet the same sound as an open one of sixteen feet: and so on.

The following justification of the use of *harmonic-corroborating stops* is interesting and well put:—

It should not be omitted to be noticed that some theorists take exception to some of the harmonic-corroborating stops—some objecting to the tierce, because of its sounding the *major* third to the key struck, which it is thought must be offensive in a *minor* key; others, to the twelfth, on the ground that it causes all musical progressing passages to be played in *consecutive fifths*; and others, again, to the double diapason downwards, and the principal and smaller foundation-ranks upwards, as they play in *consecutive octaves* to the diapasons. According to the laws of musical composition, all such progressions, in strict writing, are forbidden, and all the above objections are equally strong, and entitled to attention.

The rules of musical composition, however, are scarcely the tests by which the admissibility of organ stops can be truly judged. An organ never sounds so well as when it contains most of these 'theoretically' objectionable stops. This fact may be soon evidenced on an organ that contains them, though it will be necessary to proceed inversely. It may be ascertained thus: first, draw all the open flue-work; if the twelfth, the 'consecutive-fifth' stop be shut in, there is then nothing to break the bare octave-work from the diapason, till you come to the mutation ranks of the compound-stops, and the tone consequently loses some of its roundness—becomes top and bottom. Close the mutation-ranks of the compound-stops, and the tone becomes more thin and cutting, because the sounds designed to fill up some of the intervals between the foundation-ranks, to bind the whole together, are silenced. Next shut in all the 'consecutive octave' stops upwards, and the tone will be deprived of all brightness; and lastly, put in the double diapason—the stop which sounds in unison with the adult male voices in the melody of a chorale, and the manual will lose its greatest gravity. Nothing but the open diapason will be left; the organ will be theorized down from a magnificent instrument to certainly a solemn, but, at the same time, dull and monotonous single set of pipes.

The laws of musical *progression*, and the phenomenon of harmonic *attendant* sounds are, in reality, two very distinct subjects. As an illustration of this, it

is only necessary to play on a full organ, with the mutation and compound-stops drawn, first, a series of single notes, and then the same succession in fifths, when the differences between harmonic *attendant* sounds and harmonic *progressional* sounds must at once become apparent.

No organ-fancier who has travelled can have failed to remark the solidity or homogeneity of sound produced by the majority of the instruments in Dutch and German churches, in comparison with those of our own country. The volume of tone, strange to say, is at once greater and less stunning. Something of this may be due to the vastness of the structures in which the continental organs stand; but the main cause is to be found in the instruments themselves—in the proportions of their registers one to another. Mr. Hopkins's evidence here is most valuable.

Much pains was taken by the writer, while abroad, to test several continental organs, with precisely the same stops drawn that are usually found in old English organs, and the experiments were invariably attended with the same effect as that witnessed from some of the best old instruments of this country, namely, the production of a clear and ringing character of sound, but accompanied by an over amount of mixture-tone. It was also observed that, on adding the *remaining* stops, the accurate balance of tone was immediately restored. An indisputable proof was in this manner obtained of the *cause* of the misproportion originally existing in so many English organs; as well as a clear illustration of the most correct way of *remedying* that defect. The 'fathers of modern organ-building in England,' Harris and Smith, studied their art *abroad*, where it was the custom to produce a fine and well-balanced organ by disposing a certain proportion of mixture-work to secure clearness, boldness, and vivacity; one or more double stops to impart gravity and dignity; and a good number of eight and four feet stops to give *firmness* and definitiveness to the whole, by blending the various elements in harmonious amalgamation. On arriving in this country they encountered a serious difficulty in being compelled to keep their organs within restricted dimensions. Perhaps they were also sometimes straitened in the matter of terms, and they might even have had to contend with a want of appreciation and co-operation on the part of contemporary organists.

Being denied the necessary room wherein to complete their manual

organs, even independently of a separate pedal organ, which was invariably omitted, they had to relinquish some of those stops which would require the *most space* for their accommodation; hence the double stops were generally expunged, and, in some cases, even some of the unison and octave stops also. The due proportion of the three great elements being thus disturbed, by the entire omission of one and the weakening of a second, the third then naturally stood out with undue prominence.

The influence of his instrument on an instrumental performer is fairly discussed in the following:—

It would be interesting to ascertain, if it were possible to do so, whether the trifling and irreverent notions concerning organ-playing in church, so much in vogue throughout the last century, were so at the time of Smith and Harris's arrival in this country, and, consequently, whether the incapacity to appreciate, and therefore to advocate the broad and 'dignified' instruments which those builders were prepared to construct, was to be attributed to the then prevailing musical taste, or, whether the frivolous and tasteless manner in question of using the organ was the *consequence* of their usually being composed chiefly of 'little' stops, as some of the Germans have expressed themselves somewhat contemptuously, when speaking of our old organs. One thing is at any rate certain, that the organs were not calculated to *encourage* the conception of elevated musical ideas, nor, if they arose independently of external assistance, were they capable of *realizing* them; hence the production of so much music, specially written for such instruments, that now reflects nought but discredit upon the contemporary musical taste of this country.

Mr. Hopkins sums up the arguments for and against 'even temperament,' and the present supposed 'high pitch of the musical scale,' as follows. His decision is so much the more to be respected as it will inevitably lay him open to the charge of insensibility to one of the principal (supposed) sources of musical enjoyment—variety of key:—

The probability is that neither *temperament* nor *pitch*, although both capable of exercising great influence, have so much to do with giving 'greater power of colouring to the musical art,' by means of the establishment of the so-called 'character of scale,' as the internal resources of the art itself. For since music has become a *language*, as well

as a science and an art, composers have been enabled to express *whatever they please*, in any scale they please. They have drawn music of a given 'character,' and its opposite, from one and the same scale. Thus, if Handel selected the 'bold, vigorous, and commanding' scale of C major for the 'Horse and his Rider' chorus, he employed it with equal success also for his 'Dead March in *Saul*.' If Mendelssohn adopted the same scale, 'expressive of war and enterprise,' for his 'Military Duet,' he used it no less felicitously for his sweet and peaceful aria, 'O rest in the Lord.' If he fixed upon the scale of G minor, 'replete with melancholy,' for his most pathetic second movement in the instrumental introduction to the *Lobgesang*, he adopted the same 'meek and pensive scale' with equally perfect success also for two of his most vivacious 'scherzos,' those in the *Otello* and the *Midsummer Night's Dream* music. Weber selected the 'awfully dark and tragic' scale of D flat major for his inspiring 'Invitation to the Dance.' But to whatever circumstances, or combination of circumstances, the distinction of scale observable on an equally tempered pianoforte or organ is to be ascribed, one thing is evident,—if the unequal temperament was felt to be *insufficient* for the purpose of church-organ accompaniment in the seventeenth century, as is evidenced by the unwearied attempts that were made to get rid of it, it cannot be sufficient in the nineteenth, now that the use of a far greater number of scales has become unavoidable from a variety of causes.

Mr. Hopkins's opinion on another of the vexed questions of our day will be valuable, as the result of much experience and careful consideration. His argument seems to us irrefragable:—

In suggesting the adoption of the CC compass for the manual, it must not be concluded that the notes below CC are not required *anywhere*, but simply that they are not required on that clavier as *manual* notes. This leads to the third objection, that, 'shortening the compass is going backwards instead of forwards.' This appears, at first, to be a well-grounded objection; yet, in reality, it admits of a ready reply. The great question is not which is the longest, but which is the most correct, complete, convenient, compact, and economical compass. These questions have already been once considered, but they may be further illustrated by a return to our former parallel. Supposing a fifth and sixth strings to have been added to a violin, and, no legitimate use being found for them, they were taken off again; the violin would not, on that

account, become a less perfect instrument: there would be no 'going backwards.' Or, to draw the parallel more closely, if, to supply the two extra strings for the violin, two had been abstracted from the violoncello; and it was afterwards desired that *both* should be rendered efficient, there could be no question as to the propriety of reducing the former and increasing the latter to the proper and precise dimensions. This latter comparison is the more exact one to draw, for the essential lowest octave of the swell, or the equally essential upper octave of the pedal organ, have been but too often omitted, where the one or the other might have been introduced but for the unessential notes from BB to GG on the great organ. It is believed there could be but one opinion as to the most correct course to pursue in regard to the stringed instruments; and it would seem surprising there should be a second one against an equally consistent proportioning of the different departments of an organ.

With a passage of universal interest, as bearing rather on morals than on music, we bring our extracts to a close.

An organ with, say, fifty stops, will cost £1000 or nearly £2000, according to circumstances. If its specification be drawn up in a spirit consistent with the magnitude of the work, as implied by the number of its stops—if the stops chosen are introduced mostly in a 'complete' form, and if a just proportion be observed in the distribution of the stops between the manuals and pedal, the cost of such an instrument will certainly approach the higher of the two rough estimates above given. But then it will also be a genuine specimen of the German system of organ-building, carried out in its amplitude and integrity. Among the fundamental laws of that system are these: if a great manual be furnished with sixteen stops, those should include at least two double stops, one of which must be a double open diapason throughout; or, to follow the German form of expression more closely, the great organ should be a 'sixteen-feet manual.' Then all the manuals, by which is meant the organs as well as the keys, should be of equal, that is, CC range; and the pedal moreover should, as a *minimum* proportion, have at least one-third as many stops as the great manual.

These and other governing rules of the science, however, can only be recognised, or at least followed, when 'the price' will admit of their being so. But it too frequently happens that the approximate price for the organ has already been fixed, and the hoped-for

number of stops also considered; in which case all that is left for an organ-builder to do, who desires to secure the order, is to prepare a design that will as little as possible run counter to these preformed expectations. He sees clearly that a plan for an instrument on the genuine German principle will exclude itself by its appended estimate; that there is every probability of the prize falling into the hands of him who can prepare the most 'promising' specification; therefore ideas about 'art' must subserve to those relating to 'business.'

Nor can organ-builders fairly be held accountable for adopting the obvious alternative thus imposed upon them, and which amounts to this in effect, if not in words: he who will prepare the specification that seems to promise the most extensive instrument for the stated terms—who, in fact, can the most successfully make what would form a smaller organ look like a larger, upon paper—will stand the best chance of securing 'the order.' And the ingenuity sometimes displayed in estimates drawn up to meet such expectations almost calls for admiration. First, instead of the specification stating that the proposed instrument shall be built on the German *system*, which would be embodying a great deal; all it will promise, if it be prudently drawn up, is that it shall be made to the German *compass*, which is at the same time the old English compass of two centuries ago, and implies but little. Next, several of the stops are planned to draw in *halves*, every such divided stop thus appearing as *two*; or they are introduced in an incomplete form, to meet other incomplete stops. In this manner a great step is made towards securing the necessary array of 'stops,' many persons judging of the excellence of an organ by the number of its *handles*, rather than by the excellence and completeness of what those handles govern. The couplers, even, to swell the number, are sometimes enumerated as 'stops.' Then the important distinction between 'standard size' and 'size of tone' is overlooked, and the two portions of the stopped diapason, which together form in reality but one stop of eight feet *tone*, in consequence bear the aspect of two stops of eight feet. The bourdon, also, if divided, appears as two stops of sixteen feet. In this manner the stops in question, and by consequence the department to which they belong, are left open to a flattering estimate of their real dimensions. The one sesqui-altera of five ranks, again, which is to be found in all the most important organs of Germany, as well as in those of Bridge, Byfield, Harris, and Snetzler, has to be made to draw as two or even three stops.

Then the swell organ—which is essentially of English invention and development—is more highly and justly appreciated in this country than in any other in Europe, is a department in the construction of which an organ-builder takes peculiar pride and interest, this must be cut short at tenor C, which denudation deprives the swell of its finest octave, though to be sure at the same time it effects a saving of nearly £100 in the cost of that department alone, in the instance of a design for a large swell, and must therefore be resorted to as one means of keeping down the price of the instrument. The swell *manual* indeed perhaps runs 'throughout,' though that is of little value without its proper pipes. Numerous small and inexpensive stops, again, find admission, which assist in making up the required number at no great outlay, while many large and costly ones are necessarily excluded to bring the instrument within the narrow bounds prescribed by the stipulated terms. In this manner the admirable rule which lies at the very foundation of the German system of organ-building—that the pedal shall have at the least one-third as many stops as the great manual, and which is specially intended to check all excess in small or incomplete stops, as well as the slighting of large and more important ones—is perforce treated as though it had no existence. By the above and other such means, a specification for an organ of almost any number of stops, *i. e.*, handles, may be produced to suit almost any sum that may be named.

In an appendix are presented specifications of no less than three hundred organs, foreign and British. This, though a very necessary complement to Mr. Hopkins's treatise, affords little material for comment, and less for extract. Though the least readable and, save to students, the least interesting portion of the work, it is that which must have demanded the greatest expenditure of time and labour. Taking for granted its accuracy—for to test it in every instance would be the work of a life—it must be regarded as an invaluable *digest* of authorities, in reference to a kind of *practice* only to be advanced by the inductive method.

We cannot quit this interesting volume without repeating the suggestion of a contemporary, that the *practical* portions should be presented in some more compact, and therefore more generally accessible, form. 'Every man,' says Mr.

Ruskin, 'has, at some time of his life, personal interest in architecture. He has influence on the design of some public building, or he has to buy, or build, or alter his own house.' A great truth is limitless in its application. Organ-building is one of the forms of architecture, and a church organ is assuredly a 'public building' in whose perfection and preservation every Christian man has an interest, renewable in

every act of public worship; which perfection and preservation, too, he may 'at some time of his life,' personally influence. The construction, if not the history, of the organ, is therefore a matter of universal interest, and the publication of an abstract of Mr. Hopkins's treatise would do much towards making it more generally understood.

J. H.

THE PEACE CONFERENCES.

THE plenipotentiaries at Paris may have virtually concluded a peace before these pages are published; but on the present occasion it is only possible to deal with the progress and prospects of the negotiations down to the eve of the Congress. Of the ultimate result there can be little doubt. The English Government is pledged to accept the concessions which Russia has consented to make; France is eager to be relieved from the burden of the war, and Austria dreads the eventual necessity of taking a part in the struggle. Sardinia, although represented at the Congress, can offer no opposition to the unanimous determination of the greater powers. When all parties are resolved to make a bargain, no difference as to the details of the contract will prevent its completion. An ingenious French publicist has suggested that the allied sovereigns are not yet supposed to know that the Emperor Alexander has succeeded his father on the throne. It would appear, however, that this difficulty also has been set aside, nor will Count Orloff and Baron Brunnow be rejected as presenting credentials from an unknown potentate. Court Chamberlains who still entertain scruples may be comforted by the reflection that the death of Nicholas shares the conventional uncertainty which attaches to the accession of his son.

The main conditions of the peace are already settled; nor are the disputes which may be expected to arise likely to involve issues which could justify the renewal of the war. It is not impossible that Count Walewski may be found more yielding than Lord Clarendon, or

that Count Buol may be disposed to construe doubtful phrases in a Russian sense; but the Esterhazy proposals, which form the recognised ground of the negotiations, admit only of a limited elasticity. England must consent to be bound by any reasonable interpretation which receives the sanction of her allies. France and Austria must, from regard to their own reputation, enforce the substantial performance of the promises which have been extorted from Russia. The left bank of the Lower Danube will be incorporated with Moldavia, although discussions may arise respecting the fortress of Chotym. The fleet which lies beneath the harbour of Sebastopol will not be replaced. Sweden will probably be secured against the menace implied in the fortification of the Aland Isles. A main guarantee for the acceptance of the allied terms is to be found in the fact that they are already in force. It is comparatively easy to recognise *de jure* whatever exists *de facto*. The simplest form of treaty is that which involves no executory contract. The walls of Bomarsund and the ships of the Black Sea having disappeared from the visible world, may be conveniently regarded by diplomatists as theoretical violations of the future public law of Europe. It was formerly a maxim that all treaties of peace must commence either with the basis of *uti possidetis*, or with the *status quo ante bellum*. In the present negotiations, the actual position of the belligerents forms the rule, subject to certain minor modifications. The conditions of peace will of themselves prove both that Russia has

been overmatched, and that she has not been conquered.

A formal difficulty which has arisen from the mismanagement of the war in Asia, may become a substantial obstacle to peace, if the English and French plenipotentiaries display any want of firmness. The basis of negotiation to which Russia is pledged consists in the proposals forwarded from Vienna to St. Petersburg in December, including the so-called fifth point, or clause of reservation. The subsequent acceptance, as it took place within the limited time, must be construed with reference to the proposal. The Western Powers have promised Austria, and Austria has promised Russia, that the war shall terminate, and that the territory occupied by the allied forces shall be evacuated on the terms offered through Count Esterhazy. It was after the departure of the Envoy from Vienna that Kars was inexcusably abandoned to the enemy. Count Orloff may therefore argue, with plausibility, that his sovereign is entitled either to retain his conquest, or to obtain some mitigation in the conditions of peace, in consideration of his restoring it to Turkey. On the part of the Allies, an answer may be given which will be logical in proportion to the firmness with which it is enforced. England and France, already proved by the capture of Sebastopol to be the stronger party, have hitherto put forth but a fraction of their strength. In meeting the enemy half way in overtures for peace, they have declared the minimum of concession which they demand. Russia may have a right to profit by a change of circumstances; but the Allies are equally entitled to revoke their consent to enter into negotiations. A month of renewed war would be sufficient to provide more than an equivalent for Kars; and Russia will find the cession of the conquered town and province a cheaper solution of the difficulty. The reserving clause fortunately provides a formal escape from any diplomatic puzzle which may be found to exist. When the conditions were drawn up, the position of the belligerents was such as to supply with definite modifications an admissible basis of peace. If the original data are altered, the calcu-

lations based upon them must be recommenced. The gun-boats which have been launched from the English dock-yards since the conquest of Kars may fairly be set off against Mouravieff's victory. It has been said that the French Government has regarded with comparative indifference the progress of the enemy in Asia; but both Allies are equally interested in preventing the enemy from terminating the war with an accession of territory at the expense of Turkey. Whatever may have been the fortune of war at the close of the campaign, the cause of Russia is not more righteous nor her comparative strength greater, than at the time when the cabinets of London and Paris laid down the conditions of their adhesion to the proposals of Austria.

The statesmen assembled at Paris, notwithstanding their high rank and great experience, ought to consider that their functions are rather executive than deliberative. It is their business to fill up an outline which is already distinctly traced. The circumstances are not favourable to elaborate political creations, such as those which were devised at the Congress of Vienna. Belligerents fresh from active warfare can scarcely consult with advantage on organic arrangements. If any such measures be indispensable, they may at least be postponed until the primary object of the meeting has been attained. The zeal of the plenipotentiaries will be stimulated by the knowledge that until they have arrived at a decisive conclusion, no suspension of hostilities will be secured, except by a tacit armistice. During the recent discussions, sufficient attention has scarcely been paid to the distinction between the protocols which record the basis of negotiation and the preliminary treaty of peace. Count Esterhazy was authorized, on the acceptance of his proposals by Count Nesselrode, to agree that negotiations should be instituted. The representatives of England, France, Russia, Austria, and Turkey afterwards executed at Vienna a protocol providing for the assemblage of a Congress at Paris, to frame a treaty on the ground of the conditions on which the belligerents had already agreed. The next step will consist

in the signature of the preliminaries; and as soon as they are ratified, the war, according to all former precedents, must be considered at an end. The definitive treaty only confirms the stipulations which have already been sanctioned by the contracting Governments. It is on the preliminary treaty that the most formal parliamentary debates have taken place; and the relations which exist between the former belligerents during the interval are nearer to peace than to war. In more than one instance, a government, after the signature of the preliminaries, has been allowed to carry out an expedition which would have been impossible during the continuance of hostilities. During the six months which elapsed between the convention of Leoben and the treaty of Campo Formio, General Bonaparte consented to the occupation of the Venetian territory by the Austrian army. After the signature of the preliminaries by Lord Hawkesbury and M. Otto, in 1801, the English Government, then in absolute command of the sea, allowed the First Consul to dispatch a great naval armament to St. Domingo, and issued orders to its officers in all parts of the world to treat the French flag with respect. The subsequent conclusion of the definitive Peace of Amiens offers the most forcible illustration of the decisive character of a preliminary treaty. During the long delay interposed by the artifices of the French plenipotentiaries, the relative position of the contracting parties had undergone material alterations. The First Consul had profited by the peace to declare himself President of the Cisalpine Republic, to incorporate Parma with his system of dependent states, and to interfere, by force, in the internal affairs of Switzerland. Lord Grenville and the other advocates of war, strongly censured the conduct of the Ministry in concluding the final peace without demanding an equivalent for the recent aggrandizement of France: but, although the just discontent of the nation prepared the way for the rupture which soon after followed, no serious effort was made in Parliament to interfere with the ordinary sequence of negotiation. There has probably been no

instance in which war has been renewed after the ratification of a preliminary treaty.

On the present occasion the signature of the final treaty will probably follow in two or three weeks from the ratification of the preliminaries. There seems to be no reason for prolonging the labours of the Congress beyond the beginning or middle of April. Seldom has a work of equal magnitude left so few difficult points to settle. The short duration and limited area of the struggle reduced it to a mere trial of strength among the belligerents, involving no material disturbance of their previous relative position. There have been no conquests except the ground occupied by the allied armies on one side, and Kars on the other. The only territorial change which is contemplated refers to an almost uninhabited district, and requires no political arrangements. The so-called organization of the Danubian Principalities will probably be postponed till the conclusion of the peace.

The facility of the task imposed on Lord Clarendon and his colleagues will be most fully appreciated by comparison with former treaties of peace. At Utrecht, the contracting powers divided the vast monarchy of Spain and the Indies among numerous claimants. The Bourbons were established in the Peninsula and in the Indies; Austria received the Duchy of Milan and the Kingdom of Naples; Sicily was awarded to Savoy; and the great object of Holland was carried out by the provisions which were made for the protection of the Austrian Netherlands against French ambition. The Peace of Paris, in 1763, confirmed England in the possession of Canada, and in the supremacy of India; while Prussia emerged from the Seven Years' War as a great European power. By the treaties of 1783, the United States acquired an independent existence. At Luneville and at Amiens the whole positive public law of Europe was altered by the deliberate resolution of the contracting parties that all former treaties should expire. During the Revolutionary War the map of the world had been remodelled by English conquests in the eastern and west-

ern hemispheres, and by French conquests on the Continent. The old Roman Empire was on the eve of dissolution, and the German princes were extorting from their weaker neighbours equivalents for the territory which France had appropriated on the left bank of the Rhine. Within ten years nearly a third of the inhabitants of Europe found their allegiance transferred to strangers, designated by the fortune of war and by the skill and caprice of diplomacy. A few years passed, and the Congress of Vienna once more undertook the repartition of the Continent. Questions whether Poland should be a province of Russia, whether Saxony should be incorporated with Prussia, whether the German princes should be installed as petty sovereigns, or subordinated to a reconstituted Empire, these were problems widely different from the reduction of the four or five points accepted at St. Petersburg into special and definite stipulations.

Lord de Redcliffe and his colleagues at Constantinople have anticipated one troublesome portion of the labours imposed upon the Congress. As far as words go, the Turkish Christians are already invested with all the privileges for which the belligerents on both sides have expressed so enthusiastic a desire. There is no doubt that all formal documents, firmans, and *hatti-scheriffs*, will be forthcoming at the proper time in official performance of the official promises made by the Porte to the Allies. The obedience of local functionaries, the willingness of the Christians to undertake the burdensome honour, of military service, the general coincidence of fact with law, must remain for the present uncertain; but if the diplomatists of Constantinople have not done all that might be wished, the members of the Congress at Paris could do no more. The Sultan can only be asked to make promises, nor will the Powers be unduly anxious to allow each other the right of enforcing the performance of his undertakings. Turkey is in many respects ill-governed; but the attempt of a powerful neighbour to supersede the legitimate authorities of the country has cost Europe half a million of lives and a hundred and fifty millions of

money. It will be necessary to assume, for the purposes of the treaty, that in Turkey, as elsewhere, laws are intended to be enforced. The Ottoman Government will probably inflict less evil on its own subjects than that which would result from the interference of any foreign power with the internal administration; but however this may be, a corrupt pacha would afford a less alarming spectacle than a new Menschikoff mission to Constantinople. Lord John Russell's gratuitous admission, that the Emperor of Russia had a right of protection over the Turkish Christians, will certainly not be repeated by any of the statesmen assembled at Paris.

Both the condition of the Rayahs and the political constitution of the Principalities will be determined more effectually by circumstances than by the formal conditions of the treaty. The powers concerned in negotiation are primarily anxious to guard against reciprocal encroachments. It is impossible to suppose that disinterested philanthropy will predominate in their councils, when it is remembered that England and Austria have adopted the same phrases in reference to the future organization of Moldavia and Wallachia. It is impossible that they can mean the same, or that they can believe themselves to have the same meaning. A constitution, established under the joint auspices of the sovereign of Canada and of the sovereign of Lombardy, ought perhaps to combine perfect freedom with meddling and intrusive despotism; but there is much reason to fear that the influence of Austria and Russia will predominate in the Principalities. The inhabitants have already become painfully familiar with the policy, or rather with the police system, which emanates from Vienna. The first condition of their nominal independence will be a government which shall render it impossible that they should set an example of freedom to their neighbours. Lord Clarendon will not perhaps be so eager as Lord John Russell to stipulate that the proposed institutions shall involve no menace to the alleged security of Austria: but he will unavoidably content himself with phrases which may lead to the same practical re-

sult. In all that concerns the Ottoman provinces, the Congress will seriously attempt only to repel foreign aggression. In 1815, when all the efforts of Austria and of England in favour of Poland had broken down, Lord Castlereagh, for the purpose of concealing his defeat, urged on the partitioning powers the necessity of reconciling the Polish nation to foreign supremacy by wise government, founded on liberal institutions. All the sovereigns who had been pushing their jarring pretensions to the verge of war, at once acquiesced in the easy termination of the dispute, and cordially adopted the English proposal. The Wallachians and the Rayahs will probably find in the forthcoming Treaty of Paris securities as valid as those which the Poles have enjoyed under the Treaty of Vienna.

The only real struggle which is to be expected will bear upon the only practical limitation to be imposed on Russian power. The unmeaning term of neutralization applied to the Black Sea leaves room for interminable discussion. Neutrality implies peace in the midst of the war; but it is not for a state of war that the plenipotentiaries are preparing. A neutral country, such as Switzerland, keeps its peculiar character in abeyance as long as the temple of Janus is closed; nor does it lose, either in peace or war, the right to guard by armaments against aggression. No word could be less applicable to the intended prohibition of warlike flags in the Black Sea: but there can have been no mistake as to the intention of the Western Powers. It must depend in some measure on the good faith of Austria whether the agreement to abandon the maintenance of naval arsenals shall be extended to Nicolaieff. A dockyard on a river must in fairness be considered as appertaining to the shore of the nearest sea. The works at Nicolaieff would be mere absurdities but for the proximity of the Euxine; nor is it possible to suppose that France and England intended to tolerate a nursery for the marine which they considered dangerous to the peace of Europe. On this question there is room for a quibble, but scarcely excuse for an argument.

There is greater risk of a dispute in relation to the Circassian forts formerly occupied as a check on the mountaineers. The tribes of the Caucasus have neither served the cause of the Allies nor entered into engagements which impose corresponding obligations; but Circassia has never been recognised as Russian territory, although Europe tacitly submitted to the forcible exclusion of all foreign commerce from the Caucasian coast. With the co-operation of France, England may probably be able to insist successfully on free access to at least a portion of the country between the Black Sea and the Caspian. If no satisfactory concession can be obtained, it may perhaps be prudent to leave the question undetermined. Some time must elapse before the Russian power can be re-established at the foot of the mountains; nor will the highlanders be more easily subdued since they have ascertained that there exist in Europe forces even more formidable than those of the dreaded Czar.

There is no reason to doubt, that in all the discussions which may arise, the English plenipotentiaries will be duly tenacious of the honour and rights of their country; but in common with the Government which they represent, they are entitled to protest against the unreasonable expectations which may be popularly entertained. An alliance among independent states realizes the old fiction of a social compact under which every individual surrenders a portion of his natural liberty. One of several confederates can neither control the military operations of the league nor negotiate alone. The inconvenience of a divided command, involving sometimes unequal degrees of zeal for the common cause, has not been unfelt in the Crimea. The harmony which has characterized the various diplomatic proceedings since the beginning of 1853, has necessarily been purchased by mutual concessions. At the beginning of the third year of the war, France and England find a tendency to divergence in their wishes if not in their interests. The sudden prospect of peace was unwillingly received on this side the Channel; but there can be no doubt that it was eagerly welcomed by the

Government of the Tuileries, and it has caused clamorous and indecent demonstrations of joy among those classes of the French nation who enjoy the greatest facilities for making themselves heard. The scrupulous good faith with which the Emperor Napoleon has acted from the first affords a security for the substantial adherence of his ministers to the text of the Esterhazy proposals; but if France proves herself on any matter of detail less exacting than England, it will not be surprising if Russia profits by the difference. Towards the enemy the Allies present but a single front. Count Orloff and Baron Brunnow will insist on the most favourable interpretation of the conditions which are put forward by any member of the Confederation. The basis and the terms of the negotiation might perhaps have been widely different if an exclusively English policy had predominated in the councils of Europe; but such a position could only have obtained by sacrifices far greater than those which have been imposed upon us in the present war.

Mr. Roebuck may perhaps be right in declaring that England is strong enough to continue the war single-handed, and to bring it to a triumphant conclusion. The enormous armament prepared for the Baltic might inflict heavy blows on Russia, and the army now serving under the English flag in the Crimea is strong enough to turn the fortune of war in Asia; but no prudent statesman would break up the present alliance for the sake of military glory, leaving France and Austria at liberty to enter into new political combinations. The expected peace will accomplish some at least of the objects which justified the original declaration of war. Constantinople is saved for the present—Austria and Sweden have profited by the opportunity to declare their independence of the Power which claimed them as subservient allies—the Danube is liberated—the Euxine bears no Russian fleet—above all, the mischievous and insidious treaties imposed upon Turkey during the last century have been abrogated by the war. The assembled diplomatists will be inexcusable if they allow the extinct conventions

to be renewed, even subject to the most plausible limitations. As the Principalities are to be provided with a new constitution, and as all the relations between Russia and Turkey are to be remodelled, it may well be doubted whether the revival of any single stipulation from the treaties of Kainardji or of Adrianople can be necessary or advisable. Under any circumstances, re-enactment should be preferred to renewal. The experience of past difficulties may perhaps suggest the use of language not obviously liable to perversion, and the signatories of the Treaty of Paris will be the natural and authorized interpreters of their own meaning. It is perfectly useless to revive ancient territorial arrangements; for in all matters not expressly regulated by treaty, possession forms a sufficient title. The possession of Lorraine by France, or of Silesia by Prussia, was originally sanctioned by treaties recognising the right of conquest; but a territory once occupied with the assent of foreign States, becomes an integral portion of the dominion which includes it. The right of Russia to the left bank of the Pruth will be secure, although the treaty of 1812 may be consigned to oblivion.

Mere promises and executory contracts render any treaty insecure; but if Turkey is to undertake any duties towards Russia beyond those of good neighbourhood, it is better that every possible liability should be defined within the limits of a single instrument. The incredible subservience of European diplomacy in 1853 to the claims of Russia, although it has become obsolete for the moment, may possibly reappear under some future combination of circumstances. No pretext should be furnished for the renewal of the disgraceful efforts which were made for the purpose of imposing the notorious Vienna note upon Turkey. In this matter France has a common interest with England. All Europe is concerned in precautions which may prevent colossal Powers from a second time drifting into war. The political relations of the Porte may profit, like an Irish property, by an Encumbered Estates Act, which substitutes a new title for a mass of old and questionable deeds.

The peace at the best will excite no enthusiasm in England. Mr. Bright and his small party may perhaps attempt to recover their hold on popular sympathies by dwelling on the limited results which will have been attained by a costly war. During the continuance of the struggle they found no hearers when they dwelt upon the alleged inconsistency of the Ministerial policy with the national expectations. The mass of the people desired to promote the cause of European liberty, and they willingly shut their eyes to the avowed objects of their own Government and to the obvious motives which influenced the Emperor of the French. It was in vain that the Manchester leaders declared that the Allies were indifferent to the repression of despotism and to the regeneration of Poland. It was felt that in the meantime they were fighting against Russia; nor was it certain that statesmen who had been forced into the war were infallible judges of its ultimate tendencies. A little more obstinacy on the part of the original aggressor, and the national instinct might at the end, as well as at the beginning of the war, have proved sounder than the calculations of professional politicians. The restoration of Poland, the virtual emancipation of Germany, the reorganization of Italy, were, even as possible contingencies, well worth the efforts which have for the moment been rewarded only by far smaller results. It is something to have even contemplated achievements so great in opposition to the fears of every Court on the Continent and to the wishes of the English aristocracy.

If, however, the English people were in the right, it does not follow that the Government was in the wrong. The Coalition which by arms and by menaces has checked the encroachments of Russia, could never have been formed for larger purposes. Although a portion of the press has factiously contrasted the backwardness of England with the supposed energy of her great confederate, it is well known that the French Government and the French generals have always discountenanced decisive measures against the enemy. There can be no doubt that Sweden might have been long since incorporated

into the League at the cheap price of a moderate subsidy; but a Scandinavian alliance would have involved the necessity of an active campaign on the coasts of the Baltic, with all the incalculable contingencies of a Polish insurrection. The policy which shrinks from an internecine war is not always censurable; and when it is adopted by one member of a confederacy, allies must deal with it as a fact. The wild language of impatient exiles has done much to excuse the alarm with which established governments regarded any plan for re-arranging the map of Europe. Proselytizing democrats cannot reasonably ask the aid of monarchies towards the recovery of national independence. Only nations accustomed to freedom are capable of appreciating the truth which often lies at the bottom of alarming and exaggerated phrases.

It is to be regretted that Sardinia has gained nothing by the war except the compliment of admission to a Congress of the Great Powers. The voice of Austria was too potential in the allied councils to leave room for any extension of Italian freedom: but the House of Savoy has established an additional claim on the Western Powers, and has secured the cordial sympathy and esteem of the English people. The ex-dictator Manin expresses the opinion of the best patriots of his country when he declares that if an Italian kingdom should ever become possible, the only dynasty which can be selected for the throne is that of Charles Albert and Victor Emmanuel. The extension of an organized state and of a working constitution is a more reasonable object of hope than the creation of a paper kingdom or republic.

The participation of a secondary State in the war, while one of the five Powers stood aloof, may introduce little modification into the rule which has constituted a privileged Directory of Governments. It was at Paris in 1814, and at the adjourned Congress of Sovereigns at Vienna, that the Great Powers first formally asserted their exclusive control over the affairs of Europe. The representatives of Spain and Sweden were only allowed a voice on questions which directly concerned their separate interests. Many of the

smaller States were obliged to submit to arrangements in which their wishes had never been consulted. The claim of Prussia to take a part in the negotiations cannot be recognised by the Western Powers as long as the Court of Berlin withholds the undertaking to enforce by arms the decisions of the Conference. The interests of England would, however, not be furthered by any permanent diminution in the numbers of the Supreme International Council. Austria, who has gained influence and consideration by a war in which she has taken no part, is more remote than Prussia from the political sympathies of Englishmen; but it may be prudent to punish by an exceptional exclusion a Government which has openly declined to undertake the responsibility belonging to its rank. The question is one of form and of dignity rather than of substance. The decisions of a Congress are not formed by a majority of votes, but by adjustment of rival interests, and by estimates of comparative forces. Sooner or later, the conclusions of the negotiating States will be accepted by Prussia; but the only essential signatories of the treaty are those who are prepared in case of need to vindicate it by arms.

The consent of the Ottoman Plenipotentiaries to stipulations affecting the interests of the Porte, is evidently indispensable. Diplomats delight to assert that a great point will have been gained by the admission of Turkey into the European system; but the relations of States seldom depend upon technical phrases. The Western Powers have already proved by their acts what Austria and Prussia have admitted in numerous state papers, that Europe is interested in preventing the absorption of the Ottoman provinces and capital into the Russian Empire. The policy which has long been recognised by statesmen is henceforth to be embodied in a formula. If circumstances or opinions hereafter change, the doctrine will again, at a due interval, follow the practice which may prevail. It is not to give the Porte a voice in questions of general policy, but to secure the assent of the Sultan to new obligations, and to preclude separate conventions with

Russia, that the Turkish Ambassador is invited to Paris.

It is impossible to foresee the duration of the peace which will probably be concluded. The long impending danger of direct Russian aggression on Turkey has been averted or postponed by the efforts of the Western Powers. Austria and Sweden have had an opportunity of declaring their independence of their powerful neighbour. An armed alliance with France has proved itself practicable; and, notwithstanding the frantic exultation of the servile party throughout Europe, founded on the exaggerated confessions of our own press, all statesmen are aware that the power of England is greater than at any former epoch, and that the nation is more than ever jealous of its honour. Any one of these considerations would probably have restrained the Emperor Nicholas from his insolent attack upon Turkey; but the declamations of the peace-mongers, and the criticisms of the English press on Louis Napoleon, had satisfied him that he might encroach on his neighbour with impunity. The current of Russian policy will perhaps, after a time, resume its habitual direction; but it must find for itself a new channel.

The most obvious device for regaining the influence which he has lost, would consist in the renewal of the aggressive league with France which was under questionable auspices inaugurated at Tilsit, and partially revived by the Bourbons on the eve of their merited fall. The Russian organs in all parts of the Continent are already anticipating a combination which, at the simple cost of European liberty and prosperity, might possibly produce embarrassment and injury to England. The journals of St. Petersburg have been instructed to apply every form of adulation to the Emperor of the French; nor are politicians wanting in Paris who eagerly respond to the Russian invitation. It is not unlikely that some similar combination may from time to time recur; nor is it possible to refuse to great States the choice of the alliances which may seem conducive to their interests. There is, however, no reason to suppose that the present ruler of France will countenance

